September

Harpers

MAGAZINE

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A Skeptic Looks at Religions

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

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Uprooted Americans . . . . . *Eugene Bagger*
An Expatriate on His Fellow Exiles in Europe

It Paid to be a Bargain Wife . . . . *Anonymous*

The Other Prohibition Country . . . . *Rhoda Childe Dorr*
The Facts about Finland's Noble Experiment

The Patient's Dilemma . . . . . *Joseph Collins, M.D.*

Stories by *Harvey O'Higgins, Stella Benson, and John W. Vandercook*

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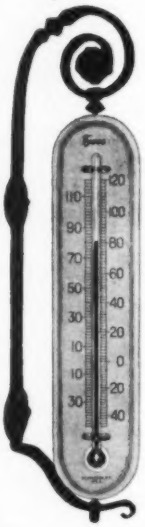

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THE CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER 1929

Frontispiece in Color	GEORGE LUKS	
One God or Many?	ALDOUS HUXLEY	397
Marsh Twilight. *A Poem*	DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY	410
What True Love Did to Mr. Bamby. *A Story* Part I.	HARVEY O'HIGGINS	411
How Shall We Deal with Crime?	JOSEPH M. PROSKAUER	419
Introspection. *A Poem*	ELIZABETH LAROCQUE	422
This Maternal Instinct	DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY	423
Submarine. *A Story*	STELLA BENSON	435
A Business Man's View of Russia	CHARLES M. MUCHNIC	437
Talkies' Progress	GILBERT M. SELDES	454
Funk. *A Story*	JOHN W. VANDERCOOK	462
Uprooted Americans	EUGENE BAGGER	474
To Praisers of Women. *A Poem*	ARCHIBALD MACLEISH	485
It Paid to be a Bargain Wife	ANONYMOUS	486
The Other Prohibition Country	RHETA CHILDE DORR	495
The Patient's Dilemma	JOSEPH COLLINS	505
The Lion's Mouth "I Only Do My Duty," by Alfred F. Loomis — "Our Lyric Press," by Arthur Guiterman. Drawings by A. B. Walker.		515
Editor's Easy Chair "Our Jangling Blessings"	EDWARD S. MARTIN	521
Personal and Otherwise		525
Among the New Books	HARRY HANSEN	Among Front Advertising Pages
Where to Shop Section		Among Front Advertising Pages
In the Financial World	PAUL TOMLINSON	Among Back Advertising Pages
Community and Industrial Opportunities	DON E. MOWRY	Among Back Advertising Pages
Travel News and Steamship Sailing Dates		Among Back Advertising Pages

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

WITHIN the last few years the great figures of the World War have been setting down their testimony and writing the stories of their lives. One of the big five at the Peace Conference—Georges Clemenceau—has been importuned for the last nine years to tell all he knows, but has shown only a mild interest in what a new generation might think of him. Perhaps in *In the Evening of My Thought*, which is announced for fall publication by Houghton, Mifflin, he will tell us much, or little. This is one of the forthcoming autobiographies. The announcements of new biographies to be issued between September and Christmas are no less inviting. Whether the books will be "pure" or "professional" biography, to use the terms suggested by Harold Nicolson, cannot be told from the titles, nor can we guess whether first-rate or second-rate work awaits the reader. There should, for instance, be much meat in *The End and the Beginning*, by Maxim Gorky, which is said to be the full story of his life. It will be issued by the house of Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith, who also announce a new life of François Rabelais by Samuel Putnam, who has recently edited *All the Extant Works of Rabelais*. This house announces also *Selections, Autobiographical and Imaginative, from the Works of George Gissing*, by A. C. Gissing.

Both contemporaries and men of other days are represented in the new biographies. Carl Sandburg has taken an unusual subject for his new book, *Steichen the Photographer*, who happens also to be his brother-in-law. This book and *Seven Iron Men*, by Paul de Kruif, being character sketches of industrial pioneers, are announced by Harcourt, Brace & Co. for publication in September. A biography of our late ambassador to France, Myron T. Herrick, by Col. T. Bentley Mott, is announced for November publication by Doubleday, Doran & Co. Chief among the timely books is the *Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge*, which Cosmopolitan Book Corporation announces for November publication, and which will contain in full the story of his experiences as president, which have been partially covered in serial publication. Another autobiography of a political leader is *Up to Now*, by Alfred E. Smith, the title indicating that Mr. Smith is by no means looking backward on a closed career. This will be issued by the Viking Press.

Martin Luther by Lucien Lefevre is announced for November by E. P. Dutton & Co., which has just issued a translation of Merezhkovsky's *Life of Napoleon*. Herbert Asbury has finished his *Carry Nation*, which is being published by Alfred A. Knopf. Several rulers of other days are the subjects of new studies, to wit: *Peter the Great* by Stephen Graham, and *King Spider* (Louis XI of France) by D. B. Wyndham Lewis, the former a Simon & Schuster book, the latter Coward-McCann. Samuel Chotzinoff has finished *Eroica*, his life of Beethoven, and it will be issued in November by Simon & Schuster. *The Life and Strange and Surprising Adventures of Daniel Defoe* by Paul Dottin is announced by Macaulay Company. This is one of the few biographies of literary men on the fall lists. *Stendhal* by Rudolf Kayser and *Ibsen, the Master Builder* by

Among the New Books

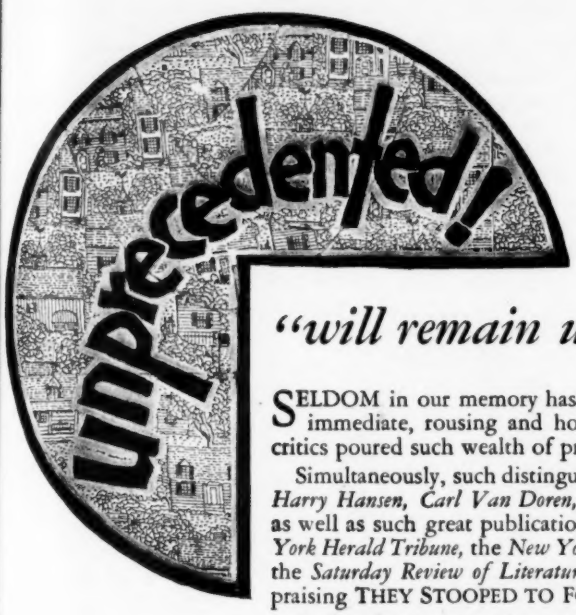
A. E. Zucker, both announced for October by Henry Holt & Co., help complete the meager list. For the most part biographers are interested in political careers. Two new studies of our traditional biographical leaders, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, are announced, the first by Shelby Little and the second by Raymond Holden, both to be published by Minton, Balch & Co. This house will issue also *Jefferson Davis, His Rise and Fall*, by Allan Tate, who last year published a life of Stonewall Jackson. Many readers may wonder whether the subjects for biographical treatment will not soon give out. But Harold Nicolson estimates that five hundred biographies a year were published in England between 1900 and 1915 alone. With American biographers just getting their stride, and no end of subjects awaiting investigation, the study of personality is likely to continue for a long time.

BAYARD SCHINDEL

The son of Isa Glenn the novelist and the late Colonel S. J. Bayard Schindel, who, at twenty-one, has just written "Golden Pilgrimage," a story of the War seen through its effect on a sensitive child

THE STORY OF A CITY

Whether or not a city has a soul is debatable, but that it has a character, and that its inhabitants are distinguished from others by traits forced upon them by their environment and occupations, may be more easily established. Certainly some of the energy and driving power of Chicago is explained in *Chicago: The History of Its Reputation*, by Henry Justin Smith and Lloyd Lewis, a book that is neither a history in the sense that it records every event of local importance, nor a social study set down by earnest members of a class in science. It is filled with colorful, dramatic situations and original, highly individualized characters. The authors have sketched the drama and tragedy of city life, revealing the forces that constantly rebuild a city that is as young as its continent. Taking pivotal events, they have made this the account of a melting pot. The human elements shift and change, but upon all men lies the burden of work, progress, ambition, and change. Chicago is a city where life is in flux. It has seen the greed of pioneers, of town-lot boomers, of grain and cattle speculators, of parasitical politicians allied with privilege. It has recorded the battle of strange, foreign immigrant groups against established Puritan forces out of New England. The whole gamut of social readjustment has been run in Chicago; lawlessness, disorder, riotousness have come and gone and come again, but varying in degree; despite Chicago's present reputation it is, say the authors, "very difficult for a chance visitor to be present at one of its celebrated murders." Here the reader will find how industry developed after a series of fights over wages and hours of work; how reform went all the way from intolerance to temperance; how vice, curbed in one direction, broke loose in another, and became a political football; how a community which boasted of "the world's greatest concentration of freight cars" could develop a symphony orchestra and build up an opera, not to forget "the first miniature of an ideal city," the World's Fair of 1893, which, despite bickering, dissension, deficits, and what-not, taught beauty and symmetry in architecture to thousands of backwoodsmen. The authors are not writing about a city of the skies. Theirs is a real meeting-place of men, a place for barter, for the quickening of men's ambitions and for the full flowering of their capabilities. They have spoken as freely of Chicago's alleyways as of its boulevards; of its political squabbles and gunmen as of its magnificent front yard. One becomes impressed with the healing balm of time. The injustices of the moment



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SELDOM in our memory has any book been received with such immediate, rousing and honest enthusiasm. Seldom have the critics poured such wealth of praise on a book.

Simultaneously, such distinguished literary critics as *Burton Rascoe, Harry Hansen, Carl Van Doren, Isabel Paterson, Percy Hutchison* . . . as well as such great publications as the *New York Times,* the *New York Herald Tribune,* the *New York Evening Post,* the *Atlantic Monthly,* the *Saturday Review of Literature* and the *New York Sun* united in praising THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY.

Just read what the *New York Times* had to say immediately on publication:

"ALTHOUGH the year is not yet done, and there are torrents of novels on the Fall lists, it is safe to say that until there arises in this country a novelist, who, like Galsworthy and Thackeray and Meredith, can combine the creation of full-bodied fictional characters with wit of observation, THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY will remain unsurpassed in any year in its chosen field of the comedy of manners. And when it is surpassed perhaps it will be by ELLEN GLASGOW herself. It is our guess that this is precisely what will take place. And until then THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY should remain the most delectable mingling of ironic wit and tolerance yet done on this side of the Atlantic."—*Percy Hutchison.*

THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY

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are forgotten; the inequalities smooth out with the years. The vicious characters of other days did not impede Chicago's progress, neither will the corrupt politicians of to-day. But they have their hour, and the authors of this book have recognized their place in the queer interchange of human relations that makes up city life. To some of us, familiar with Chicago, there seems a little too much insistence on the events of to-day—on the stupid sway of William Hale Thompson, the blustering mayor, and his associates. Yet recognition of many elements is here; the changing influences of Irish, German, Italian, and Negro groups are pictured; perhaps most hopeful of all is the news that the "ghetto" is going, and that modern quarters of foreigners bear signs in English, while their children are a part of the American work-a-day world. *Chicago: The History of Its Reputation* is as entertaining as a novel. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

SUSAN ERTZ
Author of "The Galaxy"

"FALCONS OF FRANCE"

Here we are, all decrying war as hateful and yet finding ourselves held enthralled and spellbound by war novels, poems, and reminiscences. The latest captivating book on this subject is *Falcons of France*, by Charles Selden, an autobiographical record of a flyer who wore the French uniform the last two years of the War. (Little, Brown & Co.) This is an admirable tale—probably because it is done with such modesty and such respect for the English language. Following the lead of one or two of our more robust writers, most war stories have been done with a swagger or a burst of profanity. Several authors have found the American doughboy capital material for humor. In one or two records drinking was almost as important as flying. To the reader who is surfeited with war stories in which the author is more intent on entertaining than on presenting a truthful record, I recommend Selden's *Falcons of France*. There are many admirable passages in this story. Selden was a seventeen-year-old youth on a California ranch when he determined to enlist in the French army. The fame of the Lafayette Escadrille captivated him. He began the long apprenticeship and emerged a full-fledged airman. Those of us who think that this story has not been told with sufficient detail will welcome Selden's retelling. His is a personal record. It is odd to find that we are already far enough removed from the War to regard it as an episode of the past. Most exciting it is to discover that flying is now old and established. It is hard to believe that aviators began with those clumsy machines at Pau, and that the conquest of the air is an old story, now, like Fulton's steamboat. Penguins for the beginners, Nieuports that went into the tail spins which every aviator dreaded, Spads and Hispano-Suizas rumble through this story. Selden reminds us of much that we have already forgotten—"the unmistakable, unforgettable fragrance of an aerodrome" sticks in his memory, an odor supposedly composed of burnt gasoline and castor oil, but as fascinating to a flyer as printer's ink to a newspaper man. What quaint incidents bring back the War to you? Selden recalls the women of the Croix Rouge armbands, impersonally shaking their tin boxes at every railway station in France. "If ever I were to find my recollection of the War growing dim, and wished to recall vividly my own state of mind in those days and the precise shades of emotion I used to feel, I should need only to put a few coins in a tin box and shake them up and down for a moment." Then there were the army stores—"the 100,000 shirts stores"—and the noncombatant war workers in Paris, strutting around in uniforms to the disgust

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of the man on a three-day leave. As Selden passed from one flying group to another, he came in contact with the best of the American aces, with the Lafayette Escadrille, Raoul Lufbery, Tom Slater, and all those intrepid falcons who went gaily into combat and so often died in the air. The courtesies exchanged between French and German airmen throw new light on war hatreds, which were always more severe behind the lines than at the front. Surely Selden has nothing to complain of, for he finds the Germans courteous and understanding; his experiences as a prisoner of war make strange reading to-day. Active in the fighting of the final German offensive, Selden received a bullet in his motor and landed in a tree behind the German lines, and from that time on was shifted back and forth in German prison camps. Ironically enough he made his escape with another aviator from a moving train in the heart of the Black Forest region just before the Armistice. The story of his privations, of his remarkable crossing of German marshes, woods, and fields in the dark, wet nights, and his final swimming of the Rhine into Swiss territory reminds me of Captain Marryat's tale of how Peter Simple worked his way out of a French prison. After Selden's superhuman effort had landed him in a Swiss cottage, he learned that the bells were ringing for the news of the Armistice. The tales of actual combat in the air are told with such detail that the reader may follow every movement of the action. Selden's book adds another fine record to the story of American aviators in France. The history of the Lafayette Escadrille may be had in several books, one the official story; the *War Letters of Kiffin Yates Rockwell* throw interesting light on those days; James Rogers McConnell, Elliott Springs, and a number of others have set down much about the flyers' experiences. *Falcons of France*, the latest, proves that the story has by no means lost its glamour.

Sketch by James Montgomery Flagg of Owen Johnson

ELLEN GLASGOW'S NEW NOVEL

With characteristic wit Miss Ellen Glasgow portrays another group of Virginia characters in *They Stooped to Folly*, described as "a comedy of morals." (Doubleday, Doran & Co.) One might describe it also as Mr. Littlepage and his women, for we see most of the story through the eyes of Mr. Littlepage, and are made familiar with his most intimate cogitations on love, life, conduct, morals, and all the humdrum conventions by which human beings tether their spirits. Mr. Littlepage "had been trained by stern tradition to respect every woman who had not stooped to folly," but toward middle age he slipped a cog and began to wonder philosophically why he had become disenchanted with life. He even tolerated his secretary, Milly Burden, in fact respected her, in spite of a dark chapter in her life, openly admitted and even cherished. Miss Glasgow describes his feelings with the ironic touch in which she excels: "In the beginning his ideals had restrained him; and after he had lost his ideals, an obscure aversion, familiar to him as the instincts of a gentleman, had adequately taken their place. He pitied her, he had become sincerely attached to her, but all modern youth was too hard, too flippant, too brazen, he felt, to awaken romantic desire." Mr. Littlepage's wife was a paragon of virtue, who thanked her stars that her husband was born without a lower nature, while he felt himself drawn reminiscently to Mrs. Dalrymple, who had been blessed with sex attraction: "From a provincial and pretty widow she had been transformed by Europe and her war record into a bright, hard

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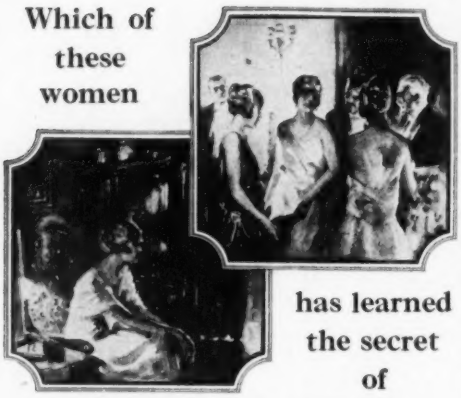

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woman of the world." Mr. Littlepage's daughter, Mary Victoria, was naturally a very noble woman, one of those always willing to undertake the reform of a man against his will; and her reformation of Martin Welding is the chief cause of dissension in the Littlepage family. The various women who stooped to folly are those that upset Mr. Littlepage, including Aunt Agatha, who slipped when very young and remained ever after a living warning to the other members of the family: "Whether you realize it or not, being ruined is not a biological fact, but a state of mind. What really ruined poor Aunt Agatha—yes, and Mrs. Dalrymple too—was not a fall from virtue, but Victorian psychology." Miss Glasgow has used her talents best in portraying Mr. Littlepage, who discovered, somewhat near the end, that love was not necessarily synonymous with loyalty, while in Mrs. Littlepage she has drawn to the life the woman of good intentions who, having lived true to her code, slips out of this world before recognizing that her fear of living fully has defeated her. Mary Victoria, the daughter, is more of a foil, and so is Martin, the son-in-law, whereas Mary Burden typifies to Virginius Littlepage the reckless and irresponsible attitude of the new generation. But neither the restraint of the older generation, nor the noise and bustle of the new, answer Littlepage's desire to know the why, whence, and whither of life. A sense of duty would seem to have ruined as many lives as a lapse from conventional conduct. Thus Miss Glasgow's comedy reveals the insignificance of human attitudes. The story of these characters is told with a skilful play of epigram which makes the style even more important than the theme.

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vivors of the crew, the cook, told just how the episode took place. The whole tale is uncovered in *The Great Mary Celeste Hoax*, by Laurence J. Keating, who seems to take great delight in exposing this famous mystery; but I can assure the reader that the exposure is as fascinating as the mystery.

The cook is an old man now, over eighty, but he recalls vividly what happened on board the *Mary Celeste*. As a matter of fact, the ship was not wholly abandoned, but met by the *Dei Gratia*, the brigantine which had agreed to meet her in the Azores, and taken in as a salvaged ship by the captain of the Nova Scotia ship. The *Mary Celeste* had sailed with a rough outfit on board: an eccentric captain, his wife, who made the crew miserable by singing hymns at her piano, a bullying mate, a shanghaied sailor or two, and a motley array of hands. In a storm the piano fell on the captain's wife and killed her; the captain became delirious and disappeared in the dark of the night; the mate was locked in deadly combat with the shanghaied giant, who went overboard; finally the mate and two others left the ship at the first port. The men who were left, old hands from the *Dei Gratia*, sailed the ship until it met the craft to which they belonged. The curious part of the mystery is the fact that none of the sailors managed to get the true story before the court of inquiry. One or two tried to tell later what actually happened, but none would believe them. Consequently Mr. Keating's revelation is as fresh a tale as if it dealt with the mystery for the first time. And as he suggests the legend will by no means be dissipated through his efforts; men will still tell of a ship steered for ten days by ghostly hands without a crew on board; the *Mary Celeste* will still be the "flying derelict" which had to be chased for days by the pursuing ship before it was overhauled.

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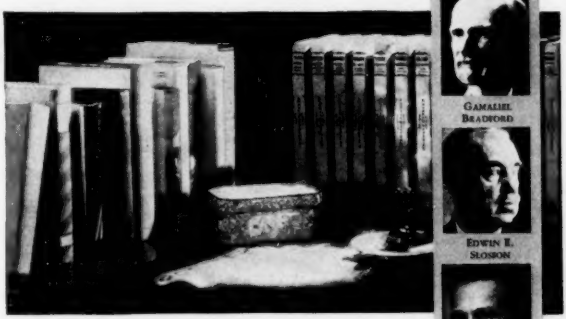

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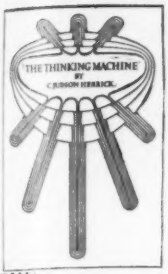
ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

Our first correspondent, now residing in London, wishes to convince her English friends that America has a folklore the same as other countries which are centuries older. In fact, Mrs. R. K. Hartwell has asked us for books on several kinds of American folklore, namely, the American Negro and the American Indian. For the books on Indian legends and songs we suggest that she will find of value: *American Indian Love Lyrics*, $1.75, by N. Barnes, The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City; *Indian Legends in Rhyme* by Grace Moon, $1.00, Frederick Stokes & Co., 443 Fourth Ave., New York City; *American Indian Verse*, 75 cents, University of Kansas, Kansas City, Mo.; *Folktales of Salishan and Sahaptin Tribes* by F. Boas, $3.50, the American Folklore Society, Columbia University, New York City, or G. E. Stechert & Co., 31 East 10th St., New York City. For further information on this subject we suggest that Mrs. Hartwell write to the American Folklore Society. Viking Press, 30 Irving Place, New York City, is the publisher of two books of Negro songs: *The Book of American Negro Spirituals* and *The Second Book of American Negro Spirituals*, both edited by J. W. Johnson, $3.50 each book. There is also *Jubilee and Plantation Songs*, published by Oliver Ditson, Music Publishers, East 33rd St., New York City. The price of this is 50 cents. If Mrs. Hartwell does not already know of *The American Songbag* edited by Carl Sandburg, $7.50, Harcourt, Brace & Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York City, she will doubtless find it a valuable addition to books of American songs. . . . Information as to the publication of the Revised Edition of the *Book of Common Prayer* of the Episcopal Church is requested by R. G. F., Lynn, Mass., and Mrs. Paul Snell, Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y. The latest word that we can get is that this book will be ready sometime this fall, probably in September. . . . *Girls Men Marry* is indeed a real book and has been out since January of this year. It is by Jane Johns, and is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., 286 Fourth Ave., New York City. The price is $2.00. This information was requested by Miss Stella Magna, Altoona, Pa. . . . There is only one edition of *Little Injun* by Lowell Otis Reese, Thomas



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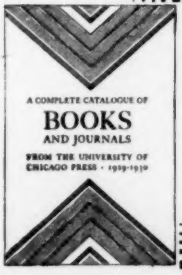

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of complete sets of the works of Mark Twain. For further information it is advisable to write direct to Harper and Brothers. . . . Several times lately we have had to give information and quote prices on books published in the Nelson Century Library. May we again state, this time in answer to Philip McQuade, Milwaukee, Wis., that no matter where he buys this edition it will always be on India paper and in either limp leather or black genuine morocco. The color of the limp-leather edition varies according to the author, but books by the same author are always in the same color. This edition is published by Thomas Nelson & Co., 381 Fourth Ave., New York City, but the same books can be purchased at all book stores. The standard price of this edition is $2.50 each volume in limp leather and $3.00 a volume in morocco. There are twenty volumes in the set of Dickens, maroon in color; and six volumes in the set of Shakespeare, also maroon. The only author who comes in blue is Sir Walter Scott. . . . We shall end this month's column with a list of the books by Richard Austin Freeman, as requested by Mr. Ralph O'Connor, Mexico City, New Mexico: *The Blue Scarab, The Cat's Eye, The D'Arblay Mystery, The Magic Casket, The Mystery of Angelina Frood, The Puzzle Lock, The Red Thumb Mark, The Shadow of the Wolf, The Singing Bone, A Certain Dr. Thorndyke.* All these are published by A. L. Burt Co., 114 East 23rd St., New York City, at 75 cents each book. This author also has two other titles published by Dodd, Mead & Co., 443 Fourth Ave., New York City, at $2.00 each: *As a Thief in the Night* and *The Eye of Osiris.* The last book by Dorothy L. Sayers is *Lord Peter Views the Body,* published at $2.00 by Payson, Clarke, Ltd., 8 East 53rd St., New York City.

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"Mothers are finding, as Tom Sawyer did, that there is an easy way to get children to do things. That's to turn routine into play."

SAYS DR. LESLIE E. LUEHRS, *noted child psychologist*

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"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

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CREAM OF WHEAT

THE BALALAIKA PLAYER

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VOLUME 159 SEPTEMBER 1929

Harpers Magazine

ONE GOD OR MANY?

A SKEPTIC LOOKS AT RELIGIONS

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

THERE are many kinds of Gods. Therefore there are many kinds of men. For men make Gods in their own likeness. To talk about religion except in terms of human psychology is an irrelevance. "Aphrodite, you say, came with my son to Menelaus' house." It is Hecuba who speaks, in Euripides' *Trojan Women*, to the disastrous Helen. "How laughable! . . . When you saw him, it was your own thought that became Aphrodite. Aphrodite is the name for every human folly." And similarly Jehovah, Allah, the Trinity, Jesus, Buddha are names for a great variety of human virtues, human mystical experiences, human æsthetic emotions, human remorses, human compensatory fancies, human terrors, human cruelties.

Even the same man is not consistently the worshiper of one God. Officially an agnostic, I *feel* the presence of devils in a tropical forest. Confronted, when the weather is fine and I am in propitious emotional circumstances, with certain landscapes, certain works of art, certain human beings, I *know* for the time being that God's in his heaven and all's right with the world. On other occasions, skies and destiny being inclement, I am no less immediately certain of the malignant impersonality of an uncaring universe. Every human being has had similar experiences. This being so, the sensible thing to do would be to accept the facts and frame a metaphysic to fit them. But with that talent for doing the wrong thing, that genius for perversity, so characteristically human, men have preferred, especially in recent times, to take another course. They have either denied the existence of these psychological facts; or if they have admitted them, have done so only to condemn as evil all such experiences as cannot be reconciled in a logical system with whatever particular class of experience they have chosen, arbitrarily, to regard as "true" and morally valuable.

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II

The only facts of which we have direct knowledge are psychological facts. The Nature of Things presents us with them. There is no getting round them, or behind them, or outside of them. They are there, given.

One fact cannot be more of a fact than another. Our psychological experiences are all equally facts. There is nothing to choose between them. No psychological experience is "truer," so far as we are concerned, than any other. For even if one should correspond more closely to things in themselves as perceived by some hypothetical non-human being, it would be impossible for us to discover which it was. Science is no "truer" than common sense, or lunacy, or art, or religion. It permits us to organize our experience profitably; but tells us nothing about the real nature of the world to which our experiences are supposed to refer. From the internal reality, by which I mean the totality of psychological experiences, it actually separates us. Art, for example, deals with many more aspects of this internal reality than does science, which confines itself deliberately and by convention to the study of one very limited class of experiences—the experiences of sense. To collect records of sense-experiences (particularly of those which lend themselves to description in terms of numbers), to generalize them, to draw inferences from them, to construct from them a logically harmonious scheme of description and explanation—this is the business of science. At the moment, it is worth remarking, there is no scheme that harmoniously reconciles all the facts even in the limited sphere of scientific investigation. What is sense in the subatomic universe is pure nonsense in the macroscopical world. In other words, logic compels us to draw one set of inferences from certain sense experiences and another irreconcilable set of inferences from certain other sense experiences.

Less loudly, indeed, than in the past and less insistently, Science and Logic still claim, through the mouths of their professional spokesmen, to be able to arrive at the Truth. The claim is one which it is hard to justify.

Take logic. Logic, it is true, enables us to transcend immediate experience, to infer from the known existence of A and B the hitherto unsuspected existence of C. In practice, however, we always try to verify experimentally the theoretical results obtained by means of logical argument. Not so much because we mistrust the logical process as because we mistrust the premises from which the process must start. For if our premises do not correspond with reality, the conclusions, though obtained by logically faultless deduction, will also fail to correspond with reality. It is always difficult to be sure that our premises *do* correspond with reality. Hence the need to test results experimentally. The external world has proved to be surprisingly obedient to logic. When we conclude from well-chosen premises that something must be so, it has turned out in practice to be so, "really." Will the world always show such deference to our laws of thought? The physicists are at present involved in such difficulties that some pessimists have suggested that the universe is fundamentally irrational. One can only shrug one's shoulders and hope for the best. Either, then, the world is irrational, and logically necessary conclusions from real premises do not always and necessarily correspond with reality; or else the world is rational, and conclusions drawn from real premises must themselves be real. But the difficulty in this latter case is to be sure that the premises do completely correspond with reality—whatever reality may be (which nobody knows)—or even with what we have chosen, for the particular purposes of the moment, to regard as reality. It is so great that we try wherever possible to check theoretical results by experiment. And in those very numerous

cases where they cannot be checked? Again one can only shrug one's shoulders and hope for the best. The theologians have wisely insisted that faith shall supplement reason.

So much for logic. What, now, of the claims of the natural sciences, based on observation? Consider, in this connection, a chair. What sort of chair, you ask, how old and made by whom? For the sake of simplicity and to help the poor scientist, I will ignore these questions, even though they refer to what are quite obviously the most important aspects of the chair. An oak chair made by machinery for any one of a million Babbitts is radically different from an oak chair made by a mediæval craftsman for a prince of the Church. The two chairs are different in the quality of what we are forced, for lack of better expressions, to call their souls, their characters, their forms of life. For the sake of simplicity, however, I will ignore all the aspects of the chair that every human being would spontaneously feel to be the most significant, and concentrate exclusively on its ponderable and measurable aspects—on those aspects, in a word, with which science has elected to deal.

To the gross senses the chair seems solid and substantial. But the gross senses can be refined by means of instruments. Closer observations are made, as the result of which we are forced to conclude that the chair is "really" a swarm of electric charges whizzing about in empty space. If it were in our power to make observations with other organs than those with which nature has endowed us, the same logic would certainly compel us to believe that the chair was "really" something quite unlike both the substantial object made by joiners, and sold on the instalment system, and the swarm of electric charges. All that we are finally justified in affirming is that the psychological experience called "substantial chair" is the one we have to rely on as "true" in one set of circumstances, while the experience, "electric-charge chair," must be regarded as "true" in other circumstances and for other purposes. The substantial-chair experience is felt to be intrinsically more satisfactory because we are more accustomed to it. Our normal everyday life is passed in the midst, not of whizzing electric charges, but of substantial objects. Both types of chair are abstractions. But while the substantial chair is an abstraction easily made from the memories of innumerable sensations of sight and touch, the electric-charge chair is a difficult and far-fetched abstraction from certain visual sensations so excessively rare (they can only come to us in the course of elaborate experiments) that not one man in a million has ever been in the position to make it for himself.

What is the position, in the hierarchy of truths, of the individual sensations from which we abstract our substantial objects, collections of electric charges, or whatever else we care to fabricate from these elementary experiences? In practice we are continually, and for the most part automatically, correcting our immediate sensations. This cock-eyed two-dimensional figure, of which some parts are colored in light tones and some in dark and which changes its shape and the disposition of its colors as we walk past it, is "really" a cubical box seen in perspective. The capacity to make such corrections is characteristically human. Animals, even the highest animals, seem to "believe all they see." What they see (which is more or less what we see in its primitive uncorrected state)—is it falser, in any absolute sense of the word, than that which we abstract from our immediate sensations? Is the appearance, to use the phraseology of Plato, intrinsically and absolutely less true than the Idea? Plato himself would have answered in the affirmative. Appearances are illusory: Ideas (our abstractions from remembered appearances) are true. But considering the matter with a little attention, we perceive that there is no

more reason why an abstraction made after the fact should be nearer to the thing in itself than an immediate sensation. It is only for certain strictly human purposes that the Idea can be considered truer than the appearance. Abstracted from a mass of the most diverse sensations, the Idea is a sort of Lowest Common Measure of appearances. For the purpose of Man, the remembering and foreseeing animal, of Man, the exerciser of persistent and conscious action on the external world, the Idea or abstraction is truer than the immediate sensation. It is because we are predominantly purposeful beings that we are perpetually correcting our immediate sensations. But men are free not to be utilitarianly purposeful. They can sometimes be artists, for example. In which case they may like to accept the immediate sensation uncorrected, because it happens to be beautiful. For such people the immediate sensation or appearance will be truer than the abstraction or Idea. In any case, the criterion of truth and falsehood must always remain internal, psychological. To talk about truth as a relationship between human notions and things in themselves is an absurdity.

III

Truth is internal. One psychological fact is as good as another. Having established these principles, we can now begin to talk, with some hope of talking sensibly, about religion.

"I believe in one God," affirms the church-goer; and almost any right-thinking man would be ready, if you asked him what he believed in, to say the same. In one God. But why not in sixty-four Gods, or two hundred and seventeen Gods? Because monotheism is fashionable in twentieth-century Europe. Mr. Jones believes in one God because Mr. Smith believes in one God and, incidentally, because a good many centuries ago Plato and numerous Jews, including Jesus, believed in one God.

But why did it ever occur to anyone to believe in only one God? And, conversely, why did it ever occur to anyone to believe in many Gods? To both these questions we must return the same answer: Because that is how the human mind happens to work. For the human mind is both diverse and simple, simultaneously many and one. We have an immediate perception of our own diversity and of that of the outside world. And at the same time we have immediate perceptions of our own oneness. Occasionally also, in certain states which may vaguely be described as mystical, we have an immediate perception of an external unity, embracing and (paradoxically—but we actually experience the paradox) embraced by our own internal unity; we *feel* the whole universe as a single individual mysteriously fused with ourselves. Moreover, by a process of abstraction, of generalization, of logical reasoning, we can discover in the outside world a principle of unity, none the less genuine for the fact that we have very possibly put it there ourselves. If the world presents itself to me as a unity as well as a diversity, that is because I myself am one as well as many. If I were wholly diverse—a mere succession in time of unconnected states—I should obviously inhabit a wholly diverse universe, in which instant succeeded discrete instant, event followed causeless and resultless event, incoherently. If, on the contrary, I were a simple perfected unity, my world would be as simply perfect as the universe inhabited by a stone. That is to say, it would be non-existent, since I myself should have no consciousness either of my own or of any other existence. For perfection is the same as non-existence; and, undivided against itself, uncontrasted with diversity, the One is the equivalent of the Nothing.

We are aware of existing; therefore, we are not merely one. We are conscious of remaining ourselves through inward and outward change; therefore, we are not merely diverse. Given these pe-

culiarities of human nature, it is easy to infer the peculiarities of divine nature. Men are both simple and diverse; therefore, there are many Gods and, therefore, there is only one God.

History confirms a theoretical conclusion. In certain tracts of space and time there is no God but God; in others the local pantheons are overcrowded like so many slum tenements. In yet others men have made a compromise in their mythology between unity and diversity. Olympus is no more a democracy, but a monarchy ruled by an emperor who chooses to delegate certain powers to his officials.

IV

It is generally assumed that belief in one God succeeds belief in many Gods and that this succession is in the nature of a spiritual progress. But monotheism is sometimes found, if we may believe the accounts of travelers, in the most primitive societies. Nor are all the members of one society more than nominally of one faith. This is true, as Mr. Radin, a student of Red Indian habits and customs, has pointed out, even of rigidly intolerant primitive communities. Belief in one or in many Gods is determined by the idiosyncrasies of the believer.

Not only among the Red Indians, but also among those who profess and call themselves Christians, Atheists, Theosophists, Occultists, Agnostics, and so forth, we can find, as well as Nature's gentlemen and Nature's cads, her unitarians and her polytheists, her fetish-worshippers and her neo-platonists. Orthodoxies may be strict; but the religion of any society is always extremely mixed. This is a fact which we must always and steadily bear in mind when we talk of contemporary monotheism. But even if we do bear it in mind, we are forced, I think, to admit that there has been a genuine trend in recent times towards a unitarian mythology and the worship of one God. This is the tendency which it has been customary to regard as a spiritual progress. On what grounds? Chiefly, so far as one can see, because we in the twentieth-century West are officially the worshippers of a single divinity. A movement whose consummation is *us* must be progressive.

Almost all historical discussions, it should be noticed, are discussions of personal tastes. Thus, both Flinders Petrie and Spengler believe in the cyclic recurrence of history. But their cycles are not the same, because their standards of civilization and barbarism, or in other words their tastes in literature, art, religion, and morals happen to differ. Most of the arguments for and against the reality of progress are similarly oblique statements of the arguer's personal tastes. Having thus given due warning, I can now proceed to consider the question: Is the displacement of polytheism by monotheism a progress?

V

Monotheism, as we know it in the West, was invented by the Jews. These unfortunate inhabitants of the desert found nothing in the surrounding barrenness to make them regard the world as richly diverse. It was easy for them to conceive the deity as one and disembodied. "*L'extrème simplicité de l'esprit sémitique*," says Renan, "*sans étendue, sans diversité, sans arts plastiques, sans philosophie, sans mythologie, sans vie politique, sans progrès, n'a pas d'autre cause: il n'y a pas de variété dans le monothéisme.*" (Conversely, he might have added, there can be no polytheism in minds by nature or by habit so sterile, so ungenerous of fruits. Except for a little literature, the Jews and Arabs produced nothing humanly valuable until they left their deserts, came into contact with the polytheistic races, and imitated their culture.)

Having made this utterly damning statement about the chosen Race and its religion, Renan calmly proceeds to explain that the mission, the historical "point" of the Jews was to tend the small flame of monotheism and to

transmit it to the Western world. Their mission, in a word, was to infect the rest of humanity with a belief which, according to Renan himself, prevented them from having any art, any philosophy, any political life, any breadth or diversity of vision, any progress.

If the effects of pure monotheism are really those which Renan attributes to it, then, it is obvious, the passage from the worship of many Gods to the worship of one cannot possibly be called a progress, at any rate in the sphere of practical living. An enthusiastic monotheist will retort that progress in the art of life is not "true" progress and that the only progress worth considering is that towards the Truth. But such a statement, as we have seen, is quite meaningless. Monotheism and polytheism are the rationalizations of distinct psychological states, both undeniably existent as facts of experience, and between which it is quite impossible for us, with the merely human faculties at our disposal, to choose. Any particular system of polytheism may fairly safely be regarded as untrue, or at any rate highly improbable. It is highly improbable, for example, that Thor or Dionysos ever existed in the same way as Mount Olympus or the Atlantic Ocean existed and continue to exist. But though the "real" existence of the deities of any pantheon may be doubted, the existence of the internal and external diversity of which they are symbolical is undeniable. No less undeniable is the existence of some kind of inward and outward unity. But that this unity should really be the God of pure monotheism is as improbable as that the diversity should really be Apollo and Quetzalcoatl, Siva and Thor.

For a certain class of highly civilized men and women, any passage from the concrete to the abstract, from the sensed and the felt to the merely thought about, is a progress. The man whose activities are predominantly intellectual, who lives mainly with and for disembodied ideas, is regarded by these people (they are, of course, paying a graceful compliment to themselves) as a being of a higher type than the man who lives to any considerable extent with the instinctive, intuitive, and passional side of his nature in a world of immediate experiences and concrete things. (In the sphere of practical living, as we have seen, the distinction, perhaps invalid theoretically, between the class of psychological facts which we call "the concrete" and that other class which we call "the abstract" is of the highest significance and must, therefore, be clearly drawn.) To intellectuals of the kind I have described polytheism seems a debased form of religion; its many Gods too faithfully symbolize the diversities of the external world and of the instinctive and passional side of human nature. A single, infinite, disembodied divinity is much more to their taste. For a long time, however, this God remains too grossly personal and, despite his infiniteness, anthropomorphic to be whole-heartedly accepted by minds that are only perfectly at ease with algebraical symbols. The process of slow mangling and gradual murder, which these people beautifully call "the spiritualization of man's conception of the divine," must be carried to its extreme limit. Only when the last drop of living blood has been squeezed from the eternal arteries does God become fit to be worshipped by a high-class, intellectual modernist. For by this time God has degenerated into an algebraic formula, a pure abstraction. He is no longer alive, no longer has the least connection with life; he has become simply a word *et praeterea nihil.*

From polytheism to monotheism, from monotheism to the worship of an abstraction, from the worship of an abstraction to the worship of nothing at all—such are the several stages in the progressive "spiritualization of man's conception of the divine." And perhaps the process may turn out in the end to have been genuinely progressive—progressive in a circle or perhaps a spiral. For—who knows?—the nihilistic atheism into which advancing spirituality is so

rapidly leading us, may prove to be the introduction, by the way of almost desperate reaction, to a new and more perfect polytheism, itself the symbolical expression of a new and affirmative attitude towards those divinely mysterious forces of Life, against which we now so ungratefully blaspheme. But before going farther with these speculations about the future and the possible, I must turn aside to say something, in the most general terms, about the actual history of that monotheism which the Western peoples took over from the Jews.

VI

If what Renan says about the sterilizing effects of pure monotheism be true (as I think it is) how are we to explain the fact that the races of Europe have not sunk, since their conversion, to the level of those deplorable Semites, among whom their historian could find no art, no science, no philosophy, no politics, none of those activities, in a word, which justify men in taking a certain pride in their humanity? The tree shall be known by its fruits. Christian Europe has borne good fruits in plenty. Are these the fruits of its monotheism? No. The peoples whom the Jews infected with their monotheism were by long tradition profoundly polytheistic. They lived, moreover, in a world that was not a desert, a world not barren, hard and dry, but softly alive with the most various richness. They have never, until quite recent times, shown any signs of becoming pure monotheists, like their Semitic teachers. Christian orthodoxy itself made a compromise with polytheism. Its one God was mysteriously several Gods. It encouraged the worship of a subsidiary female deity. Innumerable saints received their tribute of local adoration, usurped the place once occupied by the Lares and Penates in the home, and provided with their relics an inexhaustible supply of fetishes. In quantity the Catholic could rival any heathen pantheon known to history. But not in quality. That was bad. For the saints were drearily lacking in variety; they were all monotonously "good." For all their swarming numbers, they represented but one aspect of human life—the "spiritual." The Greek and all the other professedly polytheistic systems were much completer, much more realistic. Their pantheons contained representatives of every vital activity—representatives of the body and the instincts as well as of the spirit, of the passionate energies as well as of the reason, of the self-regarding as well as of the altruistic tendencies in human nature. True, the Christians did recognize the existence of these other, unspiritual aspects of existence; but they handed them over for symbolical embodiment to the Devil and his angels. Most of the virtues of the pagans were branded as vices and attributed to the Prince of this World. The result of this astonishing policy was the implanting in the modern soul of all that strange and repulsive gamut of peculiarly Christian diseases, from diabolism to conviction of sin, from Puritanism to Don-Juanism. What had once been a frank worship of the Gods of Life degenerated, during the Christian era, into a furtive and self-consciously guilty practice of devil-worship. Christianity could not destroy the old Adam; it merely perverted him and made him disgusting.

That men with souls so *naturaliter non Christianæ* as the Greeks, the Romans, and, later, the other peoples of Europe should ever have accepted Jewish monotheism, even in the altered form in which it was offered them by Christianity, may seem surprising. But as it happened, circumstances in the first centuries of our era were extremely propitious for the spread of Semitic dogmas in the West. If Gods are made in the image of men, cosmogonies reflect the forms of terrestrial states. In an empire ruled absolutely by one man the notion of a universe under the control of a single God seemed obvious and reasonable. When the world was divided up into

small states ruled by noble oligarchies, the idea was not reasonable nor obvious. The Christian God was a magnified and somewhat flattering portrait of Tiberius and Caligula.

Under the Roman Empire, the Western world was unified. The process entailed the destruction, or at least the reduction to insignificant impotence, of all the old nobilities. There was a general levelling down of castes. Under its absolute monarch the empire was in some sort a democracy. Class distinctions came to depend more and more exclusively on wealth. The Best Men were the richest. Hereditary aristocracies, heaven knows, are bad enough; but plutocracies are worse. Even degenerate aristocracies preserve a certain decency; but at no time does a plutocracy develop any decency worth preserving; its *weltanschauung* is uniformly detestable. Plutocrats are believers either in a sordid Smilesian morality (the Puritans, it is significant, were the first modern capitalists); or in a no less sordid self-indulgence; or in both at once. The Gospel of Work and the Gospel of the Good Time are equally popular in the modern world. A genuine aristocracy would find them equally stupid and disgusting.

Among the old aristocracies, destroyed by the Roman Empire, polytheism was the traditional religion. The Gods were the images of the ruling nobles projected through the magnifying, the beautifully distorting medium of the imagination on to the vault of heaven.

The cardinal virtues, in these ancient societies, were the virtues of a class of masters. The deadly sins (but they were neither deadly nor sins, in the Christian sense, but only contemptible defects of mind and body) were the characteristic failings of slaves. With the rise of the Empire, the ruling castes slowly withered. Freed from the aristocratic tradition, which had imposed on them its alien ethic and beliefs, the slaves now found themselves in a position to express their religious preferences. They chose the religion that told them that they alone were virtuous in this life and would alone be happy in the next; the religion that exalted pity as the first of duties and condemned power as the worst of crimes; the religion that proclaimed the equality of all men, that preached universal love and at the same time promised the weak a posthumous vengeance on their masters. In a word, they chose Christianity.

What would have happened during the Dark Ages and the succeeding centuries if the religion of Europe had not been monotheistic? We do not know, we find it hard even to imagine. Conceivably, of course, the history of those ages would have been substantially the same as that which is actually recorded in our textbooks. It seems, however, unlikely; and I think we are justified in believing that monotheism played an important and, on the whole, beneficent part during those ages first of obscure tumult and then of piecemeal order. The monotheistic idea, with which were inextricably twined the Catholic and imperial ideas, acted as a brake on those disruptive and centrifugal forces which might, but for it, have kept all Europe in a state of fragmentary chaos. Christianity, the preacher of monotheism, was valuable. But no less valuable, it should be remembered, was Christianity, the preserver of the old polytheistic culture.

The Renaissance was a revival of the polytheistic spirit. The parallel Reformation was a revival of pure Semitism. The Reformers read their Old Testaments and, trying to imitate the Jews, became those detestable Puritans, to whom we owe, not merely Grundyism and Podsnappery, but also (as Weber and Tawney have shown in their studies of economic history) all that was and still is vilest, cruelest, most ruthlessly anti-human in the modern capitalist system. To their one Jewish God good Calvinists and Independents sacrificed almost everything that could make a man prouder of being a man than a termite or a perfectly efficient automaton.

The Reformers took monotheism very seriously. A little later the triumphs of physical science led to its being taken no less seriously on other than religious grounds. Voltaire, for example, was an ardent monotheist, not because he wanted to be like the Jews, but because Sir Isaac Newton had successfully formulated in terms of mathematics a number of apparently changeless Laws of Nature. The physicists, it seemed, had seen through the illusion of diversity; the world was one and, with it, the world's Creator.

VII

The contemporary circumstances are even more propitious to the spread of monotheism than were those of the Roman Empire. What the imperial administration did for the Mediterranean basin and Western Europe, commerce and good communications, cheap printing and elementary education for all, the cinema and the radio have done for the world at large. In spite of national antagonisms, we are aware of a certain planetary unity. It is a unity, at present, merely of economic interests; and perhaps it will never be more than that. To me, at any rate, it seems in the highest degree unlikely that mankind will ever feel itself intimately and livingly one. The differences of race and place are too enormous. There is such a thing as absolute alienness—an absolute alienness which no amount of Esperanto and international government, of movies and thousand-miles-an-hour aeroplanes and standardized education will ever, it seems to me, completely abolish.

Meanwhile, however, economic unity exists and men are aware of their common interests, just as under the Romans they were aware of their common servitude to a single master. The social circumstances are propitious to monotheism. But propitious circumstances are not creative, only fertilizing; there must be a psychological seed for the circumstances to be propitious to. In our contemporary world, what is the seed of monotheism?

For a section of the modern slave population Christianity is still the introduction to monotheism. But only for a section. Most slaves at the present time are not Christian at all. They are either too well off to feel the need of a consolatory faith (witness the transformation of Christianity in America from a religion predominantly concerned with otherworldly virtues and posthumous revenges into a system for the justification of wealth and the preaching of industrious respectability; from a system that condemned the Pharisee—that shining example of Good Citizenship—into one that exalts the Pharisee above every other human type). Either, I repeat, they are too prosperous to be Christians; or else, if they are badly off and discontented, they turn to one of the political surrogates of Christianity and find in communism and dreams of terrestrial Utopias a comforting prospect of happiness for themselves and condign punishment for their enemies.

Contemporary monotheism — that vague and secular doctrine of the divine unity, which is now taken for granted as a sort of axiomatic truism—has its main psychological source in what, for lack of a better name, may be called our intellectualism. Not that we are all intellectuals nowadays. Far from it. But still less are we all predominantly instinctive, passional, intuitive beings. We are members of a very highly organized society, in which it pays best to be either a man who understands and unremittingly wills, or else a kind of obedient automaton. Inevitably; for the more complicated the social machine, the more inhumanly and mechanically simple becomes the task of the subordinate individual, the more inhumanly difficult that of the commanding organizer. Those who wish to lead a quiet life in our modern world must be like Babbitt—unquestioningly a cog. Those who are ambitious to lead a (by current standards) successful life must be like

Ford, determined and very consciously intelligent. Those who would lead a thoroughly disastrous life have only to model themselves on the pattern, shall we say, of such complete and harmonious beings as Burns and William Blake.

Triumphant science enhances the already enormous prestige of will-directed intelligence. The most ignorant member of the modern slave population would probably agree with Aristotle that the pursuit of knowledge is the highest duty and that the only permissible excesses are excesses of the intellect.

The intellectual, scientific knowledge of things which we now esteem so highly, is a knowledge of the unity which underlies, at any rate in our minds, the manifold diversity of the world. Direct, living knowledge of diversity is not, by social and scientific standards, useful knowledge. There is also a direct intuitive knowledge of unity; but it comes to us but rarely. At most times and by most people unity is apprehended after the fact by the abstracting intellect. For practical and scientific purposes the direct, or mystical, knowledge of unity is as useless as the direct knowledge of diversity.

The value of direct knowledge, as I shall try to show later on, consists in the fact that it is a stimulator, a nourisher of life. Between the two kinds of knowledge—the direct physical knowledge, whether of diversity or of unity, and the intellectual knowledge, abstracted and generalized out of this physical knowledge—is a difference analogous to that between food and an instrument. Knives and hammers are indispensable; but so, to an even higher degree, is bread. Our present tendency is to overvalue the instrument and to undervalue the food which alone can give us the vital power and health to use the instrument properly. Contemporary monotheism is an expression of our excessive love for that abstract knowledge of the general and the uniform which enables us to explain and predict and organize and do many other useful things, but gives us, alas, no sustenance by which we may live.

VIII

My theme so far has been monotheism as truth or falsehood, and monotheism as a historical fact. The time has now come to consider the rights and wrongs of monotheism, its usefulness or the reverse, its conformity or nonconformity to the facts of human nature.

Of monotheism's conformity to the psychological facts—of its inward, as opposed to its outward, truth—I have already said something. Let me recapitulate in a rather different key. We can affirm that the universe, with its divinity, is one, founding our belief on the fact that we have had a direct experience of its unity. But in this case we must ignore all the much more numerous occasions when we have had a direct experience of its diversity. True, the mystics are never tired of affirming that their direct perception of unity is intenser, of finer quality, and intrinsically more convincing, more self-evident than their direct perceptions of diversity. But they can speak only for themselves. Other people's direct intuitions of diverse "appearances" may be just as intensely self-evident as *their* intuition of unique "reality." Not only may be, but evidently are—that is, if we can judge by the artistic statements of their experiences made by talented unity-perceivers and talented diversity-perceivers respectively. (And we have no other means of judging.) The final mystery is unknowable. Men's confused perceptions of it are diverse and contradictory. The truth—the inward truth, I mean, since that is the only truth we can know—is that God is different for different men and for the same man on different occasions. The testimony of the mystics cannot be made to prove more than this. Nor can that of the discursive reasoners. For if we arrive at our notion of divine unity by a process of

discursive reasoning after the event, we find ourselves forced to affirm that one psychological fact (in this case of an intellectual kind) is "truer" than another (of a sensuous kind). An assumption for which, as we have already seen, there is no justification, but which has nevertheless been made by many philosophers, from Plato onwards and downwards.

But one psychological fact is as good as another; there is no conceivable method of demonstrating that God is either one or many. So far as human beings are concerned, he is both; monotheism and polytheism are equally true. But are they equally useful? Do they tend equally to the quickening and enhancement of human life?

Let us put the questions in more general, more fundamentally psychological terms. Monotheism and polytheism are more or less systematic rationalizations of a sentiment of our own and the world's unity and a sentiment of our own and the world's diversity, respectively. Which is the more valuable for life, the unity-feeling with its various religious or philosophical rationalizations, or the diversity-feeling with *its* attendant doctrines?

IX

Men are also citizens; there are no Crusoes. In a highly organized society, however, the citizens are apt to forget that they are also men. They come to value themselves and their fellows for what they can do in a socially useful way —as personified functions rather than as human beings. They admire those who are well provided with that kind of knowledge which I have called instrumental. For those who have grown strong on the knowledge that is life's nourishment, they have no particular respect; on the contrary, they often despise and, at the same time, mistrust and fear them.

Files and screwdrivers are not the most satisfactory articles of diet. Analogously, there is no psychical nourishment to be drawn from the abstract, instrumental knowledge so much appreciated in a society like our own. Souls are nourished only by a direct participative knowledge of things, by an immediate physical contact, by a relationship involving will, desire, feeling.

Direct participative knowledge is, mostly, a knowledge of diversity. *Gnosce te ipsum:* the commandment can only be obeyed on condition that we know, participatively know, the multiple world. For it is essentially the same with the mind as with the body. These fields of potatoes and cabbages, these browsing sheep and oxen are potentially a part of me; and unless they actually become part of me, I die. The apparent boundaries of any real being are not its real boundaries. We all think we know what a lion is. A lion is a desert-colored animal with a mane and claws and an expression like Garibaldi's. But it is also, in Africa, all the neighboring antelopes and zebras and, therefore, indirectly, all the neighboring grass. It is also, behind the menagerie bars, all the superannuated horses that come into the local market. In the same way, a human spirit is all that it can experience. The whole experienceable world is potentially a part of it, just as the whole edible or otherwise physically assimilable world is a part, potentially, of the body. But the body remains, for all practical purposes, the same whatever, within limits, the food that nourishes it. The spirit, on the other hand, can be profoundly modified by that which it assimilates. Changes which, if they happened to the body, would be miraculous are everyday occurrences in the world of the spirit. No man can know himself completely for the good reason that no man can have had all possible experiences and, therefore, can never have realized all the potentialities of his being. If the supply of game runs low, the king of beasts grows thin and mangy; it ceases altogether and he dies. So with the soul. Its principal food is

the direct, the physical experience of diversity.

Certain philosophers deliberately reduce the food supply. The philosopher's soul "withdraws itself as far as it can from all association and contact with the body and reaches out after truth by itself." With what results? Deprived of its nourishment, the soul grows thin and mangy, like the starved lion.

The ascetics go even farther than the philosophers. They starve their souls to death—or, in more orthodox language, detach themselves completely from all earthly things. Ceasing to perceive, to think, to feel, to desire, to act, the more mystical among them fall into that state of ecstatic coma, when the blank and empty spirit is said to be united with the Infinite—in other words, when it has ceased to be alive. The more practical ascetics—reformers or reactionary soldiers of the church militant—galvanize their death into a gruesome activity with the stimulus of some monomaniacal principle, some insanely fixed idea.

Philosophers and ascetics are not, of course, the only people who commit self-murder. The money-grubber, the hard-headed business man, the routine-worker pass their existence no less suicidally. The professional Don Juan destroys his spirit as fatally as does the professional ascetic, whose looking-glass image he is. To live, the soul must be in intimate contact with the world, must assimilate it through all the channels of sense and desire, thought and feeling, which nature has provided for the purpose. Anything which obstructs these channels injures the soul—any deadening routine, any dull habitual unawareness, any exclusive monomania, whether of vice or of that other vice which is excessive virtue. Close up enough of these channels, cut off enough of its nourishment, and the starved soul dies.

Dead souls, like dead bodies, either shrivel up into dry and dusty mummies, or else, decaying, they stink. What an unbearable stench arises, for example, from the Thebaid! One must hold one's nose when one reads Palladius's history. Calvin's Geneva is another open sewer. So is the Paris of De Nerciat's Felicia. So are Podsnap's London and Babbitt's Zenith. Other dead souls do not damply rot, but wither almost aromatically into desiccation. But I for one prefer the moist, still earthy perfume of the flowers on the growing plant that has its roots deep sunk and darkly living in the soil.

Life, then, individual life, is mainly nourished by the direct participative knowledge of the world's diversity. Out of that diversity and out of the inner diversity of the human spirit, the poetic imagination of man extracts the deities of polytheism. And the rites of their worship are man's participative knowledge and man's emotional reactions to the world, systematized in a set of words and gestures. The ritual of Catholicism is an incomplete version of polytheistic ritual—incomplete, because it systematizes only a part of man's emotional reactions to the world, because it ignores, or brands as evil, certain kinds of participative knowledge of certain whole classes of things. Every dionysiac reaction to the world, every corybantic participation of individual energies with the energies of living nature, has been proscribed. The Catholic ritual canalizes only a part of the human responses to the universe, just as the Christian God symbolically represents only a part of the psychological and cosmic reality.

The intuitive or intellectual realization of cosmic unity, the religious and philosophical systems which impose this cosmic unity as a necessary dogma, possess, for man, a predominantly social and scientific value. Without some unifying hypothesis, without generalizations and abstractions, organized knowledge is impossible. Social relations would be equally impossible if men did not believe in some sort of community of tribal, national, and finally human interests or were without a conception of their own psychological unity and that of their fellows. The Gods symbolize

and at the same time confirm the community of their worshippers' interests. The conception of the individual soul, single, persistent, and responsible, is at once an expression and a guarantee of man's individual and social morality.

X

Monotheism and polytheism are doctrines equally necessary and equally true. Man can and does conceive of himself and of the world as being, now essentially many, and now essentially one. Therefore—since God, for our human purposes, is simply Life in so far as man can conceive it as a whole—the Divine is both one and many. A purely monotheistic religion is thus seen to be inadequate and unrealistic. The present age is predominantly monotheistic—monotheistic either because it feebly believes in a decaying Christianity, or else secularly and irreligiously monotheistic with the unitarianism of science, of democracy, of international capitalism. In the interests of the Man as opposed to the Citizen (and incidentally in the interests of the Citizen too—for you cannot ruin the individual without, in the long run, ruining society) it has become necessary to protest against this now pernicious doctrine. Christian monotheism and spirituality prepared the way for our intellectualism and machine-worship by rendering disreputable all that in human nature is not mind, not spirit, not conscious will. The established religion decayed; but the philosophical and ethical habits which it had generated molderingly persisted and persist.

The high-minded man who would, in the past, have been an earnest Christian, is now—what? Not an earnest (or preferably light-hearted) pagan, but an earnest intellectual, living ascetically for knowledge. And the low-minded man? He is no ascetic, of course, and his goal is not knowledge, but money, comfort, and a "good time." The intellectual despises him for living grossly, on the plane of the body. The contempt is justified because he lives so inadequately and poorly on that plane. (If he lived well there he would be a much better man than the intellectual.) Lacking all religious significance, his physical and instinctive life is pointless and rather dirty. It is also lamentably incomplete. By deconsecrating his body and the diverse world with which it participatively communicates through the instincts, feelings, and desires, by robbing them of their divine meaning, Christianity has left him without defense against our mechanized civilization. Rationalized division of labor takes all the sense out of his work. Machines relieve him, not merely of drudgery, but of the possibility of performing any creative or spontaneous act whatsoever. And this is now true of his leisure as well as of his labor; he has almost ceased even to try to divert himself, but sits and suffers the standardized entertainment to trickle over his passive consciousness.

By men with a religious sense of Life's divineness the inroads of this civilization would have been bitterly resented and stubbornly resisted. Not by Christians, however. Christianity had taught that the worship of any aspect of life but the spiritual was a sin. Good pagans might have found a satisfactory method of dealing with the problems raised by the coming of the machine. Good Christians could hardly see that there were any problems to solve. Passively, they accepted the evil thing. The chief result of the preaching of Christian spirituality and of its later substitute, scientific intellectualism, is that men now instinctively and enthusiastically love the lowest when they see it. The apostles labored, the martyrs died in torment, the philosophers thought sublime thoughts, by precept and example the scholars and the men of science proclaimed the beauties of the "higher life," and all agreed that God is one and a spirit and that man's first duty is to resemble God. To what end? That men might become purer, they would have answered, better,

more than men. But what has actually occurred? Trying to live superhumanly, men have sunk, in all but the purely mental sphere, towards a kind of sub-humanity that it would be an undeserved compliment to call bestial. Turned against Life, they have worshipped Death in the form of spirituality and intellectualism. Deprived of the support of Life's divinities, they have succumbed to the shoddy temptations of the Devil of the Machine. By exhorting men to lead the "higher life," Christianity and its philosophical successors have condemned men to an existence incomparably lower than that "low life" against which they have always fulminated. To their cry of "Excelsior!" humanity has responded (in the very nature of things it could not do otherwise) by rushing down a steep place into—what? We who are only part way down the Gadarene water-chute are not as yet in a position to answer. The gulf lies dark before us.

If men are ever to rise again from the depths into which they are now descending, it will only be with the aid of a new religion of Life. And since life is diverse, the new religion will have to have many Gods. Many; but since the individual man is a unity in his various multiplicity, also one. It will have to be Dionysian and Panic as well as Apollonian; Orphic as well as rational; not only Christian, but Martial and Venerean too; Phallic as well as Minervan or Jehovahistic. It will have to be all, in a word, that human life actually is, not merely the symbolical expression of one of its aspects. Meanwhile, however, the Gadarene descent continues.

MARSH TWILIGHT

BY DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

THE lake has drawn the last gold from the sun
And holds it like a mirror to the sky;
Marsh grasses tremble slowly, one by one,
As if a wing and not the wind goes by.
The finger tips of purple shadows creep
In quiet rhythms down the darkening lake,
And dusk grows deep with color, like a sleep
Too haunted with its dreaming to awake.
A lone white heron stirs to sudden flight
And all is shadow once again, and gold
That fringes still the garment of the night.
Now crickets break the silence that is rolled
Away as swiftly as the twilight came.
The moon comes up, a bird with wings of flame.

WHAT TRUE LOVE DID TO MR. BAMBY

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART I

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

MRS. BAMBY guessed instantly that something guilty had happened to her husband, but how she guessed it heaven only knows, for he was certainly concealing it from her with the acutest sense of criminality—though it was not anything for which he was to blame. No, not to any right-minded person. He was practically innocent. The girl had simply thrown herself into his arms. . . . Well, allowed herself to fall into his arms, then.

She was his new secretary. He had found her crying at her desk in his office that morning and he had merely asked her, in a fatherly manner, what was wrong, and she rose as if to get away from him and hide herself in the adjoining file-room, and he tried to detain her as she rose—by putting his hand on her shoulder—and when she turned unexpectedly *to* him, instead of turning *away* from him, his hand remained on her shoulder, and the arm to which the hand was attached got itself involved in a sort of embrace, and the embrace drew her in against him, and she began to weep on his chest.

That was the way the whole thing started—innocently, unpremeditatedly, and with no contributory ardor on Bamby's part. And if the girl had felt like Mrs. Bamby in his arms things might never have gone any farther. Mrs. Bamby was a big woman, rather stout, and she wore, if not a corset, at least some kind of stiffened underwaist that made her feel as hard as the barrel of a horse. Whereas the girl—

"It's true!" Bamby thought. "These girls nowadays wear practically nothing!"

He had never really known it before. He had supposed that they only *looked* as if they had nothing on. The truth flashed upon him—"practically nothing!"—as an inviting initiation into the secrets of modern young femininity. The impulse to pursue the discovery was irresistible. He moved his hand down her back—which felt softly dimpled—a delightful back. Something very like a liver chill attacked him with a spinal shiver that made him tremble. "What has happened?" he asked shakily. "What is it, my dear girl?"

She sobbed without replying.

His next movement, when he began it, was not intended to be what it finally became. He merely put his mouth against her hair, over her ear, and whispered, "My dear girl, don't cry. You mustn't cry." But then this sounded like such a feeble attempt at consolation that he pressed his lips against her cheek as if she were a child, and cooed paternally, "What is it? What's the matter?"

With that she grabbed at him as convulsively as if she had been drowning in her tears and he had plunged in to save her. She got both arms around his neck and clung to him with a strangle hold. She pressed her wet nose into his throat and wept down his collar. "It's nothing," she blubbered. "It's father. He's gone away. He's quarreled with me. I've been so mishable. You're so

sweet. You've always been so sweet to me."

At least, that was what he made out of it. It was almost unintelligible with sobs and sniffles, and he was confused by the pressure of her nose against his jugular vein and the consequent soffocation of blood in his ears, so that he could not hear her clearly. She was a handsome girl. The soft warmth of her body came to him through her black satin, and he felt his strength melting out of him in the form of embarrassed perspiration.

He muttered distractedly, "No one could be anything but sweet to *you*." And trying to disentangle himself from her clutch, he looked behind him to see a puffily upholstered leather chair conveniently near. He moved towards it, intending to place her in it and release himself. The movement upset her balance. She fell against him, and that upset *him*. He staggered back against the chair and sat down in it, and she came down with him, in his arms, on his knees, in his lap, her arms around his neck, her nose in his ear.

It puzzled him, afterwards, to figure out how they had arrived in that position. She must have twisted in his embrace like a cat. It puzzled him at the dinner table, and he smiled down absent-mindedly at his soup, with an expression which a poet might describe as "tenderly bemused" but which Mrs. Bamby subsequently described as "silly looking." She was watching him with suspicion. She had already decided that he was concealing something from her.

"Well," she asked, "what happened in the office to-day?"

She asked it in an innocent tone—as innocent as Bamby himself. She was accustomed to ask it every evening, and he always replied with some entertaining anecdote of life in a publishing house. But now, instead of beginning, for instance, "Well, my dear, you remember So-and-So, the man who wrote that extr'ordinary book for us about Martha Washington—the one that got us into such trouble with the D. A. R.?"—instead of beginning any such harmless, domestic, dinner-table gossip about the scandals of literature in their commercial aspect, he looked up at her, from his soup, almost as he might have looked at her if she had opened his office door unannounced and walked in on him while the Joyce girl was sitting on his knees.

And, indeed, that was just what she *had* done. He was not at the dinner table at all. Not really. He was in his office, with this incredible girl in his arms, her mouth at his ear, pouring out, in a moist mumble, a long and jumbled confession of girlish affection and relief and grief and resentment—a heartbroken and heart-eased confession that involved her father and him in alternate sentences, first of filial tragedy and then of —what? What? "It's been so sweet to wake up and think I was going to see you and be with you all day long working for you, and he's been so jealous and bad-tempered about it and about everything else, but when he quarreled with me last night and packed up his sketching things and went away this morning I felt I'd just die of loneliness unless you put your arms around me, but now I don't care about anything so long as I know you feel the same way yourself about me—about us—" And then his wife's voice asked, "What happened in the office to-day?"

For a moment he just blinked at her with such a guilty expression that he might have been staring at her with his chin on the girl's shoulder. Then he looked down quickly at his soup, obviously to hide his confusion, and he replied, "Why— Why nothing happened. Nothing at all!"

She was much more quick-witted than he. She knew, at once, that he was fibbing, and she knew that she must not let him see that she suspected it—not if she was ever to learn what he was fibbing about. So she said, "Well, I've had a very dull day myself," and she proceeded to describe it. She rambled at great length through an account of a meeting of the executive committee of

"The Friends of Bach," a musical society that patronized nothing but chamber music of the most classical respectability; and she made quite a traveler's tale of a small collision that had occurred, on her return down Fifth Avenue, between her limousine and a taxicab.

Bamby, lulled into a false security by this peaceful flow of talk, allowed his mind to slip back again to Carlotta Joyce. After all, she was just a child. He had thought of her as quite mature, because she was such a big, dark girl, so sedate and responsible in her work and developed in her figure; but inside that almost adult exterior she was evidently only a temperamental youngster, with a childish frankness and a lack of guile about her affections. (Or was it that the modern girl wore nothing on her emotions, either, and showed her love as naturally as she exposed her knees?) "I'm so happy," she had whispered, with her face concealed in his ear. "I'm not crying because I'm mishable"—she kept on pronouncing it that way, adorably—"I'm crying because I'm happy. You've always been so sweet, and I was so lonely I think I would have died if you'd seen me crying and not cared what was the matter with me." And wiping her eyes in the handkerchief that he gave her, she began to laugh a little, through her tears, hysterically, talking all the time. "I'm always so happy here, working for you. You know, boys are so silly. They never know what to talk about, and I never know what to say to them, and I've always been happier with you, and now—" She drew back to look at him, and her eyes were bright with tears and soft with affection, smiling at him in a whole-souled surrender that was gay and lovely and provocative. She was a really beautiful girl. "You do love me a little, don't you?" she asked. And when Bamby answered that he'd be afraid to tell her how much, she just kissed him on the mouth as frankly and naturally as innocence itself. "Don't be afraid to tell me," she murmured. "Don't be afraid of love."

It was a gray mustache. That was his trouble. It was an almost white mustache. And though it made him very distinguished-looking, with his gray imperial and his shock of poetic gray hair—and though you might think he was prematurely gray because his eyes were shy and boyish—still he knew in his heart that he was nearly fifty years of age and this girl was scarcely more than twenty. That was why he had begun by being so fatherly with her. He did not feel old. No, he never thought of himself as old. He still looked up to elderly and responsible men of fifty with respect, and he treated all his contemporaries with a deference that was charming. But still, with this girl in his arms, he had begun by feeling like an uncle in a nursery, consoling an overgrown child.

He clung to that feeling as his only excuse for his situation while she was making her tearful confession of young love. That was all right. Girls often got a crush, as they called it, on older men—on men old enough to be their fathers. There was nothing serious about that. But when she drew back and adored him with those melting brown eyes—and when she murmured, "You do love me a little, don't you?"—something quite youthful seemed to happen to him, so that he replied, like a shy boy, "I'd be afraid to tell you how much," and she accepted it as naturally as she would have accepted it from a youngster of her own age. She smiled at him tenderly and then, pouting her lips in a pretty expression of infant wistfulness, she kissed him with a slow, encouraging kiss. There was nothing filial about that kiss. No, nor about the amorous tone in which she murmured, "Don't be afraid to tell me. Don't be afraid of love." And the revived youth in him caught her to him, and said hoarsely, "You darling!" and kissed her as ardently as adolescence.

Mrs. Bamby rambled along through her account of her dull day, watching him. The emotions of his reverie were

obviously feverish. If he had been working in a bank she might have thought he had speculated with the bank's funds and lost them. But in a publishing house what could have happened?

And, really, that was exactly what Bamby was trying to make clear to himself. What had happened? After the first entrancing moment when he called her "Darling" he had spent most of the day trying to find out what he had let himself in for. And he was still trying—going over it all in his mind, incident by incident, studying her in retrospect, attempting to understand her.

For instance, after that passionate moment in the armchair, he pulled himself together and said, "Now, my dear girl, you'd better go and powder your nose. If anyone came in and saw you looking like that, they'd think I'd been making you cry." And though she lingered to kiss him again, possessively, and to whisper, "As if *you* could ever be cruel to anyone," she did retreat into the file room—which she used also as a dressing room—to make herself look less glowing and dishevelled.

He sat down at his desk, in the manner of a return to normalcy, and he took up a letter to read, but, of course, he was unable to read it. Temperament, by gosh! She certainly had temperament! And he had never suspected it. She had been working in his office for a month and she had never shown a sign of it. Nor of this amazing passion for him which she had secretly conceived and nourished on nothing whatever as far as he was aware. Their relations had been almost entirely formal. He had been pleasant. Naturally. He had indulged her once or twice by giving her a manuscript to read, over night, and listening to her opinion of it, next morning, but beyond that, nothing. Absolutely nothing. He knew her father, of course, Kilburn Joyce, the landscape painter. Eccentric. Temperamental. Somewhat of a genius. But it had never occurred to him that any of that kind of artistic emotionalism was seething in the daughter, and now, by gosh, she had not only broken loose with it but she had stampeded him, and if he didn't pull himself up short, what the devil sort of general smash-up might he not end in?

She returned from the file room refreshed, her face less flushed, her black hair smoothed back from her forehead in the severe coiffure that she affected. She had never bobbed her hair, but she wore it brushed and pinned back so tightly that it clung to her head like a glistening coat of black lacquer. In her dark office dress, with her high forehead and her wide mouth, she looked classically and intellectually beautiful. She stood smiling at him, intimately. "I suppose," she said, "she'd be jealous of me, if she *knew*—and I'm not a bit jealous of her."

It dawned on him that she was speaking of his wife. He reddened. "Aren't you?"

"No." She came towards him, quite unembarrassed. "I don't mind a bit your loving her. People can love people in different sorts of ways, don't you think?"

That seemed like an opportunity to clear things up. "Yes, I suppose they can," he agreed. "I suppose what you are is a kind of daughter to me, really."

"Oh, no!" She put that away from her with decision. "I don't want that at all. You can be anything but a father. I've had father enough." She disposed herself on the arm of his swivel chair as if she were riding side-saddle, embracing him about the shoulders and bending down to dote on him. "I just want you to be yourself and not think about it and be happy. It always depresses me—mother always used to depress me—talking about the future and planning and responsibilities and what's going to become of you. And what difference does it make? If you love a person, you love him, and you can't do anything about it, can you?"

Bamby muttered, "You can get yourself into a lot of trouble."

"You do that anyway," she encouraged him. "There's no use worrying about that." She kissed him on the top of the head. "I think anyone ought to be anything that anyone *wants* to be."

"Yes," he said, "that's the way you'd think at *your* age." In spite of himself he felt physically happy. "You know"—he put his arm around her, to hold her in the saddle—"life has a way of getting fearfully limited as you grow up. Self-expression gets limited." His arm was almost conscious of a separate existence of delight. "You have all sorts of possibilities at first, but they get narrowed down into the things you have to do as the kind of person you've become, if you know what I mean."

"You darling!" she hugged him consolingly. "You mustn't let them limit you. They've been doing it for years—making you grind away at a desk. You used to write poetry, didn't you? And you were in love with lots of girls before you married, weren't you? And now you don't write anything, and you just cramp yourself trying to be nothing but a husband. You don't seem to realize that you're a Great Person. You're too big to be just somebody's husband." She cuddled him and kissed him again. "You're going to love me all you want to, and write poetry to me, and be yourself, and be happy."

Well, there was a certain amount of truth in what she said. He had only to look up from his blue dinner plate to see that truth made manifest in the flesh of Mrs. Bamby. She was a fine woman, a competent housekeeper, who handled life with great executive ability, but she had certainly taken all the glamour out of it. She had some sort of classical ideal. Their house—

It was a little red-brick house off Washington Square, within easy walking distance of his office on lower Fifth Avenue, and it looked as cozy as a love-nest from the outside, but she had remodeled its interior in the severest simplicity of old Colonial days, and it was as hard and correct as its *Mayflower* chairs. People were always delighted with it. "But how quaint!" they cried. "My dear, it's perfect!" They were less enthusiastic about her dinners, which were frugal. Mrs. Bamby had some sort of classical ideal of life. She wanted it to be as beautiful as Greek sculpture, bare, restful, and not too animated by uneasy appetites. She did not see her philosophy as a matter of morals but as a question of taste, and that gave her a great advantage, because there is no arguing against good taste.

Bamby was not arguing. He was eating his dinner mechanically, only dimly aware of the contrast between Mrs. Bamby, the food, and the bare Colonial dining room, on the outside of him, and the colorful rapture that was Carlotta Joyce in his thoughts. She had continued to smoulder and radiate around him, all day. When there was anyone in the office, interviewing him, she warmed the far end of the room, working at her typewriter, with only occasional eye-beams and lambent smiles of love directed at him secretly and aside. It seemed to him that she yearned over her typewriter like a Madonna over the crib. The turn of her smooth white neck was lovely in its bowed devotion. The curve of her back confessed that she was working for him, typing the letters that he had dictated and cherishing them. Her hands were tender with their pages. Beautiful hands. Her body was all biddable young grace. He had never noticed before how charmingly feminine were her legs in their silk stockings and how shapely her feet in her sensible low shoes. He found it hard to keep his eyes on the business before him, especially when he came to pass judgment on some matter that was brought to him from the outer office for his decision and she, behind the official back of his vis-à-vis, swung around in her little typewriter chair to listen to him, her hands clasped between her knees.

He was the head of the department of fiction and belles-lettres, but a great many other matters were brought to him

formally on account of his wife's financial interest in the company. Her father had been the president of the firm when he died, and she had inherited a large block of the stock. The house published chiefly scientific books, medical books, and school text-books; but there were aspects of that business—in connection with school boards and such—which Bamby did not care to touch. These were, perhaps, a little sordid. He left them to his wife's brother-in-law, J. Buxton Collins, who was now president of the firm. The fiction and belles-lettres made a small list, but a most select one, and Bamby presided over it most selectly. In questions of taste he was infallible—and rather precious. He ruled smilingly but obstinately against that quality in modern fiction which he considered "rowdy." "It's not our sort of story," he would say. "We've made our reputation on the books that we don't print." This attitude was less than popular with the younger bloods in the office, but they did not know how to resent it except by giving him a contemptuous nickname behind his back. That was easy. His full name was Henry Bradford Winfield Bamby; he wrote himself "H. Winfield Bamby," and they called him "Winnie." After the success of Milne's last book, they made him "Winnie-the-Pooh-Pooher," to express their derision of his judgment on some of the novels they wished to print.

Bamby was not wholly blind to their attitude; he merely overlooked it. And he knew that his opinion was asked on other matters only after the final decision had been made without him. He did not resent that either. He did not care to put himself forward. He had some delicacy about exercising an authority which he held only in his wife's name. But it was none the less delightful to have Carlotta Joyce regard him as important in his own right and listen to him as if he were speaking oracles in the voice of omnipotence. "Cheese!" one of the younger men said, in the outer office, after an interview with him, "Winnie has his little nose up, to-day, for fair."

She had rather gone to his head. And she had certainly gone to his heart. It was beating erratically, in a mixed emotion of guilty apprehension and exultant uplift. "What are you thinking?" he asked her, after watching her silently brooding at her desk. She turned her head to flash a startled smile at him, and then she tremoloed, under her voice, throatily, with her soul in her eyes, "I've only one thought all the time, and that's 'when is he going to kiss me again?'" How could he resist it? He rose and went to her, very red and unsteady. She waited, without moving, her head back, her lips parted. When he bent down he put his hands on her shoulders, and she caught them and cuddled them against her breast. "Oh, dear," she gasped. "I'm so happy."

It made him dizzy. It made him dizzy even to recall it. His hand was unsteady when Kitty brought him cigarettes to go with his coffee, and he fumbled shakily with the match. Mrs. Bamby, observing that tremor, said, "I haven't made any engagements to go out to-night. I've several things to do—checks to make out for the first of the month—and my report to prepare for the 'Friends.'" She was secretary-treasurer of The Friends of Bach. "You don't mind staying in?"

He replied, in a tone intended to be matter-of-fact: "Oh, no. I've brought home some work to do." His throat, however, was tight with a nervous constriction that made his voice sound husky. He coughed elaborately.

"That's good," she said. "I'll run along then. You finish your cigarette."

She walked out, looking aside at the floor as she went. He waited till he heard her in her writing room above him and then, gulping his coffee and puffing hastily at his cigarette, he abandoned himself to his clandestine excitement as nervously as a small boy approaching a secret escapade. Upstairs, in the portfolio on his desk, there was a letter from her—a long, typewritten letter which she

had evidently spent most of the afternoon composing. And it was most ingeniously composed to look like stray pages from the script of a novel, starting abruptly at the top of page 38 and running to an unfinished ending at the bottom of page 47. It began like this:

"*38*

when he kissed her for the first time on that wonderful morning.

She felt that she had always loved him, always. Long before she ever knew him she had seen him in her day-dreams—"

That was as far as he read before she whispered, "Oh, no, don't read it now. Read it to-night and write to me. Write me a poem. Darling! I'm going to dream of you all night."

The letter was waiting for him now, in his study, still unread, because he had saved it like an assignation, for the evening. He delayed over his cigarette long enough to achieve a necessary appearance of nonchalance, and then he began to mount the colonial staircase slowly to his study on the top floor. With every pretense of indifference, he came to the door at the foot of the flight of stairs that led to his study, but once it had closed behind him, he ran up the stairs noiselessly in his evening pumps—he always dressed for dinner with Mrs. Bamby—and switched on the lights, and tiptoed swiftly to the portfolio on his writing desk, and found her letter with eager and excited fingers.

Once it was in his hands, he hesitated. He put it down again and began to prepare to read it luxuriously. He took off his dinner jacket and slipped on a green silk dressing-gown that he always worked in. He filled himself a pipe, and took her letter, and sat down with it in a Pickwick chair before the fire, smiling as if he had his conquest on his knee.

And he was at once aware that he was sitting in the heart of a historic moment. It was almost like picking up the manuscript of a new and unknown poet and realizing, after five lines, that he was reading the work of a second Shakespeare. Here, he felt, was a Great Love—one of the Great Loves of the Ages. The girl was inspired, possessed, glorified into something transcendent and immortal, by the calm madness of her self-abnegation. Writing of herself in the third person, she confessed that she envied that woman in the newspapers who had lived concealed for years in a cubbyhole behind a dentist's office, unknown to everyone, seen only by the man she lived for, a solitary "love slave" as the papers called her. "She longed to be hidden in his life like that," she wrote. "Oh, if he had only been her father and her mother so that she might feel that her very flesh was his, and it was in a way, because she ate nothing that she didn't buy with the money that she earned working for him, *his* money—and what was she anyway but flesh made out of that food? She never wore any clothes that she didn't buy the same way, so that inside and out she was all his, all his. He owned her. She had no life except through him. She wanted to leave her father so that she might owe to him, her lover, the roof over her and the walls around her and everything that sheltered and warmed her."

As for him, he was wonderful. He was sweet, he was kind, he was beautiful. Not merely handsome, beautiful. When he kissed her it was like some sweet drug that doped her, and it made her so hungry for more kisses that she could think of nothing else. She was so happy. And *he* must be happy. He mustn't worry about trouble and responsibilities, but just love her and let her love him. Let her be burned in the flame of his genius, like the oil in some mystical lamp, to keep it alive. It didn't matter about her. She was nothing, nobody. If he loved her and destroyed her, how happy she would be to be consumed and wasted—

Bamby's pipe had gone out, and he put it on the floor beside him. He was no longer lolling comfortably in his chair; he was leaning forward, crouched over the letter, pale with emotion, his eyes

wet with a flattered tenderness. He jumped up, once, and threw his head back, and stamped his foot, and began to pace up and down the long room excitedly, making strange exultant gestures and swallowing a lump in his throat, with a confused expression of face as if he were trying to laugh and cry together. Then, remembering Mrs. Bamby below, he tiptoed back to his chair, grinning fiercely, crouched over the letter again and went on reading it.

And Mrs. Bamby, below him, took off her nose glasses and glanced up at the ceiling at the first staglike stamp of his foot. What had made him do that? What could possibly be going on? When she turned back to her treasurer's report, she still kept one ear on the ceiling, pausing every now and then to listen.

At ten o'clock, finding herself chilly, she went to her bathroom and filled a hot-water bottle for him and gathered up a steamer rug to wrap around his knees. Whatever was going on, he must not be allowed to catch cold, and these damp spring nights were dangerous. She advanced up his stairs as implacably as a trained nurse, and when she saw him writing, she had no suspicion that she was intruding on a moment of literary communion between another Abelard and a modern Heloise. He had a huge dictionary at one hand and a thesaurus at the other. As she approached, he turned his page of manuscript face down and buried himself in the dictionary.

It might be, of course, that he had been involved in some office dispute about publishing a book and that he was drawing up a statement of his objections to it. Although she was part-owner of the publishing house, he had jealously refused to discuss such matters with her. If they came to her at all, they had to come through the president, her brother-in-law, her sister's husband. And she had acquiesced in this roundabout arrangement so that Bamby might preserve an appearance of independent authority in his department. After all, men were like that. "I was afraid you might be cold, dear," she said.

He did not reply, he merely grunted; and she accepted the grunt as expressing preoccupation as well as implying a certain resentment at her intrusion. She put the hot-water bottle at his back and wrapped the rug around his legs as best she could. "All right, thanks," he muttered, turning the pages of his dictionary in pursuit of some difficult word —a pursuit so exciting, apparently, that he was quite flushed and nervous.

She went downstairs again, puzzled. Bamby was a small man, easily intimidated; and in every household matter and in all their social life she dominated him like a large and stern parent. But in the face of his resentful vanity about his office affairs, she had not dared to ask him what was wrong, and she planned to wait until he was in bed asleep and then read what he had been writing.

She waited, listening, until midnight. At the stroke of twelve she went to the deserted kitchen in her dressing-gown and made him a cup of coffee. She found him, now, busily copying with pen and ink the report which he had been composing in lead pencil. "I think I'll go to bed, dear," she said. "Don't stay up too late."

It was so sweetly spoken that no one could possibly have suspected her. Bamby nodded in a tense absorption, his writing covered with a strip of blotting paper, studying his thesaurus. She was aware of something strained and watchful in his preoccupation. And after she had got into bed, lying on her back, her eyes on the darkness above her, she heard him secretly pacing up and down his study, as nervous as a cat.

At two o'clock, he came downstairs and tiptoed to his adjoining bedroom. At three, he was asleep, and she was sitting at his desk, sternly reading the flattering effusion which he had been all evening pouring out to some anonymous "Darling Girl" who evidently worked in his office.

(*To Be Concluded*)

HOW SHALL WE DEAL WITH CRIME?

BY JOSEPH M. PROSKAUER

Associate Justice, Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York

THE President of the United States recently voiced the general belief that in our country "life and property are relatively more unsafe than in any other civilized country in the world," and an equally general demand that a cure be found for this condition. It is popularly assumed that this cure is to be found by changing the machinery of the administration of criminal justice. This assumption is coupled with an unreasoned and uninformed belief that increased severity of punishment is the panacea. Yet, viewed in the broad perspective of history, the student realizes that fundamentally severe punishment as such has never retarded the progress of waves of crime and that legal machinery in itself is a wholly inadequate instrument for stamping out widespread lawbreaking. In plain truth, there has been cast on the administration of justice a burden which it cannot sustain without the aid of modern psychiatric science. For the man in the street the crime problem is over when the jury renders a verdict of guilty and the judge imposes a sentence. In fact, the real solution of the problem has then only begun.

The last decade has witnessed the first satisfactory scientific surveys by experts into the causes of crime and the most promising means for its alleviation. As to details, these experts differ among themselves. On one thing, for the most part, they agree—that there must be fundamental change in the attitude of government toward the treatment of crime and fundamental change of a kind which the courts themselves cannot make. We need progressive legislation that must be rooted deep in an altered public attitude toward crime and the criminal. Dean Pound has sagely pointed out that the law does not lead, but follows public opinion. And yet it does constantly readapt itself, slowly but surely, to those modifications of life and thought which are soundly established.

Until comparatively modern times it was the custom to treat insanity by whipping the patient to exorcise the devils which possessed him. Psychiatrists are teaching us to see that to-day the treatment of the criminal has little more rational relationship to the factors involved. Psychology and psychiatry are new sciences. Within the memory of many of us psychology was flippantly described as a pseudo-science; and, with its requisite conservatism, the law has been slow to engraft upon itself the teachings of these new branches of learning. To-day psychology and psychiatry rest upon a firm basis of research and accomplishment. The time has come when the law must heed their teaching. To accomplish this, public opinion must be informed.

I have set for myself here the task of stating for the layman not any original contribution to this field of thought, but rather what the scientific investigator has discovered, what the voter may call upon his legislator to use. There is one reform with which the law, as such, must charge itself. Dr. Sheldon Glueck, a leader among contemporary penologists, has convincingly urged the sharp

differentiation between the process of the ascertainment of guilt and the process of the treatment of the guilty. The former is essentially the function of the courts. It should undoubtedly be discharged with greater efficiency. Those who clamor for severity are right to the extent of their demand that we should sweep away age-old technicalities which delay the day of trial and impair the inevitable certainty of correct judgment. There is no longer reason or justice in the principle that a defendant may stand mute while a jury may not be allowed to draw the natural inference therefrom that he is afraid to speak. This is but one illustration of a number of technicalities that impede the progress of a criminal cause.

Our real concern, however, is with the disposition we are to make of the criminal after he is convicted. To-day we send him to prison for a more or less fixed term. Even the so-called indeterminate sentence, with a maximum and a minimum, is rigid. If he is very young, he may go to a so-called reformatory. At times he is placed upon probation. But with certain exceptions, inconsequential in number and in degree, nothing is done to ascertain the causes of his transgression or to remove them. The result is appalling to anyone who has in his heart a love of our youth and a hope for their advancement. For the problem is largely one of youth.

A recent investigation disclosed that forty-five per cent of the inmates of Sing Sing Prison were boys under twenty-five years of age. In one year forty-six per cent of the persons convicted of crime in the courts of record in New York State were between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. In the Court of General Sessions, the great criminal court of New York City, out of some three thousand offenders investigated, over sixty-two per cent were under twenty-five years of age. These youthful offenders are punished generally by no other criterion than the seriousness of their offense. To a shocking extent the first conviction is the final blow to the promise of a young life. For, when we add to the forty-five per cent of the inmates of Sing Sing who are themselves under twenty-five, the second or third offenders who first entered upon a criminal career when they were under that age, and when we study similar conditions in other penal institutions, we are brought to a realization of the fact that sometimes as many as three-quarters of a group investigated first became criminals when they were under the age of twenty-five.

II

We must starkly face the fact, therefore, that in experience there is practically nothing curative in our present method of sentencing prisoners according to the seriousness of the crime. In a study made of five hundred men discharged from Massachusetts penal institutions, Doctor Glueck has shown that there is practically no relationship between the seriousness of the first offense and the criminal conduct of the prisoner during the period after his first discharge. We have fallen into the hit-or-miss habit of making the punishment fit the crime. The psychiatrist teaches us that we must make the punishment fit the criminal. To that end there are certain very definite factors in the life of the first offender which must be ascertained. Some are economic, some psychological, some psychiatric. When these factors are ascertained, it frequently appears that the man who commits a serious offense is much less anti-social than a minor offender. Frequently the minor offender is a graver danger to society than the major one. On the other hand, very often the delinquency of the major offender can be definitely related to removable causes. Certainly there is neither reason nor sanity in the process by which we take a first offender guilty of a serious offense and, with no attempt to understand or to reclaim him, incarcerate him in a prison where practically nothing is done to change his anti-social

personality, and thus permanently cast him upon a human ash heap.

It is not too much to ask, at least with respect to youthful offenders, and particularly with respect to youthful first offenders, that the administration of justice should begin to work hand in hand with the psychiatrist for the reclamation of valuable human material. The future of such offenders should not be forecast by the determinate sentence of a judge necessarily endowed with human fallibility. Hindsight is ever better than foresight, and we should use hindsight in shaping the lives of such offenders. Upon conviction they should, of course, be placed under restraint for the protection of society. The duration and character of that restraint must be determined by the careful observation of penologists and psychiatrists, subject, of course, to such review as will prevent abuse. We must change the condition which sends a boy to prison or reformatory only to come out with every criminal propensity accentuated by a period of confinement under the most anti-social conditions. Such an offender should be handed over to a board authorized to confine him, to study his peculiarities, mental, physical, social, and moral, to cure him if he can be cured, to retain him in custody so long as he is a menace to society, and to release him to freedom when serious risk to society from his conduct has disappeared. For we now know beyond peradventure that there are cases where criminal propensity can be cured. The result sometimes is reached merely by removal of physical ailment—a gland or nerve—sometimes by education in the conventional manner, sometimes by the straightening out of those mysterious warpings of the subconscious personality which psychoanalysis has taken for a name, sometimes by the alleviation of extraneous social pressures, and often by a combination of two or more of these methods.

This process which the psychiatrist and the penologist point out to us is a new one and untried. But if it lacks the sanction of experience, it none the less has the validity of logic. The situation is grave enough to call for sane social adventure into an untried but promising field. It may readily be subjected to the test of experience by confining it in the first instance to first offenders under the age of twenty-one. There is a fundamental human appeal to try out this adventure if we focus it upon the endeavor to reclaim young men first wandering astray and to transform them from permanent liabilities into useful assets of society.

It is important to recognize at least two objections which the conservative urges against the psychiatrists. The first is that there must necessarily be punishment and that the element of punishment is unduly diluted in the proposed change. But society has no interest in punishment as such. Vindictiveness is not an attribute of criminal administration. Punishment is of importance as a means, not an end, and useful only in so far as it operates successfully to deter the commission of crime. No one can gainsay that the history of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence demonstrates that in and of itself, administered in the haphazard fashion in which we have applied it, it has failed of its purpose. It is not proposed to abolish punishment, but rather to make it effective by basing it upon intelligent investigation and ascertained fact. The promise and the hope is that, so modified, punishment will really begin successfully to function as a cure for crime.

The second objection is the conventional one that the reformer wishes to coddle the criminal, that he is a sentimentalist. Generally all who believe that increased severity is not a panacea are unthinkingly branded as sentimentalists with an undue regard for the happiness of the criminal. The very reverse is the fact. The reformer is the realist. The reactionary is the sentimentalist. There is nothing sentimental about the proposal that society does not ade-

quately protect itself against the criminal by ignoring the facts of modern science and continuing blindly along the paths which were marked out in ignorance of truths which we now know. There was a time when under the law of England there were over two hundred capital offenses and yet crime flourished to an amazing and unusual degree. This was due in large measure to the fact that juries were loath to convict a man of a crime which was punishable by death, and to-day juries are loath to convict a man when they know that by some arbitrary mandatory law the judge is required to imprison him for a long term of years or for life. Sentimentality lurks rather in the instinctive demand to continue illogical and ill-adjusted severity. The law has a two-fold purpose—to protect society and to reclaim the offender. For the accomplishment of both it is vital that we should understand the manifold causes of economic pressure, of social distress, of mental disease, of emotional illness, of physical ailment, which often combine to create what we loosely call the criminal tendency. And it is equally vital that we should treat the criminal in the light of our understanding of these factors. The law must take counsel with science. The layman, for whose ultimate benefit the law exists, must study these problems and must be ready to yield fundamental and fixed preconceptions when he learns that they are wrong and learns how to right them.

The problem of crime is to be solved only by such basic change.

INTROSPECTION

BY ELIZABETH LAROCQUE

THERE is no prayer upon my lips
Nor is there any in my heart—
I cannot touch my finger tips
And kneeling bid all pain depart;

Nor ask of God what I would gain—
Nay! all my strength must be within—
In that strange place where soul meets brain.
If this be evil I must sin.

And yet—it's strange—if I could pray,
What would I ask? I do not know.
There is not aught for which I'd say,
"Ah, God in Heaven, I want it so!"

Unless perhaps it could be this—
To find a dream, to see a star,
And know the strange unequaled bliss
Of reaching out—for things too far.

THIS MATERNAL INSTINCT

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

IT would be a bold writer who would attempt to say the last word on the mooted maternal instinct. But since so many men have had their say on the subject in sermon and in poem, perhaps a woman observer of her own sex may be permitted to add a word.

From the beginning of time woman's maternity has been a matter of no little import to man. Anthropology tells us that the early agricultural tribes made their women the star actresses in orgiastic fertility rites and that their descendants deified an Earth Mother who was the author of all life. With progress came the knowledge that man played a part in the process of conception, and so it happened that woman lost her mystic significance. But the myth of the mother-god survived in one guise or another among the Greeks, the Babylonians, and the Egyptians; and centuries later something very akin to it springs up in southern Europe in the form of the cult of the Virgin Mary. No longer considered a symbol of fertility, the new Queen of Heaven soon came to be glorified as the ideal mother, full of bounty and mercy for all mankind. Legend had it that she herself had been known to deliver a woman of a sinfully begotten child, to heal a man's ugly sores with the milk from her own breasts, and to perform many another act of divine mercy. In short, the men of the Middle Ages came to attribute to Mary Queen of Heaven all of the tenderness, the pity, and the self-sacrificing nobility not to be found on earth. But naïve as they were in many respects, they were never so naïve as to indentify womankind in general with their goddess.

It was left to the Anglo-Saxon poets—in that access of idealism which marked the nineteenth century—to see the Madonna in every mother. Wordsworth sang of "A perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort, and command, and yet a spirit still and bright, with something of an angel light." Following the same tradition, the American psychologist Thorndike described the maternal instinct as follows:

"All women possess from early childhood to death some interest in human babies, and a responsiveness to the looks, gestures, and cries of infancy, being moved to instinctive comforting acts by childish signs of pain, grief, and misery. This series of situations and responses constitutes the maternal instinct in its most typical form."

Another psychologist, William McDougall, believes that "it would be easy to wax enthusiastic in the cause of an instinct that is the source of the only entirely admirable, satisfying, and perfect human relationship, as well as of every kind of purely disinterested conduct."

The poets and the theoretical psychologists have merely voiced the belief still held by most men that there is something inherently noble in mother love, that every "normal woman" wants babies, and that "the right sort of woman" will devote her life to her children and ask no other outlet for her ego. It is these assumptions which I should like to examine, not in the light of what men have loosely believed to be

true of women, but in the light of what science has actually discovered about the maternal emotions, and of what women themselves reveal by their own actions and confessions.

II

The psychologists and the writers who hold that maternal love is instinctive rest their case on the fact that in the animal world the female's whole life is adapted to the necessity of feeding, warming, and protecting her young, and that among the higher animals a mother will show the greatest heroism in protecting her brood. It is true that lionesses and tigresses are fierce in defense of their cubs; but it is also true that they will occasionally abandon them, or eat them under stress of starvation as Robert Briffault admits in his theoretical study *The Mothers*. But in the case of the primates he believes that the "maternal functions have been transferred into maternal love" despite the fact that there is no evidence to show that the mother monkey's devotion lasts beyond the nursing period.

Passing on to primitive peoples, Briffault points to the existence of maternal love in certain Eskimo and Indian tribes where mothers have been observed to be most passionately attached to their children. But he refers to a very limited number of tribal groups—as his anthropologist critics have pointed out; and here again, he presents no evidence to show how long the mother's attachment persists. Anthropologists say that the nursing period may last as long as four or five years, but that when it is over the child often loses intimate contact with his mother and becomes one of a number of children in a household where there may be a number of mothers. Among the Zunis, for instance—the most nearly primitive untouched tribe left in North America—we are told that it is difficult to distinguish the mothers of their own offspring; while in Samoa, according to Margaret Mead, the young children are given over to the care of the older children as soon as they are weaned, since child-rearing is considered a task unworthy of the grown-ups. On the other hand, the Cheyenne Indians of North America spend much of their time fashioning miniature villages and other educational toys for their children, while some Patagonian tribes have been known to leave a district or remain longer than was desirable merely to satisfy the whim of a child. Among all of these tribes mores, not instinct, would appear to be the determining factor in the relationship of parents to children.

The same social principle determines the attitude of primitive women toward pregnancy and birth. Among many of the tribes of India a woman's life is blighted if she has no children, or if she has only girl children; and among the Indians of Vancouver Island a bride ransoms herself from her husband's family by having three children. Yet an Iroquois woman is considered déclassée if she has children within five years of one another, and in the South Sea Islands the technic of abortion is highly developed. Infanticide, as we know, is common among a great many tribes, and is not always at the behest of the father or of the community. Natchez women of the Mississippi Valley and Tonga women of the South Seas kill their babies in public *to raise their personal rank;* while certain itinerant tribes in Australia, according to Spencer and Gillen, make it the rule that the first two children shall be killed, since they consider the burden of a large family too great for the mother. Nor is there any record that the women object to this practice. Westermarck tells us, however, that in most tribes the custom calls for the killing of the infant within a given number of days or hours—before the mother has had a chance to become fond of it. But the fact remains that infanticide and abortions are an accepted social custom among many primitive peoples.

The most outstanding characteristic of civilized society, as compared with

primitive, would seem to be the stress upon the individual's and the family's private life, in contrast to the habits of the tribe as a whole. Together with this change has come a diminution in work for women, with the net result that the affective relationship between mother and offspring has been prolonged for many years beyond the nursing period. This prolongation has led to the development of a complex set of maternal responses which are usually lumped together as the "maternal instinct." Of late, however, there has been more than a little dispute among psychologists as to whether there are any "pure instincts," i.e., inherited behavior patterns, and whether, if there are, the maternal instinct as it is usually conceived, belongs among them.

Thorndike, in declaring that "all women possess from early childhood to death some interest in human babies," probably had in mind the commonly accepted belief that all little girls love dolls and that during adolescence they experience a heightened interest in babies. As a matter of fact, mothers frequently have to teach their daughters to handle dolls gently; and there is good reason to believe that every child's play with dolls is simple imitation—as parents recognize when a little boy cries for a doll like his sister's. They see no paternal instinct there! It is noticeable, too, that in a family where there are two or three sisters, the one who does not play with dolls usually turns out to be the most indifferent to social example when she grows up.

Nor is there any proof that girls experience a heightened interest in babies as they approach adolescence; in fact, there is some proof to the contrary. In the English *National Review* for February 1900, Catherine Dodd reports the interesting results of a questionnaire sent to different groups of school children between the ages of eleven and thirteen, inquiring as to their ideals. Of the 289 girls who answered the questionnaire in England (while the Boer War was going on) 35 per cent wished to be men, while only one boy out of 302 wished to be a woman; 30 per cent of the girls wished to be nurses like Florence Nightingale, and the remaining 30 per cent wanted to be women so as to escape the responsibilities of life. Not a word about motherhood. In Sweden, in a group of 425 girls, 48 per cent chose men as their ideals and gave as their reason the desire to excel in intellectual and artistic pursuits. Yet in a group of 196 German children the girls stressed maternal and domestic duties, while the boys stressed civic virtues, showing what a difference social regimentation can make.

A somewhat similar questionnaire, submitted to a group of children in one of our Southern high schools (Ruth Reed, *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, Volume 18) showed that the majority of the girls dreamed of a career which had as its center marriage to a rich man, with children as an accessory in most cases. Some thought that marriage without children would be wrong, or not permanent; others that life would be stupid with nothing to do, while only a few gave love for children as their reason for wanting them.

In a group of 900 girls in Massachusetts (*Stanford University Studies in Education*) not one mentioned marriage as a career. These girls came from poor homes where they had very likely seen their mothers bowed down by childbearing, and they apparently had no wish to follow in their footsteps.

In my own circle of acquaintances I have noticed that the young woman in her teens who *does* respond warmly to infants has almost invariably grown up in a home where baby worship was an actual cult. This is apt to be the case in a well-to-do family, where the pattern of life has been kept simple, and the mother is a woman of no great brilliance or personal ambition, but of an affectionate nature and of sufficient intelligence to know how to elicit children's best selves through a policy of

sound discipline. Under such auspicious conditions the growing girl may become accustomed to the care of younger brothers or sisters, or the babies of relatives, without feeling overburdened with responsibility for them. She will discover the delights of holding and of kissing the soft little unresisting creatures, and as a consequence she will very likely want to have children of her own. But the average American girl—who has not been accustomed to babies—is more likely to be moved to annoyance, rather than pity, by the sound of an infant's crying. Certainly the last thing she wants to do is care for the neighbors' children.

III

It might be supposed, however, that this "interest in human babies" manifests itself when a woman marries and knows that she is in a position to have them. But here again we must discount the force of social example before we can get at the facts in the case.

The primitive woman accepted childbearing as part of the married state ordained by the tribe and the gods. But believing, as she did, that life was quickened within her by an earth spirit rather than by her mate, she did not associate conception with the passion act. Later civilization brought some scientific knowledge of the reproductive process, and in its wake came Christianity to teach women that the flesh in itself was evil, and that intercourse was justified only by conception. In the course of the centuries, not only the church, but society as a whole has conspired to force this idea upon our sex. And so it happens that there are still thousands of women who believe that marriage would be "wrong" without children—and who never stop to ask themselves whether they want them or not.

When the specific question, "Are you glad that you are going to have a child?" was put to a group of women in a prenatal clinic, sixty-five out of eighty-seven replied in the negative, their answers ranging from a timid and frightened denial to the indignant rejoinder of one woman who wanted to know whether the questioner thought she was crazy. Of the twenty-two who expressed no aversion to having children, very few gave love for them as their motive. The prevailing attitude, according to the investigator, was one of resignation and passive acceptance of an inevitable concomitant of marriage. (Ruth Reed, *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, Vol. 18.)

The woman who cares about the opinion of society is not so ready to admit the fact that she does not want a child. Indeed, doctors insist that most women of the well-to-do classes—except the "vain, pleasure-loving" ones—are willing to have at least one child. If they are, it is not surprising, since they have so much idle time on their hands, and since there may be various motives back of their desire to conceive, which have nothing to do with a love for children.

First let us take the imaginative woman who is deeply in love with her husband. She will want a child as a completion or a "symbol" of the passion act—a poetic aspiration. The possessive instinct will also make her want a small edition of her beloved, which she can be sure of possessing wholly and for all time. On the other hand, the woman whose husband shows dangerous signs of philandering will seize upon a child as the obvious means of holding him. By the same token, the woman who is not greatly in love with her husband may crave a child as a substitute emotional outlet.

An even more powerful urge is created, doctors tell us, in women who are unable to conceive or who have had miscarriages. Caught in such a dilemma, they feel that nature has cheated them, and so—like orphans who have been denied what almost every other child has as a matter of course—

they work up a feverish desire to conceive.

Finally, there is the appeal to the imagination. The mystery of the experience—the amazing idea of bringing to life another human being—the possibility of exploring a new realm of human relationship—these are the forces which impel many women to conceive, no matter how full their lives may already be.

Yet on the other side of the shield one finds women of imagination, although fewer in number it is true, who have deliberately chosen not to have children. In this group are the artists, writers, and professional women who find their work so absorbing, and their husbands so adequate emotionally, that they feel no need for children. In a somewhat different category is the woman who has no profession, but who prefers marriage to motherhood—paradoxically speaking. Such a young woman, writing anonymously in the January 1928 issue of *Plain Talk*, said that she had decided not to have children because she did not want her happy companionship and emotionally perfect relationship with her husband to be spoiled in any way. She had observed that the couples of her acquaintance who had most successfully preserved a romantic feeling for each other were the childless ones. She doubted, too, that a child would be worth the candle: he would inevitably have to suffer the same disappointments in life that she had suffered, and he could hardly be counted on to love her in her old age. Whether or not this young woman's point of view is typical of the "hard-boiled" moderns, it is at least significant in its honesty, revealing as it does how perfectly natural it is for a woman to consider herself and her own happiness—and little else when she faces the ordeal of having a child.

IV

"But what of the vast army of unmarried women?" a masculine reader rises to inquire. "Aren't *they* living thwarted, unhappy lives for want of children?"

The Freudians for their part have presented plenty of evidence—in the form of day-dreams as well as night-dreams—to prove that the average "bachelor-girl" is secretly restive in her state of single lonesomeness and that, to put it bluntly, she needs a mate. They will tell you that she also needs a child, and that the one biological desire is implicit in the other. But if it were, a neurologist points out, there would be more women who have dream-children.

Other mind specialists observe that it is when women have arrived at their thirties and forties and lost all hope of marrying that they begin to brood over the absence of children in their lives. Whether they brood because they hate to be different from other women, or because they genuinely like children, is still another question. It is true that an increasing number of single women are adopting children—lonely women and women who take an imaginative delight in young people's society. But one knows bachelors who are just as hungry for the companionship of children, so hungry that they are apt to adopt them—literally as did Barrie, or spiritually as did Lewis Carroll. Also to be taken into account these days is the occasional woman who is so starved for human affection, or so rashly experimental, that she will dare to bear a child without benefit of wedlock. But the independent modern woman, whose life is not barren of other interests, would not think of paying the price of social ostracism—or of making the child pay the price, much as she would like the opportunity to watch a child of her own grow and develop. Nor would she think of marrying a man who does not appeal to her as a lover and a companion, no matter how excellent a *pater familias* he might make. Even the woman to whom children make a strong æsthetic and emotional appeal may continue quite contentedly in her single way,

provided that she is happy in her work and associations. In this connection there are some interesting conclusions to be gleaned from Dr. Katherine Bement Davis's article in the March 1928 *Harper's* in which she presented the results of a questionnaire sent to 1077 college women. Out of this number only 532 regretted not having married, and of the latter only 16.7 per cent mentioned the lack of children as their principal reason for regret. Others, however, regretted home and children, or husband and children, but even this group represented less than a quarter of the total number of women questioned. It must be remembered, too, that most of these women had had at least one chance to marry.

Looking at married as well as unmarried women, I should say that the happiest are those who have good health and who feel successful and effective in whatever role they are playing. There is obviously no comparison between the vitality and personality of the single woman of forty-five—let us say—who is doing a constructive piece of work in one of the professions, and the woman of the same age who has suddenly come up against the realization that neither her husband nor her children need her any longer. The woman of affairs will hardly envy the latter. She may, however, regret not having had children as well as a career—just as every one of us regrets that we cannot crowd two or three lives into one. But there is nothing in such a woman's personality to suggest that a vital instinct has been thwarted.

If we consider all of the motives that impel women to marry or not to marry, to have children or not have children, we can but conclude that all women do *not* "possess from childhood to death some interest in human babies." If this interest is there, this desire for children, it is so often obscured by other motives, or so easily deflected, that it can hardly be called instinctive. Even the yearning for a symbol of love's passion or for the experience of motherhood is a product of civilized thought—a far cry from any primary impulse.

V

A good case might still be made out for the traditional maternal instinct if it could be proved that women who bear children forthwith lose all thought of self and become totally absorbed in the process of nurturing and rearing them.

It may be rather a shock to the layman to be told that the most advanced psychologists are now convinced that the mother's response to the child is fundamentally a physical reaction. And yet that is not a particularly new theory. Back in the nineteenth century the English psychologist Bain startled the Victorians by declaring that "the mother's tender emotion derives chiefly from an intense pleasure in the embrace of the young—a pleasure which may be as purely physical as that resulting from the embrace between the sexes." "For the sake of this pleasure," he reasoned, "the human mother discovers the necessity of nourishing the subject of it, and of making the requisite sacrifices."

To-day the experimental psychologists have reached similar conclusions. John B. Watson, while carrying on his experiments with newborn infants at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, observed that the maternal emotion was frequently aroused in mothers who had at first been cold to their infants by the stimulation of the nerves of sexual feeling in the mammary glands. His observations are corroborated by reports from other public maternity hospitals, where the rule holds that an unmarried mother is not to be left alone with her child until she has had it at her breast.

Yet there are many twentieth-century women who take no pleasure in nursing. Even the earthy type of mother who has abundant milk may not react to the experience as the psychologists expect her to. I think, for instance, of a woman who has five children and has been the

traditionally devoted mother in every other respect, but who found nursing most distasteful indeed. Another, who is a more cerebral type, but at the same time an unusually healthy and well-poised individual, says that she felt dragged out and depressed the whole time that she was nursing. Contrasted with them are other women of breeding and intellect who admittedly derive sensuous delight from the process, so that one is at a loss to generalize. A number of cases point to the conclusion, however, that it is the highly-sexed woman who takes the greatest pleasure in nursing—and this would be consistent with Watson's theory.

Not only the nursing, but the holding and caressing of the child will arouse the mother's tender emotion—according to L. L. Bernard, whose book on *The Instincts* is considered the standard work of its kind. Watson adds that the mother's coddling is at bottom a sex-seeking response; otherwise she would not kiss the child on the lips. Certainly any honest woman who has ever held a baby in her arms will admit that the emotion aroused by the child's embrace has a sexual element in it. For the parent the pleasure of the embrace is heightened by the assurance that the baby will reciprocate; whereas the response of another grownup is never certain.

Bernard believes that it is also instinctive for a mother to jump forward when her baby cries. At the same time he scoffs at the idea that a mother knows instinctively how to care for her child, and in proof he points to the high rates of infant mortality in those districts and countries where mothers have not had the benefit of scientific instruction in the care of infants. Watson, arguing in the same vein, declares that there is no more awkward sight than that of an inexperienced mother bathing her baby for the first time.

Yet most mothers are eager to learn how to take care of their babies, and it is undoubtedly true that many a mother has saved her child's life by unparalleled devotion to its needs. The average mother is not only intent upon preserving her child because it affords her sensuous delight—as Bain argues—but because she has come to identify it with herself and to take overweening pride in it. Here the possessive instinct comes into full play, as it always does when a stronger creature is responsible for a weaker creature. Out of this compound of physical response, social responsibility, and possessive instinct is born the thing we call mother love. As long as it remains truly instinctive—with a desire to have and to hold forever—it is *au fond* self-centered. But in the degree that it is blended with a generous nature and a true philosophy of life, it becomes capable of selflessness and nobility.

In any event, mother love is bound to be an absorbing experience; and yet so far as one can observe, there is only one type of woman whom it altogether absorbs, and that is the intensely emotional type, the woman who is so carried away by the thrill of possessing another creature that she loses all sense of balance and becomes completely submerged. This is especially likely to happen when a woman has her first child—if she has no rational detachment or saving sense of humor. On the other hand, there is evidence to show that the great run of women experience a sharp conflict between their individual desires and their sense of duty to their children. Spencer astutely called this inevitable clash "the antagonism between individuation and genesis"; and to-day the psycho-analysts declare that it is an important factor even before birth. In this connection Flügel asserts that a surprisingly large number of dreams occurring during pregnancy have as their motive the death of the child. Substantiating the latter theory, an American psychiatrist told me the story of a pregnant woman, a perfectly sane individual, who dreamed that her baby was lying dead in a coffin. She protested that the dream could not be a wish-fulfillment, because she desired the baby. But during the day previous

to the dream she had felt very miserable and had been obliged to give up three interesting engagements. As a result her subconscious registered a strong objection to the cause of her misery. Numbers of women, too, loathe the physical degradation of pregnancy and birth, as the anti-feminist "Jane Smith" so candidly admitted in these pages some time ago. Other women have been known to turn from their babies at birth with profound disgust and disappointment. Watson observed in the maternity hospital that the women who were not bound by a sense of social convention were the ones who took no pains to hide their real feelings toward their babies.

When it comes to nursing, women no longer feel any social compulsion. In fact, the great run of women of the leisure class—doctors say—rarely nurse their children for more than six weeks at the most; some of them flatly refuse, while others offer one pretext or another. Apparently they consider their own comfort and the preservation of their figures of more importance than any possible benefit which their babies might derive from breast nursing. In other respects, too, their social tradition demands very little of them as mothers, with the result that they turn their children over to servants and governesses, see them at stated intervals, and keep their social engagements as usual.

Outstanding exceptions to the rule are extremely conscientious women, and those who delight in the society of children. The latter understand young folk so well that they can manage them with the minimum of friction; and they find in their companionship a refreshment that they cannot get elsewhere. So they are quite willing to spend a great deal of time with their own children and to devote themselves to the study of modern methods of education. Yet even the most enthusiastic of these mothers tell me that they find it a strain to be with their children constantly.

The average young mother—who has not this imaginative rapport with her children but is, nevertheless, obliged to spend most of her time with them—is bound to experience a recurrent inner conflict when she thinks of the pleasures she has sacrificed and the fatigue that is her daily lot. She may not complain, but her rebellion will manifest itself in ragged nerves and uneven discipline, and she will be weighed down by a general sense of martyrdom.

The active type of woman who formerly had a congenial occupation feels this conflict the most keenly of all. Freudian analysts talk of women who "gladly give up their work for the sake of husband and children"; yet I have never known one woman of proved ability—as contrasted with the woman of no professional future—who did not keenly regret her work. As a striking example, I think of a girl who made a promising beginning as a singer and then married and had a child unintentionally; economic difficulties and ill-health resulting from childbirth have prevented her from regaining a foothold in her profession, and to-day one reads bitter disappointment in her face, conscientious mother that she is. Another girl who is devoting much time and energy to her children's training along scientific lines, says that she was happiest, the most "on her toes" the year that she lived in a town where she could put her children in a good nursery school and herself hold a part-time job. A commercial artist, who married with the intention of combining motherhood and career, has found that bearing three children has taken ten good years of her life and that her art has had to play second fiddle; now she is marking time until she will be free to give more of her energy to her work. A woman doctor who forsook surgery and went into a less exacting branch of medicine out of duty to her husband and child says that the whiff of ether in an operating room is still like the breath of life to her.

And so on down the line. . . . Devoted as these women are to their chil-

dren, and conscientious mothers as they are (far more so than the women of the leisure class, doctors say), they are no less eager to live their own lives. And they know that they should do so for their children's sake as well as their own. For the behaviorists and psycho-analysts have sufficiently warned them what tragedies will accrue if they vent all of their emotions and energy on their children. More modest, too, than the old-fashioned mother, they realize that their own discipline is often uneven, and that they are no better for their children as a steady diet than their children are for them. So they welcome the nursery-school as a partial solution of their problem.

But it is not only the professional woman who is straining at the leash of motherhood—as birth statistics plainly show. Dr. Louis Dublin tells us that in 1880 there were in the United States forty births to every thousand of the population—as against only twenty-one in 1926. It is a well-known fact that the rate is the lowest in those levels of society which have access to birth control information. Child specialists say off-hand that the families which they attend rarely average over two children, and that no matter how well-to-do a couple may be, they offer the timeworn economic excuse as their reason for having small families. In this connection statistics from the leading women's colleges are of interest. Reports from Smith, Wellesley, and Barnard indicate that their married graduates who have been out of college fifteen years or more, have an average of considerably less than two children; while figures from Radcliffe and Vassar, unanalyzed as to classes, likewise show an average of less than two children to a marriage. Graduates of Bryn Mawr, however, who have been married at least twenty years boast of 2.8 children per marriage.

Conscientious mothers often have a second or third child out of duty to the first, while others are anxious for a boy or a girl. A small number of women take such sensuous and imaginative delight in babies that they are sincerely overjoyed when they conceive. But if one is to judge anything from young wives'—as well as old wives' tales—the third child is generally an accident, and very often the second. This applies even to the old-fashioned type of girl, if she has had to do all of her own work.

It is true that the woman of to-day, no less than the woman of yesterday, responds with a great rush of feeling to the sweetness and the mystery of personality in her own children; and they may well become the most important human beings in her orbit for they are her responsibility. But the extent to which they can fill her life appears to be a question not of instinct, but of emotional temperament and conflicting mental interests.

VI

The final argument advanced to prove the existence of the maternal instinct is that many women are protective not only toward children, but toward adults, animals, and helpless creatures in general. McDougall, it will be remembered, declares that the maternal instinct is the sole source of purely disinterested conduct; and Briffault holds that altruism, pity, tenderness, mercy—all the social sentiments in fact—stem from it.

We know that some women have such sympathetic temperaments that they cannot stand the sight or even the thought of human or animal suffering; while others—like our great social workers—have such abounding faith in human nature that they take joy in giving it an upward lift. Yet there are men who have the same sympathy, the same faith in mankind, although they are not so often in a position to devote their lives to serving the young and the luckless, since they must concern themselves with the struggle for not only their own, but their family's survival.

Of a similarly sympathetic nature is the woman who delights in minister-

ing to the comfort and happiness of her friends and family—Wordsworth's "spirit still and bright"— if you will. In addition to a native fund of sympathy, this type of woman generally has a definite maternal technic which she has acquired at some time in the past, through taking care of her own children if she has had any, or through looking after young brothers and sisters or a sick parent perhaps. This technic often manifests itself not only in swift thoughtfulness for other people's physical welfare, but in a tendency to encourage and advise; for such a person is likely to feel older and wiser than the rest of the world. Other women may be no less generous in friendship, although they are seldom spoken of as "maternal" for the reason that they have never acquired this special technic. Men, too, may be every whit as generous as friends; yet they are even less apt to anticipate another's physical or psychical needs, since they have not been trained to think in terms of personalities from their childhood up, as have women.

It is also argued that there is a strong maternal element in many women's love for men. Briffault's pet theory is that maternal love is the source of all love, and that the mother originally transferred a share of her affection from her child to her mate in order to trap the latter into making the hearth and protecting it. The Freudians—arguing along the same line, although, as always, from the masculine point of view—declare that a man invariably looks for his mother in the woman he loves.

Excluding the pathological cases of women who lavish maternal emotion upon men because they do not dare express any other kind, we must admit that even the normal woman "mothers" the man whom she loves to a certain extent. But men too must feel that women are dependent upon them. For as Havelock Ellis has said, any ideal relationship between the sexes predicates that the woman must be a child one moment and a mother the next, while the man must be first a protector and next a beseeching boy, so that each in turn can feel the glow of sheltering the other.

Occasionally the maternal element predominates in a woman's love, as it did in George Sand's love for Alfred de Musset and later for Chopin. To a woman, the knowledge that a man needs her badly makes him infinitely dear. But this kind of gratification in love is not enough for most women—just as it was not enough for George Sand. She wanted not only a boy to mother, but a man who could sweep her away with his passion and command her respect with his strength; and so she found both de Musset and Chopin far from satisfactory lovers—which suggests that sexual love is something different from maternal love, Briffault and Freud to the contrary.

As for true altruism, I must admit that I have seen no evidence that it is a feminine trait. So far women in their relations with one another and in their conduct in the business world—as Mrs. Anne W. Armstrong admitted in these pages not long ago—have shown themselves to be no more idealistic, no less self-seeking than men. Indeed, human sympathy would appear to be a matter of character not sex, while much that men have called maternal in women is merely a need of being needed.

VII

Perhaps men have worshipped woman in her niche of motherhood these many years not because they were honestly convinced that the mother principle was divine, but because it served their purpose to make womankind accept this truism. In primitive days men in their ignorance exalted maternity with awe in their hearts. But since they have learned to live by reason rather than by superstition, they have come to exhort maternity with fear in their hearts. The very fact—as another writer has pointed out—that church and state in the West-

ern world have consistently legislated against the propagation of birth-control information, would suggest that men have been more than a little fearful lest the maternal instinct in itself would not prove strong enough to hold women to the continuous job of procreation.

Men have good reason to be fearful, if they have set their patriotic hearts on mass production of human beings. For there certainly is no instinct which can be counted on to drive women on to have children in the sense that the instinct for self-preservation can be counted on to impel human beings to defend themselves. There is evidence, however, that maternal love is born out of sensuous response to babies, and that it develops into a complex emotion which derives its intensity from the possessive instinct. Maternal love as a consequence is often more sustained in its effect than any other human emotion. Furthermore, with our society organized as it is around the family unit, maternity continues to offer women one of the two greatest adventures in human relationships. So there is no danger that women will stop having children altogether.

There is every likelihood, however, that coming generations of women will look upon maternity, not as a lifelong career, but as one event in their lives. For we have seen that the mother's sense of duty toward her child is determined by social custom, in primitive as well as civilized societies. To-day, with the advent of the new psychology, it has become the thing for mothers to be less centered upon their children. So with the spread of nursery-schools and the increasing number of mothers who are holding part-time or full-time jobs, the pattern of American family life will be gradually modified, and the mother will be called upon to make fewer personal sacrifices.

The small family appears to have come to stay. It will do the Theodore Roosevelts no good to preach the glories of prolific motherhood and exhort women to fulfill their duty to the race. For women will look upon these men preachers in much the same light as soldiers look upon cabinet ministers who declare war with the comforting knowledge that they themselves will never have to lay down their lives for their country. It might better profit men to make motherhood less of a burden to women—as the Russian government has attempted to do. Let boards of education establish free nursery-schools where one trained specialist can relieve ten or fifteen mothers. Let business men permit their women employees to take maternity leaves of absence without prejudice to their jobs. Let the state subsidize a sufficient number of maternity clinics. And finally, let the medical profession attack the burning problem of maternal mortality and of physical disabilities which follow childbirth. Such measures as these are the only ones which can possibly affect the birth rate.

Women to-day are freer than were their mothers and grandmothers to assert their will and refuse to bear children under inauspicious circumstances. And they are more conscious that God gave them minds as well as bodies. That they should try to make good use of these minds is a proof not that they lack virtue as mothers, but that they are beginning to know themselves. And if they look in the mirror and see little of the Madonna—let men congratulate them on their sanity and agree that the Madonna belongs only in heaven.

SUBMARINE

A STORY

BY STELLA BENSON

THERE was a loud squealing in her ears and it was like the translation into sound of the hurried green twilight about her. Her head felt as if it were padded with vacuum like a thermos, but—also like a thermos filled with iced lemonade—cool, acid, and lucid inside. She watched Amos in front of her, cannon-ball-headed, waddling grotesquely, sticking out a large creased behind, like an offended rhinoceros, planting his immense feet on gardens and moving creatures and swaying flowers, flapping a portentous hand like a drunkard. "That's the man I love," she thought, gaping at him through streaked unflattering space, and as she thought this, his foot moved carelessly and he sprang, sprawling askew, to a point outside her range of vision. She could see only a blinkered view through the window in her helmet.

She was not wearing the full diving-suit but only a headpiece with a rubber "bertha" and her own bathing dress. She felt like a topheavy pawn on a drunken chessboard. The air-pipe was under her arm. The helmet was like a diving-bell with only a certain allowance of bubbling, squealing air trapped inside it. When she bowed forward to look at a little crab, the air receded up to her mouth; in fright she bent backward, and the crisp line of the water slipped down at once to her Adam's apple. Now she felt braver; she could bend her nervous weightless body a little—not too much—to allow her window to command a view of white coral branches, white craters, green-black patches of matted weed, crabs and smiling open mussels, little glassy splinters of fish that moved off round her ankles like sun-touched midges round the pillars of a cathedral. Looking at her ankles, slim and pearl-green under a body that felt so top-heavy and undisciplined, she tried to dance a step or two. Instantly she soared by mistake—sideways—backwards—outspread like a spider. . . . She landed on one heel, unable for a moment to retrieve her aspiring right leg, in a white coral crater

"Who *was* that man like?" came suddenly into her mind as she waved and slanted in the urgent water, unable to stand, unable to fall. She was thinking of the man in charge of the raft above her. "Who *was* he like?" Her eyes remembered the man, standing in his shirtsleeves in the sun on the raft, scowling at the negroes who worked the pump, turning with an apologetic smile to her and Amos. Her ears remembered him. . . . "It's not often we get a lady on this raft, wanting to dive for the fun of the thing, too. But you couldn't wear the outfit, lady, well look, you couldn't move it—try one of the shoes . . . well look, there, you see—why you couldn't carry the weight over the side—three hundred and twenty-five pounds—of course it feels like a feather once you're under water, but it'd be the getting there. Still . . . well look, I'd like you to go down and see the *Will o' the Wisp*—she lies so pretty, just twenty-eight feet under that buoy there; we shall get the whisky out of her hold by

to-morrow night, I guess, if there really are only a hundred cases. No—she's not worth salving, herself—she was only a dot and carry one old schooner and she crumpled her bows right in, running into that rock there—the sea was pretty high and the old man must have lost his head. . . . It's only the whisky the owners want out of her; well look, right here, within a hundred miles of the Yankee buyers, whisky's worth something, I can tell you. Well look, lady, I'd like you to see her—well, why don't you go down in this gadget here what the niggers use when they don't want to bother with the whole caboodle—nothing but the helmet and the tube, you see—works just as well for a short trip."

Well look, he said so often—who *was* that like—with that mumbled *well*, like *wll*, and the open throaty *look*—"*wll lok*"? It was like *Nana*—he might be Nana's son—that was why the connection—or disconnection—in her memory had made her so uncomfortable. Everything connected with Nana was wounding. The thought of Nana brought in a rush into her mind a young lifetime of croonings and hummings and comfortings and scoldings and rockings and forgivings. And then—*crash*—a day when Amos discovered that Nana, turned from nurse to housekeeper, had during these twenty years stolen eight hundred and thirty pounds out of the money given her for her charge's upkeep. The widow profiting by the orphan's trust. Nana turned out of the house. Amos shouting, "You're lucky we don't care to prosecute . . ." Nana's sailor son—who happened to be in Harwich—sent for in a great uproar, "Call yesself a gentleman—this is how you reward my old mother's lifetime of service. . . . I'll get a chance to get even with you some day. . . ." She had seen Nana's son only on that occasion—she had looked over the banisters and seen him shaking his fist.

The man on the raft *was* like him. Amos would not notice it—he was so shortsighted. Besides, it was ten years ago. But "*wll lok*"—it was Nana's exact intonation. Surely the coincidence would be *too* extraordinary. She and Amos were here only by chance, yachting in the West Indies—had come here idly to this lonely lagoon, having heard of the wreck of the little smuggler. "Why there's diving—oh what fun, Vi, let's dive." So here they were, by chance, at the bottom of the sea, at the mercy of a man on a raft—who was like Nana's son. By *chance*. "I'll get a *chance* to get even. . . ." *Was* it Nana's son? Now, suddenly, she remembered that he had said to Amos, "Some people like diving, and some do it once and never do it again." Amos had said, "We shall never get a chance to do it again, whether we like it or not." And Nana's son had replied, "Probably not." (It *was* Nana's son.) Then, to the negroes, "You goggling idiots, can't you—aw hell!—well then get to hell out of here, I'll do it myself."

The young woman, alone in a squealing bubbling silence in the crater, looked about her in a panic, moving jointlessly like a cheap puppet. She thought thirstily of the safe dry air—of the light sky—of birds—of England— Oh, to be in England now that April's here; there's the wise elm he grows each twig twice over. . . . She tentatively pulled her air tube—the signal for help from the raft. There was no answering pull. She could probably swim upward unaided—indeed she had some difficulty in remaining down. But Amos in his leaden armor. . . . Where was Amos? Where was the wreck of the *Will o' the Wisp*? He would be there.

She began to climb prancingly up the side of the crater, a mild slope of perhaps six feet but as difficult as a mountain to her unwieldy feet. At the edge of the crater at last, she could see the wreck quite near, looking very different from her expectation. It looked like a little leaning house with a swinging door; the mast, with flags of blackish seaweed, was like a dying tree over the little house. A waltzing, inverted Spanish

onion bowing to the crushed bows of the ship, was identifiable as Amos.

As his wife approached, the unsuspicious Amos, in one flying stride like a slow-motion cinema study, aimed himself at the sloping deck of the schooner, reached it, slipped and fell, and lay in the scuppers. He did all this with absurd suspended ponderousness; his helmet, of course, could not change its expression to a smile, and this immobility gave him the earnest look of a puppy trying unsuccessfully for the first time to climb steps. His wife, however, did not smile at his antics inside her own soberly grinning mask. Somehow she reached the lower side of the ship, bruising her shoulder against a stanchion. She could reach her Amos' foot as he cautiously tried to get up. She pulled his foot; he sat down again as abruptly as the supporting water would allow him to, and bounced once. (What a field there is for a submarine low comedian.) Amos made a flapping gesture of irritation, like the "Don't bovver me" of a baby.

"Amos—come quickly—that's Nana's son, we're in danger," yelled his wife. Her ears cracked. The squealing in her headpiece changed its note and crackled; she felt almost suffocated; she reeled. Amos could not hear a sound. He flapped foolishly again. "Amos—Amos!" She pulled his ankle in panic—it was all she could reach of him. He tried to draw it away. There was asperity in his flapping. She pointed upward like a Salvation Army preacher. He turned his mask towards her; she half saw his mouth moving behind the glass. He pointed at her and pointed upward as he lay along the rail at an impossible angle. He was evidently saying, "Go up yourself then, but leave me alone."

This squealing instead of silence was a more frightful answer than silence. There he was, wrapped away in his own squealing sound-proof world. A fish swam between him and her. "Amos—Amos," she screamed, and once more was checked by semi-suffocation. Was the air being cut off from above? Amos withdrew his leaden foot from her reach. He regained a kind of perpendicularity and signed to her once more, peremptorily, that she should soar away from him. He took one step away from her. As a step, it failed. As a flight, it was unexpectedly successful; the steep deck seemed to launch him backwards into space; he flew towards his wife and, for a second, sat lightly on her iron face. She clasped him round the middle; he doubled up like a jointed foot-rule. She was saving him. She bounded about frantically. Amos managed to twist himself out of her grasp but she caught his arm. "It's Nana's son up there—an enemy." She clung with both hands to his rubber wrist.

Amos, she could see, was now quite alarmed—not suspicious of foul play but dumbfounded by the frenzied behavior of his wife. He pulled his safety cord. They were instantly caught up to heaven together, floating sideways, intertwined, through the blowing current. Their two round steel heads collided at the surface, at the foot of the raft's ladder. Someone lifted our young woman's false head off; she was herself again—she was herself in her bathing suit, unarmored, safe, as though coming aboard after a common swim.

A face bent over her. Nana's son? What *had* she been thinking of? This man was not in the least like Nana's son; he was short and broad—Nana's son had been tall and knock-kneed; this man on the raft was obviously Australian; he greeted her with an unmistakable accent, and his first words were not *wll lok*, but *lok here, lidy*. . . . What madness of memory had caught her, down there in that new senseless, shadowed world?

Amos was being helped up the ladder. Someone opened his little window, and his voice leaped out like a bird out of a cage. "Good Lord, Vi, what in the world . . ." as the raftman helpfully wrenched his iron head off.

A BUSINESS MAN'S VIEW OF RUSSIA

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN EXECUTIVE

BY CHARLES M. MUCHNIC

Vice-President, American Locomotive Sales Corporation

Moscow, February 5, 1929.

ARRIVED here yesterday afternoon, and this is my first opportunity to write. We reached the Russian border at midnight. I was met at the station by the General Manager of the Western Division of Russian Railways, and we traveled to Moscow in his private car. The examination of my baggage was only perfunctory. Mr. R. does not speak English, so he brought along the Secretary of the Foreign Section of the Railway Administration to act as interpreter. My Russian, however, has come back enough to enable me to make myself understood.

It was a great relief to enter the warm, comfortable private car after the wretched trip I had had from Berlin. A fine supper was spread on the table in the observation end of the car; caviar in abundance, smoked fish, salmon, sausage, butter, cheese, fruits, wine, and brandy. We sat and talked until half past two in the morning, and arrived in Moscow at two in the afternoon, where I was met at the station by quite a delegation from the Foreign Office, from the Railways, and from Amtorg. All the details of arrival were taken care of for me, and I drove immediately to this hotel, but could not get my rooms until five o'clock, as they were occupied by the Director of the Krupp Works of Germany who was just leaving for Berlin.

My quarters here are most incongruous. The living room is about 15 x 25, with four large windows overlooking a square; a tiny bedroom with a plain iron bed that by no stretch of the imagination could be called comfortable, and a closet; a small bathroom, very plain and with plumbing of the Victorian era and out of repair, but yet adequate. The living room is elaborately furnished: a Russian flat top desk about 5 x 8, of the elaborate style that I recall as a boy; a writing outfit with candlesticks, ash trays, etc.; a table, divan, eight gilt chairs of French Empire style, silk tapestries, a large gilt mirror, cabinet, table, and finally a piano. The apartment costs me 18 roubles ($9) a day, which seems reasonable. I was told Moscow is the most expensive city in Europe; if it is I am still to discover that fact.

February 6, 1929.

Called yesterday on M., the Executive Head of the Railways under R., whom I hope to see next week. Specifications which were to follow me have not yet arrived, and I shall take advantage of the delay by taking a trip through the country with some of the railway people, going down as far as the Caucasus, to Tiflis, and back. This will give me an interesting opportunity to visit all the principal cities and industrial plants, and see a good deal of the country.

T. dined with me last night, and I asked him whether the rather lax marriage and divorce laws had been reported correctly. He said that the report was partly correct, as such conditions had

existed during the early years of the revolution, but as a result of this earlier abuse the laws are becoming almost as strict as in the United States. The whole code relating to marriage and divorce is being revised and will be promulgated next fall. They will probably be much stricter and will embody the best features of such laws in other countries. Their laws aim particularly to protect women and children. No divorces are granted now except by due process of law, and both sides must show reasonable cause, especially where there are children. If the divorce is granted and there are children, the State, which is the man's employer, automatically sets aside for the support of the children one-third of the man's earnings. No man or woman can obtain a marriage license without a doctor's certificate of sound health, for diseased persons are not permitted to marry. There are no illegitimate children in Russia, for every child is registered at birth and is given its father's name, and he becomes responsible for its support, and again the State does the collecting. Gradually they are turning their backs on the mad experiments of the revolution and are approaching the normal again, and in many cases have reached a solution of human problems that must command our respect if not admiration. There is a kindly cognizance of human values running through their political thought that too often is missing in the social attitude of supposedly more advanced nations. Another striking characteristic of modern Russia is its open-mindedness to its own theories; whenever an experiment fails a quick change is made.

They tell me that 75 per cent of the younger generation can read and write; and by 1932 they expect every boy and girl will receive at least a common-school education. This would represent remarkable progress. There is a great thirst for education among the masses, for at least enough to enable them to continue it as time and leisure permit. Working hours are short (their immediate goal is a seven-hour day), and a part of their leisure is devoted to lectures and study at the various circles and clubs organized everywhere. The effect of this on the mental efficiency of the masses should easily compensate for the shorter day.

In all plants they have schools which apprentices are obliged to attend for half of the working day; and in one large plant there is a miniature college in the course of construction. They are certainly making a real effort to train intelligent workmen. The Russian thirst for knowledge is at least beginning to be satisfied; the only thing that holds them back from much larger plans for the education of their children is the lack of funds.

Every university student, man or woman, in addition to receiving free tuition, books, and room in a dormitory, has a monthly allowance from the Government of 40 roubles ($20) for living expenses. Every child is assured of an education, and everyone who has the ability and will to continue, and can pass the rigid entrance examinations, has no difficulty in obtaining a higher education.

February 7, 1929.

This morning I walked over to the Amtorg office and to the bank to draw some money. It was only five minutes' walk from here, but on the way a man called my attention to a white spot on my face, telling me that it was frozen and that I should rub it. I followed his advice and was relieved when I finally reached the office. I never knew before what 45 below zero means. It almost took my breath away, and my glasses were soon covered with ice, and I had to take them off. I invested in a fur cap with ear laps and a flap for the back of the neck. You should see the people, wrapped up in everything they possess, virtually running through the streets. How the men driving the sleighs stand it is more than I can tell. They are bundled up until only a small part of the

face shows; their scarfs around the neck and mouth are covered with icicles.

The food in the hotel is good, and no lack of it, but it is expensive. T. had dinner with me last night. We had hors d'œuvres, caviar, and smoked fish, soup and the delicious Russian *riabohik*, and a dessert with a bottle of Crimean wine, which costs $2. The whole dinner, including the wine and a drink of vodka, cost $13.50, about double what it used to be and more expensive than in the best restaurants in Paris. But T. said that the cost of food in the markets is not very high and more reasonable than in New York.

February 10, 1929.

I was taken last evening to see a play given at the First Moscow Art Theater. There is a Second Art Theater across the square from the First. The play was an old classic by Ostroffsky, entitled "A Warm Heart," and the acting and staging were perfect. The play is a comedy depicting the life of the rich merchants in the period of about 1870. The interior is the plainest and simplest I have seen in a large theater in a metropolis, and the audience was equally modest in its dress.

After the theater we all came up here for supper. On Saturday nights they have dances at the hotel, and most of the foreigners in town come, as it is the only lively event of the week. For the dancers a good orchestra furnishes excellent jazz music, and the setting in the large marble hall is very attractive. About two hundred people were present. P. is to call for me at five o'clock to take me to his house for dinner, and then to a show, I imagine to the famous new ballet "The Red Poppy" which is given to-night.

February 11, 1929.

I saw Mr. R. this morning at the Kremlin and was very much and favorably impressed with him. He seems to be in his early forties, an earnest and wide awake man. Have just had a call from the Mechanical Engineer of the Railway Administration, who is to accompany me on the trip south. He had to make a report to-day to the Administration and wanted to gather data to discuss with me on the trip, and so suggested that we delay our departure a bit. We decided to leave to-morrow afternoon. I called this afternoon on the Head of the Import Department of the Government and had a long talk with him. To-morrow morning I have an appointment with the acting head of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, and that will close the list of important officials here that I am to see.

February 12, 1929.

Rose early and kept my appointment with Mr. H. He is the first man of advanced years that I have met among the higher government officials. He is a very kindly, charming old man. He is at his office every morning at eight and works often till late at night. This seems to be the case with most of the higher government officials, who work hard and earnestly on a meager salary, about the same as a good workman gets.

Like the rest of his colleagues, he impressed me very favorably. This group of men, imbued with certain ideals and definite plans, are proceeding on definite lines which they have mapped out for themselves, with a zeal, devotion, honesty, and earnestness that cannot fail to command our admiration, however much we may differ from them. The direction of large enterprises by our Captains of Industry are child's play compared with the magnitude of the enterprises which these men are directing. The discipline is very rigid, everywhere. To enter the Kremlin, where are located the headquarters of the Government, is no easy matter. It is guarded like a strong fortification, and passes are examined by two sets of guards at the gates.

So far I have seen no beggars in the streets, nor any of the wild orphans mentioned in our books on the New Russia. The crowds move rapidly on the streets,

because of the cold, and seem well clothed for this rigorous weather.

En Route, February 14, 1929.

We arrived at Izum early this morning and after breakfast went out to see the railway shops. They are fairly large, quite modern, and were completed by a German construction company in 1913. It took us about four hours to make the inspection.

My companion pointed out to me with justified pride the improved condition of the workmen as compared with pre-war times. The shops are warm, with plenty of light, and dining rooms are provided for the employees. During their lunch period of one hour they have discussions and readings.

The hours of work are from 6:30 to 10:30 A.M., with one hour for lunch and recreation, and from 11:30 to 3:30 P.M. This gives them an eight-hour day, but an order has been issued gradually to reduce the working day to seven hours. This has been carried out in some plants at Moscow, at some railway centers; and at Izum, where 2,300 men and women are employed, it will be put into effect next year. I asked why the eight-hour day is being curtailed when there is so much to do to make up for the six years lost in the war and revolution, and their reply was that the workmen must not be so overworked as not to have a few hours every day for cultural pursuits. Their program, which is directed from administrative headquarters in Moscow for the entire country, provides for two definite lines of action: one to industrialize and mechanize the country with all possible speed and energy, and the other at the same time to raise the cultural level of the masses. The two, they think, must go hand in hand, being more or less interdependent, as an ignorant and uncultured man cannot make the best use of the modern machinery placed in his hands. So in spite of the great need to work to the utmost at reducing costs and creating wealth with which to accomplish the necessary industrialization, they *do not permit* a man or woman to work more than the established seven or eight hours a day, thereby guaranteeing at least the opportunity for study of one kind or another.

At home we have the idea that Russian workmen have no incentive for better or harder work or for individual improvement. The old Chief of the works called my attention to some 1,400 suggestions and inventions submitted during the past year by his 2,300 employees. These are considered by a committee selected by the men themselves, and inventions that are considered worthy of further development receive it, and the inventor receives a monetary prize if it is used. He mentioned a Mr. T. who made a notable improvement on locomotives, which is now being applied generally and for the use of which a German locomotive builder offered him $50,000; this T. declined on the ground that he did not need the money. I replied that whether he needed it or not, the acceptance of this sum would have been of benefit to the country, and he could have done some good with it. The old Chief said that he himself had made an improvement, which he had shown us earlier in the forenoon, but had accepted no compensation from either the Government or anyone else. He added, "Why should I want money? I am assured by the Government of a living for the rest of my life; I have a son and a daughter, who are both being educated by the Government; I don't need money."

When one compares conditions in Russia before the War with present conditions, there is no question that the masses are much better off. There is no wealthy and no middle class, but there is also less poverty. Considering the opportunities the working-men have now as compared with the life they led before—"like swine and treated as such"—the strength of the present regime is not surprising. The country is being run by a group of practical idealists who are trying earnestly to lift the masses to

a higher level of living and culture. When one considers the complete reorganization of the country since the close of the civil war in 1920, their achievement in bringing the country to its present status is really marvellous. Their system would probably not work in any other country, but apparently it is succeeding here, possibly a reaction to the tyranny of the past.

En Route for Rostoff, February 17, 1929.

On account of heavy snows our train is several hours late. Everything is being done to make this trip comfortable, pleasant, and instructive, and it is all of these. We spent the entire day yesterday inspecting the large hydro-electric development at Dnieprostroy. Colonel Cooper, the well-known American builder of dams, is the consulting engineer, and several Americans are stationed on the job. American machinery is employed to good effect for excavating, boring, and loading. It is a gigantic enterprise that will cost about $100,000,000, and will develop 800,000 horsepower, as much as all the other electrical stations now in operation throughout the country. The work is progressing with American speed.

I confess that it is difficult to grasp the whole situation; that is, to see how far it is going. Just now the energy and enthusiasm displayed by all strata of society are remarkable for the unselfish devotion to the interests of the country. This devotion was inspired by Lenin and his associates, and is now being carried on with the same apparent zeal. How long will it last? When will self-interest and selfishness begin to creep in? My companions think that it will continue indefinitely and that the people will be satisfied to work for moderate compensation and the utmost simplicity of living conditions, and that greater comforts can only increase for all alike. However fascinating this human experiment may be—and it is perhaps the greatest in human history—I am inclined to believe that eventually they will come round to our own system. But the humanitarian reforms which they are introducing will leave an indelible impress upon the nation, and for its ultimate good.

It was demonstrated during the years of civil war that communism in its broadest sense, involving as it did the abolition of all private property, led inevitably to chaos. Lenin recognized it quickly, and as quickly adopted a new economic policy (NEP), which has been in the process of evolution ever since. So gradually the pendulum is swinging toward normal; quixotic ideals and measures are gradually being abandoned, and saner ones enacted in their stead. The nation is being trained for self-government, but it may take another generation to accomplish that.

February 18, 1929.

We did not stop at Rostoff last night, because we found that the fast train to which our car is attached runs only twice a week. The fast trains are not very fast, about thirty miles an hour, but the slow trains are very, very slow. So we decided to continue with this train, and we shall arrive in Baku Tuesday morning. We are now traveling through the Caucasus. Unfortunately this unusual winter extends down here in its severity, and not only is the ground covered with heavy snow, necessitating a rotary plow ahead of us to clear the track, but the air is thick with snow blotting out the mountain scenery and the famous Erberuss, some 17,000 feet high.

The Chief Engineer of Rolling Stock and Shops, who is on the train, told me yesterday that many Russian women are taking up engineering and qualifying as mechanical and electrical engineers. Recently out of ten postgraduate students in engineering there was one woman, and her thesis received higher commendation than that of any of the men. In the finance department of the railway administration in Moscow there is a woman in an important executive position. In all the shops that I have

visited women were operating lathes and other machines side by side with the men. I was told that women operators are more accurate than men on light machines, and the presence of women in the shops is felt to exert good influence on the entire organization. They receive the same pay as do men and are treated in exactly the same way. I am told that women go into all professions to become economically independent, whether they marry or not.

Baku, February 19, 1929.

Have spent the morning here visiting the oil fields, a refinery, and the new development of homes for the employees of the oil trust, which is a government enterprise. By the time I got back I was almost frozen, since we were driving about in an open car, and it was snowing off and on. This town has grown remarkably during the past few years, doubling its population since 1920. It is truly cosmopolitan, and its population comprises Turks, Armenians, Persians, Hindus, as well as other eastern peoples, in addition, of course, to the native Caucasians and Russians.

I was impressed by the very active campaign for saving. In every shop I visited, in every workman's club, in every public place, and even on match boxes, the workman is urged to save something from his income and invest it in Government securities. The campaign is very much like our Liberty Bond campaigns during the War. I asked what incentive there was for the people to save money and invest it in Government securities, if they are not allowed to own a home beyond a certain value. There are no luxuries that they can buy with their surplus savings; the Government assures them food, shelter, and an education for their children; the temptation would seem only too strong to squander on drink and non-essentials whatever surplus they may have. And yet the Government needs every dollar of surplus capital that can be saved by the people over and above their ordinary needs. It is a difficult problem, but a solution will be found, and that solution will have to be a still further concession to the doctrine of private individual ownership in contrast to State and co-operative ownership.

There is a remarkable *esprit de corps* in all organizations. Whether in a car plant, a railway repair shop, a refinery, or in the fields, the co-operation among all, from chief down to the menial laborer, is apparent. With all that, there is the usual due deference between various ranks of men, but a total absence of sullen obedience and inconsiderate severity between manager and foreman or foreman and men. The new order has developed a kindlier, more human, and more humane relationship between the various classes in everyday life.

The labor union, or what they call the "Protector or Guardian of Labor," has representatives in every plant and in every industrial city. No manager can order an employee to work overtime without a special permit from the union, and these permits are granted only in cases of real necessity and are often refused, when there is nothing for the manager to do but submit gracefully. If overtime is allowed, the compensation is one and a half for the first two hours and double thereafter.

The unions insist upon every safeguard to protect the life and limbs of the workmen. They make provisions to entertain the workmen after working hours, to improve their education, to teach them the fundamentals of hygiene, to interest them in sports, etc. Under their leadership numerous fine club houses for workmen have been built, which are undoubtedly a source of inspiration and real help to the working classes. It is difficult for anyone to grasp fully the effect of all this on the people unless he has known, as I have, the Russian workman before the War, the treatment he received and the life he led, and compares them with present conditions.

Outside of high-sounding phrases and

revolutionary shibboleths there is little difference between the relations of the unions of Western Europe or America with the employers of labor and that of the Soviet labor unions with their employer, which is the State itself. Russian unions demand of the State that it provide wholesome working conditions, ventilation and light, safety devices of all kinds, clubs for employees, general dining rooms, etc. All this and more modern industrial plants at home furnish voluntarily; but the Russian workingman is getting them for the first time, and he shows his appreciation. It is being done under this present regime, and he is loyal to it as his benefactor.

The oil fields here were practically destroyed during the civil war and the subsequent occupation of Baku by the English, Turkish, and Tzarist troops. In 1921 the present Government took hold of the place, and out of the wreckage that was left they have built up a plant that places Russia as the second oil-producing nation in the world; all this without foreign assistance and started at a time when there was neither money, nor bread, nor clothing, nor living accommodations.

February 20, 1929.

Before leaving Paris Mrs. S. expressed considerable concern that I should not find enough to eat in Russia; she had an idea that people were starving here, and suggested my taking along some provisions. As a matter of fact, there is plenty good, simple food, and I have to exercise considerable self-restraint not to overeat. There is not much white bread, but even that I imagine is obtainable in a few private bakeries. The Government is building in all the large cities large modern bakeries, sanitary and equipped with modern machinery, to supply the people with bread. The bread from these bakeries is of two kinds, rye and black bread; both are tasty, but I prefer the black bread, which is more wholesome and nutritious. In traveling over so large an area I have been surprised to note the uniformity of the bread in quality and taste. This mass production reduces the cost of bread and improves its quality.

Meat, vegetables, and fish, as well as all kinds of fruit in season, are abundant and cheap. As a result the people are comparatively well fed, certainly much better than in pre-war times. As against having meat once a week the working-man, and I assume the peasant, now has it several times.

Tiflis, February 22, 1929.

We had a busy day in Tiflis yesterday. The forenoon was spent in making calls. This is the capital of the Georgian Republic, and it is like a foreign country compared with Russia proper. The official languages are Georgian and Russian, but Armenian is spoken too, and then there are Persians, and Turks, Kurds, and other Orientals.

We called on the President of the Caucasian Republics, a sturdy Georgian of about fifty, and a close friend of Stalin, who is also a Georgian. We spent an hour with him, and discussed Soviet propaganda in the United States, which he said was a myth. He said that they have neither the time nor the money for this alleged propaganda, for they are too busy setting their own house in order. Of course, he believes that their regime is much more advanced from a politico-economic point of view than ours, and that eventually they will outstrip us. He pointed with pride to the achievements of the present government under its system of central planning and direction. However much they may condemn the capitalistic form of government, they look, nevertheless, to the United States for financial and technical assistance, and are determined to bring Russia to as high a state of mechanical development as we have to-day. He also pointed with pride to the completion two years ago of a hydro-electric power station ten kilometers from Tiflis, which we visited later in the

afternoon, developing 18,000 HP, with provision for doubling its capacity within the next two or three years. Another and larger hydro-electric station is now under construction. Tiflis is now lighted by electricity, and electric power operates a few plants established recently. The progress made in the development of electric power and the introduction of modern machinery is noteworthy only by comparison with Russia's well-known backwardness before the War; it is extremely doubtful, however, whether the same rate of progress can be maintained without considerable foreign financial assistance.

After lunch we inspected the hydro-electric power station, and then the dam two miles farther up the river. At the dam, on the bank of the river and in the heart of the mountains, on a huge granite base stands a bronze monument of heroic size of Lenin with his finger pointing to the river which was to be dammed that power might be produced. There is hardly a public office that I have visited, a railway shop or club, or even semiprivate office, but has a portrait of Lenin. So far as I can judge, the statement is quite correct that Lenin's portrait has supplanted the ikon, certainly in all public places.

February 23, 1929.

Arrived late last night in Batum. The last hope for a warm day is gone, for the ground is covered with snow. Batum is the southernmost point of Russia, about eight miles from the Turkish boundary. At every stopping place we have been met by the station master, who had been informed of our coming. There are only about 18,000 automobiles in Russia, but everywhere we have had an official car to take us about. Most of the cars are of American make. Russia is anxiously awaiting arrangements with Ford or General Motors for the local manufacture of their cars; eventually they could absorb a million cars a year. The car we had to-day was a German Benz chassis and engine with a Fiat body, both of the vintage of 1912. But these old cars will soon disappear. I saw carloads of Fords on the pier to-day, and some Buicks too.

Batum is a quaint old town of 100,000, and an important port. A pipe line from Baku has just been completed, and they are building an oil refinery and large storage tanks. Batum has more nationalities than New York, if such a thing were possible: filthy Turks, Kurds, Persians, Armenians, Jews, Georgians, Russians, with many variations of these, surge through the dirty streets of the native towns. The Russians are trying to clean it up, but it will take generations to bring that about; but at least a real effort is being made for the first time to build up a city on modern and sanitary lines. Surrounding Batum are the Caucasian Mountains, which give the city a most picturesque setting. A few miles out of the city are large tea plantations. The tropical palms, and eucalyptus in the public parks and gardens are in strange contrast with the unusual snow.

Our party had lunch at the Hotel de France, with the Port Commissar, the head of the local autonomous republic, a Mr. B., and with the chief engineer of new buildings and construction. B. was an interesting type, a Georgian of forceful personality; he wore three orders on his blouse, one the highest military order awarded by the Soviet Government. In some respects he resembled our Western booster type of man. As we were leaving for the train I put on my rubbers without heels; he noticed them and thought they would be just the thing for Batum, and so, in accordance with the old Spanish custom, which is the same in Georgia, I made him a present of the rubbers. He is going to have rubbers manufactured like my sample for the people of Batum. He is constantly creating new industries for his little republic, giving them his personal attention, and seems to be a real hustler. America and everything American seems to be their ideal.

February 24, 1929.

We are now on our way to Moscow with only two more stops, Rostoff and Voronej. I shall have traveled through five of their republics. I used to think that these republics are like our states, but there is quite a difference. In the Ukrainian Republic Ukrainian is the official language; in Georgia Georgian as well as Russian and Armenian. The official language on all the railways is Russian, but in outlying districts railway men must know the native languages and dialects.

The population of Trans-Caucasia is only 5,500,000, but three per cent of the population of the entire country; but it occupies a very rich sector of land as large as the whole of Italy, with great mineral wealth. Many of their finest summer resorts are located in the Caucasus, both in the mountains and on the shore of the Black Sea.

February 27, 1929.

At Rostoff we visited the railway shops and a large farm implement plant under construction. I was more interested in the latter, which will cost $50,000,000, and will have an annual output of one million farm implements, both large and small. It is located several miles from the city and, surrounding it, is laid out a model village with brick houses to accommodate three or four thousand of its nine thousand employees. The interesting thing about this and similar plants is that they are planned in Moscow, by the Central Government, where every consideration is given to proper size, location with respect to availability of raw materials and labor, to living conditions, and to distribution of product; and since they are Government projects built with Government funds, they can be planned on a comprehensive scale with less need to show quick returns. If they are allowed to go on at the present rate for ten or fifteen years, they will accomplish more than private development of pre-war Russia accomplished in half a century. Much of the machinery for this plant will come from the States, but most of it from Germany.

The Vice President of the North Caucasus Railway and the Vice President of the Don Railway dined with us to-day. Both are members of the Party, and each draws a salary of $125 a month; corresponding positions at home would command from $25,000 to $30,000 a year. Both men, in their early forties, are capable and hardworking, spending twelve or more hours on the job every day, for the Union doesn't curb the energy of high officials. Besides the management of their railways as members of the Party they devote considerable time to public duties.

I have met quite a number of these Party men, and I have been impressed by their earnestness and devotion to duty and party. That is why I consider this situation unique in history. A million two hundred thousand men occupying positions of responsibility, of which there is no parallel in any other country, have so disciplined themselves that they will not accept greater compensation than is earned by a good engineer and little more than double the wage of the average workman. They have kept this up for ten years; however much I may disagree with them, I take off my hat to them. Most of them are simple, unassuming, kindly, and with all that good executives. This word "*tovarishch*" (comrade), of which so much fun is made, does not seem to impair discipline or deference in business or industrial organizations.

En Route, February 28, 1929.

To-day we are at Voronej. After visiting the shops we took a sleigh ride, not my suggestion, and my nose was almost frozen off. This is a sleepy old provincial town of some eighty thousand inhabitants, with wide streets, electric trams, and a few imposing buildings.

It was interesting to watch the children on the streets returning home from school; they looked so well fed, well

dressed, and happy. I was told they were workmen's children, but I can hardly believe that they could be so well dressed on a workman's budget when his income averages about $55 a month.

There is no uniformity in pay among workmen, engineers, or other employees; unless they belong to the Party, wages are determined by value of service rendered; only the members of the Party receive the invariable 250 roubles ($125) a month. The Commissar of Railways, the President of Russian Federated Republics, Stalin himself and the members of the Polit Bureau, the highest governing body in Russia, all receive the same salary, 250 roubles a month.

It is assumed at home that under this regime the workman or peasant has no incentive to work hard or to produce more. This assumption is unwarranted, for in all shops wages are based on piece work, with a minimum wage guaranteed, just as in our own shops. A capable man who is working hard can earn twice the minimum wage; the average wage is about 35 per cent above the guaranteed minimum. This wage scale is revised every year by negotiation between the Union and the management, just as is done at home; as men become more proficient with their tools and increase their output the guaranteed minimum is raised, and with it rises the average wage. My general impression is that the workmen are better clad, better fed, and more satisfied than ever before, and the end has not yet come.

We visited a shop to-day at lunch hour. Every large shop, where there is no general dining room or that is too far away, has what is known as a "red corner" where there are large tables and benches where workers may eat their lunches; here loud-speakers from a central radio broadcast music or speeches or stories; or newspapers are provided, and someone reads aloud for those who cannot read. None of these things existed before the War, and few employers gave much thought to the comfort or interests of their employees.

A pension system has been instituted which will furnish pensions to all workers after twenty-five years of service, and now every workman has two weeks' vacation on full pay, and the plan is to increase this by degrees. Engineers and higher officials get a month's vacation with railway transportation and living expenses at some resort in the Crimea or Caucasus for himself and family.

Beyond the immediate demands of simple living there are no means of spending money; no luxuries or nonessentials are manufactured in the country and none may be imported. Everyone lives most economically, still under military discipline so far as production and consumption are concerned, and every effort is made to increase the production of what is most essential, as well as to increase the exportable surplus of their products, so that they may have foreign exchange with which to buy necessary machinery, cotton, and other materials.

No cigars or tobacco of any kind may be imported; I did not bring enough pipe tobacco to last me, and I have only six cigars; I shall know better next time. I have my camera, but no films, and none are to be had. There is the greatest imaginable famine of foreign merchandise, as foreign purchases and importations are controlled by the Government, as was true with us during the War, when all exports and imports were controlled by the War Trade and the War Industries Boards, and importations are limited strictly to essentials. Human nature being what it is even in altruistic Russia, they try a little bootlegging of silk stockings and other luxuries which, when discovered, are treated with the same scant ceremony as is our liquor.

I have been using every scrap of paper that I could find for this letter, for in Russia good paper is counted among the nonimportable luxuries.

Moscow, March 1, 1929.

I am told that a group of Americans have just signed a contract for erecting

apartment houses in Moscow. If the first house, valued at about two million dollars, is satisfactory, the contract calls for an additional ten and a half million dollars' worth of apartments.

I had occasion to consult a dentist to-day, and I saw another and pathetic side of the present system. This dentist works from 10 to 4 in Government offices, and picks up what private practice he can get at his own apartment. He has lived in Moscow for thirty years; before the War he lived in a large apartment of eight rooms with his wife and one child; now this same apartment is portioned out among twelve people because of the shortage of living quarters, Moscow having grown from a city of 1,200,000 to almost 3,000,000; before the War he earned 3,000 roubles a month, and now he receives 105 roubles a month from the Government and occasionally a bit from his outside practice. A good workman in a factory earns twice as much as a skilled physician or teacher—wages in each case being fixed by their own Union; for there is an oversupply of professional men and a real scarcity of mechanics and engineers, and as a result some of the latter earn as high as 600 roubles a month. Conditions are really oppressive for the professional classes, and yet this dentist told me that they were now immeasurably better than a few years ago.

March 3, 1929.

This is the tenth anniversary of the Third International. The morning paper, *Pravda* (The Truth), devotes several pages to a historic review of its organization and activities, but there has been no particular jubilation or demonstration in the streets. This organization is the bugaboo of the conservative press at home and in Western Europe. If one should take seriously and literally what they write, it might be disquieting; but, after all, it is only a repetition of what has taken place before, and the present Third International will lose its sting just as soon as the workman's lot has improved. It could not make serious inroads in America, where workmen are so well off; you will remember that the Socialist candidate in our presidential elections last fall polled only three-fourths of one per cent of the entire vote.

The First International was organized in 1848 and died in 1872; its attempt to put its ideas into practice was the short-lived Commune in Paris in 1871. The Second International was organized in 1889 and died at the outbreak of the World War. The members of the Second International were committed against international war; but when war did break out it was all forgotten, and the attitude of the Socialists and Communists of Europe in the early months of the War is a matter of history.

The Third International was organized after the Armistice and launched in Moscow on the 2nd of March, 1919. It will follow in the footsteps of its predecessors. The spirit of nationalism is so strongly ingrained in human nature that when war does break out all these high-sounding phrases and principles go by the board.

The Soviet Government has as well trained an army as the Tzarist government had, and I am inclined to think that it is even more efficient, because it is instructed in what it is to protect in case of war; it has greater enthusiasm because of a clearer understanding of its functions—solely self-defense against foreign invasion. But all the teachings of the Third International that the proletariat of all countries are the same and must unite will not prevent the Russian army from fighting and butchering any foreign proletariat army that might attempt to invade Russia.

I hardly imagine that some of our friends could be induced to take a calm and dispassionate view of the outpourings of ardent Communists on this tenth anniversary; they will readily agree that safety valves are essential on locomotives to relieve excess pressure and thereby prevent explosions, but will not

see that such safety valves are just as necessary for the body politic. I cannot see that the proletariat dictatorship is much different from other dictatorships that have ruled this country. All dictatorships involve unequal treatment of the various classes of society; and under the proletariat dictatorship the class that is favored most happens also to be the largest numerically, and the classes that suffer the most are by much the smallest. After all, this is not so far removed from the principles of our own democracy whose cardinal doctrine is "the greatest good of the greatest number."

March 8, 1929.

To-day is Woman's Day in Russia; during the revolution in 1917 this day was designated for the emancipation of women throughout the world. The papers devote many columns of red hot stuff showing why women should be freed and placed on a level with men; and it is amusing to read their violent attack on all capitalistic and bourgeois countries where the position of women is pictured in very dark colors. Most of these writers haven't the slightest idea of woman's position in Western Europe or in America. Their own position here was very bad in the past, and they assume that they only have been emancipated, the assumption being based on the fact that the rest of the world has not embraced Communism.

March 9, 1929.

Last night we went to the Big Opera House to see the "Red Poppy." I enjoyed it thoroughly, because the music was beautiful and the *mise en scène* extremely artistic; not a word was sung or spoken; just a ballet, but so well done and so expressive that one could not fail to follow the story. The music was written some three years ago by a young Russian composer, Glizra, and the story is by Kourcelke. The orchestration was perfect, and the young conductor showed real ability in directing his eighty-five men. The company, exclusive of orchestra, was close to two hundred people, and at times there were more than a hundred on the stage. The opera house is much like our Metropolitan, though the stage is larger. The audience in street costume, sweaters and plain blouses, was in strange contrast with the brilliant interior of the house. Although the ballet has been given twice a week for three years, the house was packed. The range of prices is from $4.00 to 35 cents, Government employees getting a 50% discount.

The one great and inspiring thing about Russia and Russians is their love of music, of art, and literature. A nation that has made so great contributions to classic literature and art and music has, in spite of transitory politico-economic notions, something too fine and enduring to go to the dogs.

March 11, 1929.

The daily papers have recently devoted considerable space to the discussion of the five-year (1928–1933) Government plan. These discussions will probably continue for some weeks until the plans and estimates worked out by the various committees under the direction of the Supreme Council of National Economy have been modified and approved by the Government Central Planning Committee; the whole program will then be submitted to the Party Council, and in finally approved form be submitted to the Union Soviet Congress, which is now being elected and which will meet some time in May. When passed upon and approved by this Congress the program becomes the Government Plan and Budget which must be carried out by all the respective agencies of the Government.

The people I come in contact with give serious thought and attention to these discussions, as they embrace not only general administrative measures, but every phase of the industrial, agricultural, educational, and commercial life of the nation. The published data of the industrial progress made by the

Soviet Government during the past few years under this method is really remarkable and warrants the belief that the proposed plans for the next five years, however ambitious they appear, will be carried out. There is an undoubted advantage in the scheme of one Central organization planning for the production and needs of a country of one hundred and fifty-four million people. Only with a Government purse can such large industrial units be created, as the Government is not concerned with the prompt return on the large investment involved, and is less subject to criticism from stockholders. Building on a large scale, it is able to take full advantage of all the progress that each industry has achieved anywhere.

And so everything is being sacrificed for the rapid industrialization of the country, which entails great hardships and privations on the entire population. This might have been alleviated materially if Russia had been able to secure foreign financial assistance. Germany, Belgium, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Serbia, and other countries of Europe would be in as sad a plight as is Russia, economically and industrially, were it not for the hundreds of millions of American dollars that have been poured into them during the past seven or eight years, while Russia has been going her way unaided. Many economists of international repute have for years been predicting the doom of the Soviet Government because, they claimed, it had created "an economic vacuum" and that it could hardly pull itself up by its own bootstraps. But subsequent facts have not seemed to bear out their contention. The Russians publish a mass of statistics to prove that there is an increasing measure of progress from year to year. Whether their figures are correct or not, the evidence that I have myself seen on my five-thousand-mile trip: large new plants just built or building, the enormous development of the oil fields, the feverish activity in Baku, the increased output of coal, manganese, and iron ore, the rehabilitation and expansion of the railways, where before had been waste and inactivity, bespeak progress more eloquently than could any statistics, and they would seem to justify a belief that Russia will succeed in carrying out her program by sheer force of her faith in herself.

The program involves an expenditure on industrial and agricultural development during the next five years of about eight billion dollars. It contemplates increasing the production of iron from 3,280,000 to 10,000,000 tons by 1933; to double the present annual output of 37,500,000 tons of coal and of 80,000,000 barrels of oil. It provides for trebling the production of electric power and for creating a new chemical industry with the erection of extensive plants for the manufacture of fertilizers. The money required for these vast expenditures will be derived in part from taxation but principally from accumulated profits of industry under Government control, which profits will naturally increase in proportion to the expansion of industry.

While the Government controls possibly two-thirds of all industrial enterprises, it does not sell any of its products at cost or at a loss—at least in the domestic market. Their bookkeeping is quite in harmony with capitalistic methods; before the cost of any product is fixed it adds 10%–15% to the cost of manufacture, cost representing labor, material, 100% overhead, amortization of plant, and 15%–18% to cover workmen's compensation, life and accident insurance, as well as unemployment insurance. This, coupled with their backwardness and lack of modern equipment, makes the cost of Government products higher than the cost of similar articles if imported. It is this discrepancy that causes the dissatisfaction of the peasants and of many of the consumers. The Government's answer to this criticism is substantially this: with the modernization of our plants we hope within a few years to reduce our manufacturing costs to the level that obtains

in Western Europe and America, and to become more or less self-sustaining so far as our most important requirements are concerned; if we used our available foreign exchange derived from our exports for the purchase of articles which we ourselves produce, though at greater cost, we should remain indefinitely a backward, dependent, agricultural country. We are making gradual reductions in our cost of manufacture and expect to make further reductions of 37% during the next five years. The indirect tax is only a temporary burden while we are building up industries that are essential to our national well-being. Our $800,000,000 of foreign exchange is used principally for the purchase of machinery, for technical advice and assistance, and for raw materials that we do not produce. We do not permit the importation of luxuries or of articles that we ourselves can produce, though ours be more costly or inferior. It is a sacrifice we ask of our people to enable them in the future to be independent of the rest of the world for their necessities.

This, in brief, is the doctrine and method for the industrialization of Russia, and the people, noted for their patience and their endurance, are apparently willing to give to their leaders, who above all are sincere and honest in their intentions and devoted to the best interests of the people, a free hand to put through their carefully worked out program.

How much longer will this driving force last? When will the enthusiasm of being the saviors of the workers of the U. S. S. R., and the hope of being the saviors of the workers of the world, begin to wane? I put this question to a foreign diplomat in Moscow, and his laconic reply was, "As soon as the material and economic conditions of the masses have come up to the present economic standards of the workers of the more advanced nations of Europe and America." In this I am inclined to concur, but that time is far off in the future. Until then this Government seems safe; what will happen then is in the hands of the gods. The next few years, according to this diplomat, will be a period of great hardship; but bearing in mind what this country has gone through during the past dozen years there is justifiable hope that it will survive the next few critical years as well.

There is as much misinformation and misunderstanding at home about the Bolsheviks as there is here about America and the Americans. They have an idea that we have on the one hand our Rockefellers, Morgans, and a few other rich men, and on the other side the poor, down-trodden workmen. They have no idea of how the great mass of the American people live, nor of the great humanitarian work sponsored by the very men whom they consider the outrageous oppressors of the working-man, the malefactors of wealth, as Roosevelt used to call them.

March 11, 1929.

You may recall the constant ringing of church bells in Moscow on Sunday; it used to begin at six in the morning and continue for the rest of the day. And now there isn't a sound of bells anywhere; the numerous churches are still standing, unmolested and silent. The Church was formerly supported entirely by the State; government support has been withdrawn, except in a few cases where attempts are made to preach a New Thought doctrine, and the people have not come to the Church's rescue. My window overlooks the famous Chapel of the Iberian Holy Mother, who had the reputation of curing everything and everybody, of course for a consideration. Before the War everybody that passed crossed himself and there were usually many people on their knees in front of the chapel. Now the chapel is occupied by a monk, and traffic uses its gateway as a shortcut to the Kremlin.

Helen need not hesitate to come here whenever she wishes to, for none of the dire things she has feared will happen to

her. She will not be looked on with disfavor if she is well dressed and well groomed; she will even find good hairdressers to cut and marcel her precious bob. All the women here do not dress like peasants, nor do they go about looking run down at the heel. They are simply moderate in their display. She will be treated with courtesy and respect; she should merely speak and act and dress as naturally as she would at home, as it seems to me every visitor to a foreign country should do, so as to give out an accurate impression of what we are in America, and what we stand for. Please tell her this for me.

March 12, 1929.

This is a holiday, the Fall of the Emperor, from the top of the stairway, all the way down, on this day twelve years ago.

The theaters are generally closed on Monday nights, but last night there was a benefit performance in memory of the leading actress of the theater for fifty years, Maria Ermolova, who died a year ago. Mr. Lunacharsky, the Minister of Education, was to deliver the principal address, and so I went. I had heard that L. is a very fine speaker and a man of fine education, as well as a playwright, and I was not disappointed. He is a man of about fifty with an impressive personality, and he made an impassioned plea for the maintenance of the high traditions of the Little Theater during the past century; he referred to it as the Comédie Française of Russia, and he urged that the people should not go to the classical plays of the past for their inspiration, but rather to plays that would reflect the problems of the day and the hopes and aspirations for the future. He deprecated the use of the theater as a mere place of amusement. Some of the foremost artists were on the program, but I was more interested in the audience, which formed a delightful contrast to the theater crowds that I had been seeing. There was naturally a preponderance of theatrical and literary people; the women were generally well gowned, bejeweled, bright and intelligent looking, as were the men. There was a good sprinkling of the old type intelligentsia, and it certainly was a relief. The whole gathering was an eloquent testimonial to the Russian love of dramatic art which years of terror and privation have neither deadened nor eradicated. Of course, Lunacharsky is trying to use the theater for revolutionary propaganda, but his views are not yet commonly adopted by the profession, although a number of political plays have been written and staged.

March 18, 1929.

Yesterday we drove some fifteen miles out of Moscow to a place called Vouzie, a beautiful estate that must have belonged to some merchant prince or royalty, and covering thousands of acres of magnificent pine forests. It is now used as a retreat for the learned or scientists, where anyone entitled to such an appellation may go for several weeks of rest at a total expense of two dollars a day. We arrived at dinnertime and consequently saw few of the distinguished guests, but one particularly unkempt individual proved to be the Vice Commissar of Education, who was a great friend of Lenin, and is now the literary censor for the Government.

We then drove to another suburb and another pine forest where there are a lot of summer cottages out of which the Government is planning to make a children's village. The Government has fallen heir to all the former summer homes of the privileged classes, and now they have become vacation centers for the proletariat and the Government employees. Every workman is entitled to two weeks' vacation with pay in a Government resort without charge. You will find an excellent description of this system in Anne McCormick's chapter on "The Workers at Play."

This is Commune Day, and I celebrated it by going to Lenin's Mausoleum. It is located in the Red Square, between

the two main gates of the Kremlin, opposite the monument you may remember to Minin and Pojarsky. Admission is only on certain days and between certain hours. The mausoleum is built of wood, square, extremely plain and dark in color, with a guard of soldiers at the entrance; the interior is a square room, unadorned, and in the center is a large glass case in which Lenin reposes clad in a khaki uniform. He was a slight man, about five feet six, bald with a few gray hairs, fine features, and an intelligent face.

From my window to-day I watched the largest parade I have seen since my arrival; many bands and countless red banners with all sorts of inscriptions, but especially "Mopr" (probably International Association of the Proletarian Revolutionists), "continues the work of the Paris Commune." There were many floats; one section was preceded by a black coffin carried by four men and with the inscription, "Death to Fascism"; a man in a white gown over his black coat was swinging on a chain a bucket filled with burning charcoal, a take-off on the incense pot. Women and children preponderated, and when the bands stopped playing they sang revolutionary songs. It was a motley crowd, out of step, out of line, slovenly and except for numbers unimpressive; but so the revolutionary spirit is kept alive. It seems in such strange contradiction with the constructive spirit of the responsible leaders. Perhaps they think it necessary to keep up this fetish of the Communist's ideal-revolution, to replace the religious fetishes of which the people have been deprived; perhaps, too, for much the same reason as our veterans parade on May 30th and July 4th.

March 21, 1929.

This afternoon I saw the crown jewels at the State Bank. When I expressed a desire a few days ago to see them I was told that it could be arranged with a two days' notice; so I went to-day, and after some formalities, was ushered into a cage in which, on a large table, were spread jewels worth $250,000,000, of which the Orloff Diamond in the scepter is worth $32,000,000, and a sapphire, the largest in existence, is valued at $11,000,000, and so on *ad infinitum*. It was an interesting sight, and I could understand why they needed two days' notice to get them out and ready for showing. Half a dozen men stood on guard in the cage with us, and an expert gave us the history and detailed information about each piece. In addition to these jewels, a quantity are on exhibition in a museum in the Kremlin; so, you see, the story that the Crown Jewels were sold is not true.

March 23, 1929.

Well, here I am back in Moscow from a short trip to Leningrad, and I hope my next trip will be to the Polish frontier and on my way home, properly equipped this time with all the necessary visés, of which I have accumulated some forty dollars' worth in Russia alone.

Twelve years have elapsed since the present government of the U. S. S. R. (Union of Socialist Soviet Republics) has come into power; eleven years since the close of the World War and the signing of the Treaty of Versailles; nine years since the Allied and Associated Powers gave up as hopeless the wars of intervention, the blockades or the "Cordon Sanitaire" as a means of suppressing the present Soviet regime, and yet this country is still a mystery to the great mass of our people. Our relations with Russia, for many generations our traditional friend, are still shrouded in a maze of misunderstandings, mistrust, mutual recriminations, and ostracism. The spirit of intolerance and prejudice assiduously developed and spread throughout our country during the years of intervention, 1919 and 1920, is still in full control of public opinion, although the regime of military communism against which our propaganda was directed has since 1921 given way to a new regime known as the NEP (New Economic Policy) which is in force to-day.

The popular conception of the men composing the present government of the U. S. S. R. is of a group of bloodthirsty, unprincipled savages bent on destruction and extermination of all that it has taken centuries to build up and produce; of firebrands preaching the forcible overthrow of all existing capitalistic governments, the confiscation of private property, the nationalization of women, more barbarous treatment of political opponents than was the rule under the government of the Tzars; in short, of a small group of shrewd, selfish, ruthless individuals terrorizing a hundred and fifty million people, and still having time, means, and energy to plot the destruction of all the other governments of Europe and America, with Asia thrown in for its recreation.

During the past few years occasionally a venturesome American has entered the U. S. S. R. for a brief sojourn, and has returned home with ideas diametrically opposed to those with which he entered that land of mystery. But the professional writers and propagandists hastened to assure our public that the stories these travelers brought back did not portray accurately the actual conditions of the country, that the sly Soviet officials had taken them on a dress parade and had shown them only the things they wanted them to see specially arranged for these foreign travelers and calculated to create a favorable impression, but that they had withheld from them all the misery, privation, and suffering under which the 150 millions live. During my ten weeks here I have not been hampered from seeing anything I wanted to see, have circulated as freely as any native citizen, and have felt as free from molestation of every kind as in any of our own cities or in any of the capitals of Europe.

Many interesting books on the U.S.S.R. have appeared during the past year, dispelling many of the fantastic stories about this country, but they seem to have made no dent in the armor of prejudice and intolerance toward a nation that chooses to live under a system of government so radically different from our own. We are too prone to measure everything abroad by the American yardstick, and it may not occur to many that our political institutions and doctrines might not quite suit the conditions and temperament of other peoples. Many Latin-American republics have modelled their constitutions after our own, but apparently they do not guarantee or produce the same results. Of recent books on the U. S. S. R. *The Hammer and the Scythe* presents a graphic picture of the life of the Russian people under the present regime; but even this book is no longer a faithful picture, because so much has happened since the author's visit. Doctor Schuman, of the University of Chicago, has written *American Policy Toward Russia Since 1917*, based largely on State documents.

A perusal of these two books cannot fail to convince a fair-minded person that however different Russia's political doctrines may be from our own, and however little we may acquiesce in the confiscation of American property or the repudiation of debts to American citizens, the incommunicado attitude that we have maintained toward the U. S. S. R. during the past decade seems hardly justified.

It is not, therefore, surprising that the leaders of the U. S. S. R. government should question the sincerity of the oft-repeated good will toward the Russian people, of our fine expressions of idealism, of our desire to serve the economic development and the peace of the entire world.

The leaders of the Soviet Government claim that our actions do not square with these fine expressions and sentiments, since our Government has not shown any disposition to lend a helping hand to Russia for the advancement of its economic rehabilitation, so that the standard of living among its people may be raised and they may catch up with the civilization of other nations.

TALKIES' PROGRESS

BY GILBERT SELDES

WHEN I wrote about the talking films in these pages a year ago, the sentimental interest lay entirely with the silent movie. At the end of the first decade of their existence the movies had threatened the legitimate theater in spite of its glorious record of twenty centuries; at the end of the third decade the movies were being bustled off into obscurity by the novelty of the talkies, brash, loud, and vulgar. When invention, mechanism, and commerce are concerned, the acceleration in the rate of change is high: the talkies, as a successful entertainment, are only two years old and already they are threatened in turn. Within twelve months—eighteen months at the latest—the talkies will have to meet the competition of the talkie-projector in the home—something resembling the popular amateur movie projector, but equipped with synchronized sound. And within another year we shall probably have the simple and comparatively inexpensive mechanisms, now being perfected, which will throw on a small screen set up beside the home radio set a moving picture projected from a central broadcasting station; it is only a matter of time before this televisual entertainment is extended so that it, too, will have speech and sound in perfect synchronization. Thus two separate ways of having the talkie without going to the theater will challenge the talkie which stays in the theater.

To overcome these rival novelties, the talkie will have to be a much better entertainment than it has proved itself in the past two years; and the way to become a better entertainment is to stop the senseless sacrifice of good movie elements in making the talkies. Purists, æsthetes, and a few practical makers of movies assert that the talkie can never be a good movie; my own feeling a year ago, when I said "the movies commit suicide," was that the two forms had to develop separately and that, while the talkie went forward to an assured commercial success, the silent movie would proceed to an unexampled artistic one. I am now not nearly so certain of the talkie's inevitable success and quite willing to believe that an intermediate form can be created. If it cannot the talkie will be the loser.

Not one of the talkies shown by midsummer, 1929, is worth a minute of any intelligent person's time. In themselves, that is. A number of them are good enough entertainment because they are transpositions to the screen of good stage melodrama or of good musical shows; some are good entertainment only in the accidental moments when they remain movies. But as a self-contained, self-sufficient form they are wholly negligible and are worth consideration only because they are beginning to show signs of knowing what direction they want to take. Up to the present they have lived on borrowed material; and the trouble with living on the energies or emotions of others is that one doesn't live.

The same situation occurred in the movies about twenty years ago. The movie had begun in all ignorance and innocence to find its own way; in the pictures of Western adventure, the

serials, and slapstick comedy it made a fortune and almost created an art. Then the major portion of the industry contracted a mesalliance with the theater; actors from the stage condescended to play in the movies, and the hits of the season were transferred to the screen. The result was that for ten years the movie stood still. In spite of the lesson of D. W. Griffith, who threw out the novel and the play on which he was supposed to base his masterpiece, and made "The Birth of a Nation," in terms of pure cinema, the movie clung to the skirts of the stage and called itself "the photoplay" and "the silent drama," as if it were proud of being kept by the respectable old theater. It is as if the art of painting had insisted for years on being known as "flat sculpture," or symphonic orchestras as "operas without singing." "The Birth of a Nation" was not a drama; it was a movie, and its elements were the series of movements, the flow of images, the special tone and the special rhythm which the movie alone could create; it was the product of the camera. Five years after its production the lesson it taught was reinforced by a few other American directors and by the German films which began to come into America; the movie threw off the stage and began again to make its own way, going back to some of the first principles of the Western thriller and to those principles of good movie making which Chaplin, for instance, had never abandoned.

The ten dead years in the development of the silent movie may be repeated in the talkie unless the producers of the new type are capable of discovering their own materials and their own methods. It is hard to say what these materials and methods are; it is easier to say what they are not. For instance, the talkies use the technic of the musical show of ten years ago when they make excuses for introducing a song; they use the technic of vaudeville when they treat speech or song as something extraordinary, like card tricks or swinging by the teeth, and work out the most elaborate pretexts for introducing perfectly simple things. They use the technic of the stage where people are always being urged to "tell me all about it" in order to explain the action. In "Alibi" the director even used the old stage-aside by the expedient of cutting one character out of the picture while the others plotted against him—a trick which infuriated the editor of *The Film Spectator*, who made it a text for a warning sermon to the talkie-directors, the excellent theme of which was, "Find your own technic."

The most significant instance of failure to find a proper technic appeared in the early days of the talkie when, entranced by the novelty of synchronized speech, the directors trained the camera upon the speaker, usually in a close-up of the throat or gullet. This was unpleasant to look at, but was passable when the subject was a tenor singing a ballad; when the speaker came to take part in an action, the isolation of his vocal cords in the close-up made it impossible for us to observe the effect on his listeners of what he said; the camera had to shift back to the next speaker. It required a year before the directors saw that they could include three or four people in a scene and let them talk in succession without focusing attention exclusively on the speaker. In the last pictures I have seen the directors are awkwardly fumbling for a technic by which they indicate that a person is speaking and then let him disappear from the screen, to make way for the people who are listening.

The whole problem could have been solved at the beginning if the producers of the talkies had troubled to look carefully at their instruments. The voice in the talkies is recorded by one mechanism, the movement by another; by one method the voice goes on a record synchronized with the film; the other method sets the voice on the film itself; but even here the recording mechanism is separate and the studio custom is to

use two separate films, one for the voice, one for the action. The microphone is comparatively stationary; the camera is mobile to the highest degree. From this separation of function it should have been clear at the start that, while the voice might go on steadily, the camera could leave it behind, could show not only the listeners, but whatever else was relevant to the action at the moment. The producers immobilized the camera in favor of the microphone; the result was not a new form of entertainment—the true talkie—but a combination of movie and phonograph.

II

The problem of talkie material can best be approached by observing the material actually used in the successes of the year. "Noah's Ark" was not properly a talkie and owed its success to the spectacular film as we have known it since the time of Griffith's "Intolerance"; "Bulldog Drummond" and "Broadway" are melodramas imported from the stage; "The Coconuts" is a musical show transported to the talkies with only a barely perceptible change of *décor;* "The Singing Fool" is an "original" story (the quotation marks will be forgiven by all who know what constitutes originality in Hollywood), but it lives by the perverse exploitation of the talents of Al Jolson, talents so great that even the perversion cannot conceal them; "The Broadway Melody" is a synthetic talkie made up of bits of movie, bits of vaudeville, bits of musical revue. The last, however, begins definitely to be a talkie, because the mixture is so skilfully compounded that one does not recognize any one element as dominant. It is certainly not a movie with sound effects and dialogue—which is what most of the others are.

Consider some of these outstanding films in detail. "Bulldog Drummond" adds to Sapper's exciting melodrama an exciting motor chase in the rain, also a lovesick yokel who sings a ballad. The former, which fits perfectly and enhances the speed of the melodrama, is pure movie; the latter, which is an interpolation so awkwardly made that it does not even give suspense, is talkie.

The stage version of "Broadway" concentrated the action in the small anteroom of a night club, the club itself was never seen. In the ante-room took place a series of dramas, a little love-duel between a dancer and a dancing girl, a sinister duel between two hijackers, a duel between criminals and the law, and the fundamental drama of the entire piece, the struggle between the earnestness and purity and decency of the two dancers and the foul crime and lasciviousness of their surroundings. To give this drama point, the life of the night club had to be suggested—and was, by a miracle of direction and staging; it was never seen, hardly heard when the doors opened, but you felt it there, pressing against the walls of the ante-room, forcing the dancer to break off in the midst of his love and anguish to go on and dance, disgorging drunkards and detectives and waiters, calling for the liquor which in turn calls for two murders. In the talkie version the director added the scene which the play omitted: the night-club was there, elaborate and noisy; and the moment you saw it, it ceased to exert its power, it had lost the mystery of the unknown. Once, *in a silent sequence*, the director shot the cabaret scene from above while scrubwomen cleared away the smashed glasses, the soiled confetti, the torn menus; and this scene became a sour commentary on the nervous gaiety of the night before. Otherwise, visualizing the cabaret stopped the imagination. It added to the talkie an element of spectacle and gave excuse for that combination of singing and dancing which the directors think essential, reducing "Broadway" to the Pagliacci-plot, the clown with the breaking heart.

To "The Coconuts" nothing was added. I am obliged to assume that the beach was a real beach and the palm

grove had real palms; but they seemed to be stage sets. Like all the other musical talkies, it had one supreme advantage over stage production: there are no encores. In this special case, however, there was a notable disadvantage. Of the four Marx Brothers, Harpo is constitutionally mute on the stage. Carrying this muteness over into films, still excited by their capacity to make noises, was a delicate job not successfully done; the close-ups seemed to be pleading with Harpo to talk, his muteness seemed unreal. With that much lost, the film was remarkable only for the brilliant recording of the speech of Groucho and Chico Marx; the famous delivery of the former, which I should have thought baffling to the mechanism, was almost flawless, and this is all the more remarkable because Groucho speaks at a terrific speed, the speed being part of the fun. Everyone else I have heard from the screen enunciates painfully, to carry out the director's illusion that speech is unnatural to human beings; Groucho and Chico chatter along.

Al Jolson's two successes were both critical points in the history of the talkies; it was "The Jazz Singer" which sent all the producers scurrying for equipment, and the cumulative effect of "The Singing Fool," dispelling all notions of a fluke, persuaded them that the silent movie was done. The second picture was still another version of the obligatory plot, only this time the clown had to live through the departure of his wife and finally the death of his son. So long as Jolson was the Jolson of his stage days, unctuous, energetic, dynamic, possessed, the talkie was held together by his genius; when he was compelled to act, to surrender his genius to the necessities of the talkie, it lapsed into dullness and vulgarity.

Next to the Jolson pictures, the decisive factor in the progress of the talkies was the critical praise and the financial success of "The Broadway Melody." It happens that both were well-deserved; "The Broadway Melody," unimportant as adult entertainment, is the beginning of a real talkie. Edmund Goulding, who wrote the story, and Harry Beaumont, the director, were apparently not oppressed by their own experience in the silent movies. They used the obligatory setting of the 1929-model talkie: backstage of a musical show; they interpolated a revue number (in color) which had nothing to do with their story; they had one of those theme songs which are rapidly becoming the most insufferable pest of the talkies; they created, in short, a potpourri of all the safe elements. But they justified the high praise given to the production by a sort of simple acceptance of their medium: it is, in the ancient phrase, "not a movie." Nor is it a play. It hangs together, and surpasses all the others, through inner conviction that this is what the talkie ought to be doing. It tells the story of a "sisters act"—two small-time song and dance artists, both pretty bad, and one destined to "get by on her legs," the other, to return from a Ziegfeld dress-rehearsal to the sticks. The ill-fated one loves, and at the beginning is loved by, a composer of popular songs; his love turns to the younger sister. The complication lies in the attempted double sacrifice; the younger sister, to efface herself, tries to accept the proposals of a man about town; and the elder, to leave the field clear, persuades the man she loves that she has been using him only for advancement in her profession. This is a competent plot for a movie or a play, but nothing in it is specifically outside the province of the talkie; and the singing and dancing require the talkie with its opportunities for verbal fun, its comparatively easy handling of singing crowds, its use of the old movie spectacle, and all its other capacities.

III

Derived material and an undeveloped technic make these talkies unsatisfactory even when the original source is not entirely spoiled; a stock company per-

formance of "Sherlock Holmes" gives about the same satisfaction and the same feeling that something is lacking. How can the talkie go about discovering material which is not only suitable to itself, but more suitable to it than to any other form?

There are two ways. The way of the theorist would be to learn the capacities of the talkie mechanism, to develop the technic and, with each gain in mastery, to try something new. The way of the practical man is to take whatever comes to hand, make it as a talkie and, in the process, master the technic. The instinct of the first producers led them to musical shows and to melodrama; it was sound because in both of these the movements are broad, the lines of development are coarse, the action simple. In the melodramas the fights and the chases revert to the silent movie; in the musical shows all action is stopped for a ballet number or a vocal solo. Most of the talkies promised for the next half year lie in these two fields: talkies built around the songs and dances and camp meetings of negroes, talkies of the sounds of cities, talkies of Tin Pan Alley and the radio, talkies about composers; and melodramas reworked from the stage or straight mystery stories transferred from books.

Until they develop a group of special writers, conversant with the talkie mechanism, knowing its capacities, and intelligent enough to direct experiments, the talkies will naturally borrow, and their growth will depend on the skill with which they reduce their material to their own terms. They would do well to observe the radio-playlet to see how completely material can be worked and handled and made to fit in a difficult medium. The radio playlet, totally insignificant in itself, instantly separates itself from the same playlet broadcast from the theater. Action is reduced to sound as far as possible, and nothing which cannot be adequately described or made immediately audible is admitted. Change of place and time are easily indicated by a phrase; but the directors are not satisfied and find a characteristic noise for the new setting, so that at the end of a scene in a drawing-room, if the characters go to the street, you may hear a parade, or if they go to a store, the cash register will ring. On the other hand, new characters have to be carefully planted, because the person cannot be seen and the new voice may not be recognized. If in a stage play a character indicates awkwardness by dropping a felt hat, in the radio version he will drop a gong or a glass. These are elementary things, but the result is that when you listen to a radio play, you do not feel that you are missing any significant element; just as in the few good silent movies you do not miss sound, or as in certain paintings or statues you are not aware of the lack of motion, but say with complete justice, "Look at the movement in those bodies."

In its first excitement over the new trick of speech, the talkie forgot that it was still a movie; it chose to exploit the phonographic and to neglect the cinematic. But the cinema is still the greater marvel, it is younger and more mysterious than the talking machine; and as the talkie develops it will choose such material as does not too violently conflict with its cinematic nature. For if the movie part of the talkie stops moving, the talkie becomes merely a phonograph. To avoid that, to keep the movie going while speech is heard, is the actual problem of the talkie. From my experience I note the following details of the problem, the first group being current defects which will certainly be eradicated, the second being more general principles:

1. With the exception noted, speech in the movies is too slow. There is a perceptible pause between the end of A's remark and the beginning of B's answer, as if the mechanism were catching its breath.

2. The lip-movements do not coincide with the speech. I am not referring to faulty synchronization; the movements

and the sounds begin and end precisely on time, but, in between, the screen characters seem either to have their mouths half closed or violently in action, without reference to what they are saying.

3. The speech still fails to come always from the mouth of the speaker. The Photophone employs a battery of loudspeakers placed on each side of the screen, and some of these speakers throw the voice obliquely across the screen, so that wherever the speaker is standing, the voice should issue from him; it is an improvement, but imperfect.

4. Voices are not easily differentiated and sounds hardly at all. The tinkle of a glass, the shot of a revolver, a footfall on a hardwood floor, and the noise of a pack of cards being shuffled, are all about alike. Telephone bells sound either like fire-alarms or like school bells.

5. The acoustics of the theaters may be faulty. Voices sound hollow and metallic, far more so than over the radio or on the phonograph. Even the movie palaces built for elaborate presentations adjusted their acoustics to the human voice issuing from the stage; with the loudspeaker new problems occur.

6. The sob (except in the case of Mr. Jolson) causes giggles in the audience, and the loud shouts and cries of a quarrel scene, the inter-crossing voices of a dramatic moment almost always cause laughter. This is due not to faulty direction, but to the mechanism.

The points in the æsthetic field are easily made:

1. Speech slows up action. I do not offer this as a definite principle; it is merely a fact of the present talkie. Although an adequate studio now has microphones concealed in the chandeliers, under the potted plants, and everywhere else, directors and players agree that in the talkies no one shall speak and move at the same time. There are signs that this immobilization will come to an end within a year.

2. Description takes the place of visualization. Action tends to be limited in the talkies to the precise plot of the story and preceding or outlying action is spoken of, instead of being shown. (I am told that this saves a great deal of money.)

3. The art of cutting the new films has not yet developed. Those parallel, and emotionally cumulative sequences, which Griffith used years ago, which the Russians have developed into a systematic technic they call *montage*, are barely visible. In this technic the camera gave you just enough of an action to hold your interest, then swung to a related incident which, by contrast or by parallel, intensified the emotion, and these alternations continued to the last moment of suspense—as in the familiar race between the villain at the barred door, the threatened woman looking for a revolver within, and the cavalry riding to the rescue miles away. In the talkies I recall one example where this technic was needed. In the night club at which Jolson plays the entertainer, he goes into his office to telephone his wife to come and be reconciled on the stroke of midnight, New Year's Eve; the maid answers and tells him that his wife has gone, taking their child; at that moment a drunken group crashes through the door, seizes the second telephone and begins a maudlin and hilarious conversation. The director's passion for showing the person whose voice is heard detracted from the effect—one was entitled to see the suffering of Jolson while one heard the voices of the gay party; yet the beginning of intelligent cutting was in that scene. In a manifesto on the talkies Eisenstein and Pudowkin, the great Russian directors of silent films, say, "The first experiments with sound must be directed towards its pronounced *non-coincidence* with the visual image" —that is, in the *montage*-technic you would have had not the little tune of Jolson's despair, but an orchestration of it in the careless revelry of the others.

4. The use of silent sequences has not been studied. The egregious error I noted a year ago still persists: directly after a dialogue sequence a silent scene

follows, and in this the characters are allowed to move their lips as if speaking. The silent movie was arriving at the point where speech-movements were never used except when they constituted action, as in the shouting of a man attacked by thugs or the cry of a baby which woke a sleeper in danger of death. The talkie falls back and, not recognizing silence as a dramatic element, merely uses it as absence of speech, with all the motions of speech continuing.

5. A new convention of speech needs to be created for the talkie; so far I have found no recognition of this necessity. Speech on the stage, even in realistic plays, is never the speech of real life; a single sentence may be, or a group of questions and answers, but the stage, to carry on its drama, has to foreshorten speech. When the movie accepts a stage play it uses the lines excessively. In "Broadway," for instance, the movie-technic allowed us to see a bullet crashing through a taxi window and perforating the hat of the villain; and the talkie-technic, as now understood, required him to describe this incident a moment later in the words of the original play. Talkie-speech requires a condensation based on two things: the accuracy of the recording and broadcasting machinery, and the proper use of the camera, so that nothing which can be better seen will be spoken. Unless this new convention of speech is accepted, the talkie will remain languid, and it dare not be because it is associated with the movie which has accustomed us all to speed.

6. Wagner wrote of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" that after the emotions of the first three movements it seems impossible to go farther with instruments, that the "Hymn to Joy" demands the human voice. The human voice as climax, as essential, has not yet been thought of in the talkie.

IV

It is possible to reduce almost all the major difficulties of the talkie to a single formula: The movie, by way of becoming an art, had created certain conventions; it had taught us, for instance, to judge movie-time without reference to real time, so that ten years of action might be reduced in the movie to ten minutes and ten minutes might be expanded to an hour; we accepted also the pace of action in the movie and the tricks it played with space. The vocal element of the talkies, being new, has no conventions, and we apply to it the rough standard of everyday life. The combination of the two causes a want of balance. The restoration of equilibrium will create the talkie of the future. As I have suggested, the vocal part will have to become conventionalized; it will have to approach the pace and the rhythm of the movie element; and the movie will have to adjust itself to the requirements of the voice.

In its competition with television, the talkie will presently have the aid of three-dimensional films and of color. Of the first I can say nothing as I have never seen a satisfactory example of movies with the stereoscopic quality of depth. As a novelty, this may be important in a financial way; æsthetically it will only double the difficulty of combining with the movie, because depth, like the voice, will be an element of realism in a medium which has ceased to be realistic. Color I have seen. For a time it will also give the effect of reality although to my eye it takes all expression out of faces and gives a peculiarly unlifelike effect—chiefly because the directors who fail to appreciate a moment of silence in the talkies, fail to appreciate the value of black and white in the color films. (The only interesting use of color is where the camera plays over a color-scene very rapidly, mixing the color effects as a kaleidoscope might, for the purposes of fantasy. It was, I think, in "Broadway," in a brief color-sequence, that this was done.)

With or without the stereoscope and color, the talkie will have to make peace between its now warring elements.

While this adjustment is being perfected, the talkie will tend to be operatic, the movie symphonic. I am not aware of a precise musical parallel to the new form which will come of the combination—perhaps something as fresh as the Wagnerian music drama was in its time. The commercial talkie of the next few years will probably continue to borrow; if not actual plots, it will borrow a style. "Carmen," twice done in the silent pictures, is said to be scheduled for a talkie production, and other operas may follow; the talkies will do well with such essentially operatic plays as "The Patriot," "If I Were King," "Romeo and Juliet," "Hernani"—the rhetorical and the romantic, and even with Bernard Shaw's burlesque of the type in "Arms and the Man." It probably will not succeed with "The Importance of Being Earnest." It will do musical shows, revues, operettas; and whatever it takes of our modern, comparatively realistic drama it will trick out with melodrama or music. I see no interesting future in all this, but with sufficient material and sufficient skill, the talkie may hold its own against new mechanisms.

Its greater prospect is that of becoming a creative force in itself, when the microphone and the camera are integrated, each performing its own function, under the guidance of a director who understands the value and the capacity of each. When the movie created its conventions of time and space and movement, it began to have a rhythm of its own, a series of rhythms, rather, comparable to those of the movements of a symphony. These rhythms are, for the present, being destroyed by the talkie. In the movie you might see a blacksmith singing at his work, unaware of the presence in the next room of his erring wife who has come home to die. The contrasting rhythms of his work and her agony might be presented in flashing seconds of movement. The talkie could emphasize the song of the smith and the clang of his hammer on the anvil; it could give you the groans of the woman. But it would have to take longer with each of these, for a mixture of sound would be rejected by the ear, where the succession of pictures is not rejected by the eye. How far to slow up the picture, how far to speed up and conventionalize the sound, are beginner's problems for the director of the talkies. The real problem is to create a new method, to find the material to which this method can be applied, and to create a new art.

Apart from the Russians I have mentioned and a few theorists, I know of no one who is even trying to solve that problem. The most intelligent of the directors of talkies are, to be sure, making experiments, and as the scientists in the laboratories bring forth improvements and accessories, the technic will improve. But the warning of the old movies is not to be denied. Three times, at least, the industry faced such falling off in popularity as threatened bankruptcy. It was saved not by technical tricks, but by the application of intelligence to the movie's essential problems. Just at present the talkie does not want to hear of such things; it is in a mood of expansiveness and prefers not to concentrate on abstractions. It has, definitely, pushed forward the frontier of the movie and is triumphant in its success. What remains to be seen is whether the talkie can integrate its new dominions without losing its head or, like many imperialisms of the past, will spread itself so widely as to lose its own force and character.

FUNK

A STORY

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

"MAGIC?" The Bank Manager leaned back reflectively. "I don't know. Is it mood or medicine, as vague as a dream or as definite as an experiment in physics? You've been in Africa only a fortnight. It's your place to tell me."

"And you, how long?" I asked.

He smiled.

"How shall I reckon? Through two eruptions of the cone up there? Through rain enough to cover Europe twenty fathoms deep? . . . Bless my soul, is it quinine or your foolish face? My conversation practically rhymes. If you really want to know, I've been on the Coast for eleven years and some days. 'How long, O Lord, how long!'"

"'When found, make a note on?'"

"Huh?"

"Captain Cuttle, *Dombey and Son*, Charles Dickens," I explained.

"If you can read, what did you want to come down here for?"

"Just a social climber," I suggested. "But you're wandering. This magic business. I've heard some remarkable tales. What the deuce is it . . . funk, perhaps?"

"You mean the blacks are simply afraid? Possibly. A witch doctor has the awesome quality of any great tradition. But there's a hitch in that. A man who is afraid automatically resists. Fights back. He can't help it. But take my word for it, no one fights black magic, not in Africa. . . . Could you stand a story?"

"I can stand anything."

"Stout fella." The Bank Manager busied himself for a moment among the bottles on the table, then leaned back.

"First place—let's have some atmosphere. That's important on the West Coast. All important. Down here atmosphere—the thing writers and restaurant proprietors are always jabbering about—isn't just background. It's foreground. Usually it's the whole story. Look out the window there and shut up for a minute and you'll see what I mean."

"*I* shut up?" I began indignantly. But the Bank Manager had taken his own advice.

We had come for the week-end to a "bush-house" half way up the mountain, ostensibly to shoot some leopard by the moon—if we should feel energetic. Eight miles up the road was a John Holt factory and eleven miles down the same road one came to the port. In between, except for one or two native settlements, there was nothing.

The window behind my chair was small and high, fringed at the top with a black, ragged line where the thatch hung down. Outside, a tall oil palm cut its stately silhouette against the night sky. There was no wind, yet its dry fronds whispered livingly. Ghostly snakes of vine hung down from it. That was all, but over us and over everything hung the throbbing, breathing silence of the tropic night. Somewhere behind the house a branch snapped. A sausage fly flung itself

against the lantern and fell to the floor.

"Africa," said the Bank Manager, "is the only continent I know where the sense of vastness is inescapable. Even the air seems ancient sometimes—as if the old monsters of the swamps had breathed it first and sort of got the savor out of it.

"But this is Cameroons. We aren't in it. Do you know the Benin River country in Southern Nigeria? Because if you don't, my dear fellow, you're in luck. . . .

"We had a branch bank up there about five years ago at a place called Bulambo. There was my assistant and myself, the Assistant District Commissioner, and an old-timer at the Hatton and Cookson factory. We four whites and about a hundred swamp natives were the population. There were three European houses, some tin sheds on the beach, and the native town. A cheery hole. Exhilarating, if you understand me. If a chap had a passion for canoeing there were about fifteen thousand miles of connected creeks and rivers—the whole Niger Delta—at his disposal. But there wasn't any walking. Bulambo occupies about ten acres of fairly dry land. Around it is nothing but the river and miles upon miles of mangrove swamp, mud, water, snakes, and roots. And hot! Hell is a winter resort in comparison. Sticky, steamy heat with nary a breeze.

"Naturally we whites had a good dose of one another's society. And our contact with the natives was much closer than is usual. Couldn't help but be. I mean, when the Bulambos brought out their drums and danced, they did it fifty yards from our windows. When their people died we could hear the women singing. We knew them all by sight and many by name—the chief and his wives, the witch doctor, Sokinoma, he was called . . . all of 'em.

"There, ordinarily, the intimacy stopped.

"But my assistant—he was a nice, thin young fellow with black hair and eyes that made me feel like his mother every time I looked at them—was absolutely tickled.

"The night he arrived—a Dutch freighter cruising the rivers for logs and palm oil put him down in the front yard, there was a jamboree of some kind; two men with tom-toms, two with palm-fiber harps, the women swaying in a line chanting, the young bucks dancing in the firelight. You know the sort of thing. Civilization checked with the pile of pants outside.

"Well, Croker—that was his name, by the way, Jimmy Croker—absolutely loved it. We were sitting on the verandah, slapping mosquitoes, and this business was going on just across the yard.

"'This is gorgeous,' says he. 'This is perfectly marvellous. Don't know as I'll be able to spare much time for your silly bank. Why, there are no barriers at all. I'll have the time of my life!'

"'You make me very happy, darling,' says I. 'You'll find that barriers is just one of about twelve thousand things Bulambo hasn't got. That's why we love it so.'

"But I couldn't put him off. It seems that all through school anthropology had been a kind of hobby of his. He'd read Spencer and Tylor and Boas and Westermarck and the rest of the big men, and even that hadn't discouraged him. That was one reason he'd tried for a West African job.

"The next afternoon, as soon as we shut up shop, he put on his nice new sun-helmet and was off. A few minutes later I looked out the window and there he was, sitting on a low stool in front of Chief Bulambo's hut, his helmet on his knees and the Chief's three-weeks-old baby in the hat. Old Bulambo was sitting beside him, and some women were standing around, and all of them were jawing away like a family reunion. I was rather pleased. It would keep the kid out of trouble, I fancied. There are lots worse vices than anthropology to gobble up a youngster on his first tour down here. And in a small place like Bulambo the 'losing caste' thing didn't

matter, in spite of the way the A.D.C. cried into his whiskey about it.

"Every day he followed the same program. After he was finished with his work—and Croker was the best assistant I ever had, I might mention—he'd pop across the yard and fraternize for all he was worth. His ambition was to learn the language and, with that as a key, then enter into their ways of thinking, their legends, magic, and the rest.

"Pretty soon he began to pick up a few words, in three months he was adept. He knew every man, woman, and child by name. And at last he got pally with the really big man—the witch doctor Sokinoma, a dried-up, wise-looking old chap whom we rarely saw.

"At night sometimes he'd come into my room, sit on the edge of the bed, and give me a yarn. He told me how a white rag hung from the end of a bending pole moves in the starlight and sets a tune for the pale swamp ghosts to dance to; how when a black mother loses her first-born she can mend her heart with a mess of blood and dirt that sets the cycle going round again—life back to the land-mother it came from; why it was, in terms of their philosophy, that Sokinoma could reach into the grass and pick up a six-foot hooded cobra as casually as you'd handle so much rope.

"He was making extraordinary progress. He had begun a Bulambo dictionary, a thing no one had ever attempted. I began to catch a queer, rapt, religious look on his face sometimes . . . and I began to notice something else." The Bank Manager broke off.

"Look here." His eyes roamed the matting-covered walls. He pointed to a huge house-spider sprawled at the edge of the glow of lantern light. "Spiders, giant cockroaches, lizards in bed with you—that sort of business. Do they get on your nerves?"

I shook my head. "No. I can't say they do. They gave me the jumps a bit the first few days, but then I fitted them into the landscape. I don't mind them now."

"Put the sugar in your tea, wait a minute till the ants come up, bale 'em out, and carry on?"

"Exactly."

"Croker had the same experience. Jibbed at the fauna for about forty-eight hours, then forgot it. But he changed again. He started being careful about tucking in his net. Then I noticed he always shook out his pajamas and hit his slippers on the floor before he put them on. It would have been trivial, sound sense, in fact, if he had known he was doing it. But he didn't. He gave me the curious impression that he was being ridden—ridden by subconscious fear. Invisible Africa was getting on his nerves."

"What do you mean?"

"He'd 'gone native' spiritually. It's an intangible thing and hard to explain. But any old Coaster would understand me. There are qualities and kinds of fear. A big black Bulambo with his hair in plaits, tattooed ridges all over his face and chest, and a fish-spear and handkerchief by way of costume is, for example, superficially fearless. He's no more afraid of the Governor of Nigeria than, er . . . the Governor's wife, and he'll charge a machine gun as quick as a wink. But watch that same man about his daily business. Watch him avoid a certain stone, carefully twist off a cocoanut so as not to hurt the branch, do anything rather than pass a certain point. Why? Simply because he believes that not seeing a thing does not argue that it does not exist.

"Croker gave me exactly the same impression. Then he absolutely proved it.

"One afternoon he was fiddling with some papers on my desk, looking for something. I heard him suck in his breath in a curious, frightened way, and I looked up.

"He had a blue print in his hand and was as white as a sheet. 'What the devil's this?' he asked.

"I took the paper from him and looked at it. It was a plan of the Bank's

Bulambo property with the place marked on it where we were going to build a new vault. I didn't savvy at all. Croker knew as much as I did, I thought, about the new vault. Anyway, I saw nothing to get excited about. . . . By the way, I wonder if you know the sort of vault we build down here?"

"No."

"It's simply a small steel-frame shed roofed and sided with corrugated iron and fitted with a strong-door, usually built in the back yard of a bank property. In a place like Bulambo, where the bank handles the government tax money and where there is continual trade with natives who bring in kernels and palm oil, one naturally keeps a great deal of small coin on hand, shillings and sixpences and threepenny bits—paper not being current. And its bulk is out of all proportion. Therefore the vault—just a place to keep the spare currency boxes.

"But to get back to Croker. I asked him what the devil was up? He pointed to the plan. 'I didn't realize you were going to stick the vault just there,' he said. 'Because you can't.'

"He turned his back to me, walked over to the window, and began to explain before I had a chance to say anything. 'Look at the plan,' he said. 'You notice that the vault is marked to go at the back of the property just at the edge of the swamp? Yes? Have you ever noticed there is a trail through the grass back there?' He turned to face me.

"I nodded. 'I have,' I said. 'I've often wondered where the deuce it led and who used it.'

"Croker looked straight at me. 'It begins behind Sokinoma's house and leads into the swamp. And no one uses it except Sokinoma, the King Crocodile, and the Bulambo dead.'

"At that I jumped up as if someone had fired a gun at me. 'What the hell are you talking about?' I shouted.

"Croker laughed. 'Of course,' he said, 'as to the dead using it, I have only the word of the natives for that. It's their belief, I should say. But when it comes to Sokinoma and the King Croc using it—why I've seen them a dozen times.'

"He waited for me to say something, but I hadn't the wind. He went on.

"'Every morning at sun-up Sokinoma comes down the path from his hut carrying a basket of meat and fish—stuff contributed by everyone in town. At the same moment a big crocodile—an enormous creature fully sixteen feet long—comes out of the mud at the other end and crawls up the trail. Fact. About half-way Sokinoma tosses his stuff to the crocodile, then it turns around and goes back. The half-way point is marked by a little arch of palm leaves. And just there, old chap, is where you've marked the site of your precious vault. You see my point. What's infinitely more important than the crocodile feeding, is that Sokinoma does not take his offering down the trail when a Bulambo dies. The mornings following a death all stay indoors and sing—you've heard them many times—and they think the soul of the dead person takes Sokinoma's place, goes down the path, and is consumed by the croc. Becomes part of its soul, you know, and returns to the swamp. That's a very common belief.'

"Can you beat that? I thought I'd never get my mouth shut. There was Croker explaining the maddest stuff I'd ever heard with hardly more emotion than a school teacher explaining algebra to the boy defective. I suppose I looked impressed. Jimmy grinned at me. 'Get up early to-morrow and I'll show you.'

"I said something clever like 'My eye!'

"Croker went back to his desk. 'So help me! I'd have told you long ago if I thought you'd be interested—or if Sokinoma wasn't so afraid that if it got out we'd turn the show into a sort of circus. . . . But that vault is no go!'

"That's all that we said just then.

But, sure enough, next morning Croker stirred me up when it was still dark and we went to a top-floor window. He gave me a pair of field glasses."

The Bank Manager paused, produced a cigarette from his shirt pocket and tapped it emphatically on the table. "You don't have to believe me, but I swear to you I saw just what Croker had described. Sokinoma came with his basket and stopped midway. A tremendous big crocodile sprawled and slithered itself out of the water and up the path, took the food, and went away again. Just that. Since then I've looked up the thing in books and it seems to be generally known all up and down the Coast. According to the experts, the crocodile-fetish tribes all make a daily offering of food, and one or more crocodiles soon learn the time and place and form the habit of coming. But believe me, that old black man and that damned lizard in the pale grass with the daybreak mists hanging round them made a picture.

"I came out of a kind of daze to hear Croker's voice. 'About the vault, now,' he said. 'You realize, of course, you've got to move it?'

"I looked at him. He meant it. Lord, how he meant it! All my little indistinct worries about him came to a head. I did some quick thinking and decided.

"'Look here, Croker,' I said. 'The materials for that vault are at Lagos now. Within a few days the construction man will be here with them. He decided on its location, not I. It's the logical place for the thing. There, I think, it will go.' I took his arm. 'I don't care a hang about the vault, but I do about you. Take my advice. Drop this sort of thing and drop it quick.'

"He nodded, said something about 'Very well, of course you are the boss,' and left me.

"I thought about it then and later. I kept to my opinion that to go ahead would lay the invisible ghosts for him."

The Bank Manager wiped his face with a large, already moist handkerchief, and continued.

"At the end of the week, the *Benin*, an Elder-Dempster local boat, put in, unloaded the materials for the vault, and landed two passengers—the Lagos construction man and a girl, Betty Shaw, daughter of old Shaw, the Hatton and Cookson manager.

"She was a surprise—her existence, even. I haven't said much about Shaw for the reason that there isn't much to say. He was a first-rate African trader verging a little on the palm-oil ruffian type. He drank like a fish and showed it no more, and kept a tight mouth. The girl herself was the first announcement of her coming.

"Croker and I were on the quay receiving the builder and getting the boxes off, and old Shaw introduced us as soon as she was down the ladder. Said she was finished with school and had 'come down to keep her old father company.' In Bulambo, the poor ass!

"She had red-gold bobbed hair, a turned-up nose, and marvellous eyes. She was wearing white, had a red Haussa leather bag in her hand, and not a trouble in the world. She was as pretty as a magazine cover—and as common. Cruel and stupid and vain and unimaginative, all the commonplace faults. That was the way I sized her up. It took me about two minutes. But I'm an old-timer. In the same two minutes Jimmy Croker, with brains and breeding enough for three men, fell dazed in love.

"We seemed fated to have differences of opinion. But I was middle-aged and full of quinine, and he was twenty-four and hadn't seen a white woman in six months. And, I admit it, Betty Shaw was pretty—pretty as a paper rose. I nearly burst that night trying to get to tell him what a fool he was. But I'd said say enough for then.

"They began seeing each other. She had nothing to do, and he was the only presentable white male. One afternoon he took her out in a native canoe. It

was a beauty, one of the most exquisitely carved things I've ever seen, delicate and graceful as a bird. She called it 'quaint' and laughed at it. It wasn't nice neat green canvas and shiny varnish, so it was merely funny. Croker laughed with her, in an obliging, half-hearted way.

"Pretty soon Shaw had us over to dinner. All of us, the Lagos fellow and the A.D.C. included. A bad hour, that. We adults exhausted the chatty possibilities of the kernel trade in about five minutes, and then it was up to Croker and Betty to keep things going—which they did not. After dinner we all went out on the verandah and simply sat there brooding over our gins. Then Betty Shaw stretched back in her chair, stuck her legs out so her skirt slid halfway up her bare thighs, and remarked, 'Cæsar, how *can* you go it? All the desert island yarns are simply blithering. Does nothing *ever* happen here?'

"'At least the desert island is inhabited,' Croker said.

"She made a mock bow. 'I didn't refer to present company.'

"'Neither did I. I meant the natives.'

"She smiled. 'Dear me, I *did* forget the poor heathen. But just what do they contribute to Bulambo night life?'

"That was all Croker needed. He talked for half an hour. We men were all ears. Any knowledge we fancied we had of the country seemed childish when he told us what he knew. Fascinating stuff, unquestionably. But the girl smoked cigarettes and smiled at him.

"He must have felt he wasn't making the impression with her he'd hoped, so, to my surprise, he topped off with the crocodile yarn. He told first of the legend that the lonely dead go down the trail at dawn to become part of the crocodile—to them the great spirit of the marshland that they love. Then he detailed the scene I'd witnessed.

"She was attentive, all right. 'Do you mean to say this goes on every morning?'

"'Yes. If you like, I think I could arrange for you to watch. Would you care to?'

"At that she burst out laughing. To me it was like rubbing a knife-edge sideways on a plate. She positively crowed. 'Would I just? Ra-ther! See the funny nigger feed the tame crocodile? Sixpence, ladies and gents, and worth every farthing! For tuppence more can I see a bit of ghost gobbling? I beg Bulambo's pardon. It's a perfect Wembley. To-morrow, then?'

"'Perhaps not to-morrow,' Croker said. That was all and pretty soon we pushed along home.

"I realized that one of two things would happen. Either that scene would make him see what a fool she was, or, for calf-love's sake, he'd switch to her view and let the magic business go hang. I couldn't for the life of me make up my mind which I'd prefer. He didn't show his cards until the following afternoon.

"We were in the office, and the Lagos fellow barged in and began to grouse about not being able to get any labor. He had his boxes open and every piece of stuff was numbered, but he'd found out that not a soul in town would have anything to do with him for any price.

"I'd rather expected something of the sort, but still I had no suggestions. I looked over to Croker's desk. He was working away with his lips set, looking sort of pale and worried. I didn't think he'd heard us.

"'Jimmy, old man,' I began, but he swung round and started talking before I'd gone any farther.

"'You can change the site of the bloody thing. Put it twenty paces nearer the house, get a drier location and one easier to keep under observation—and not stir up a hornet's nest, which is incidentally a needless and stupid cruelty to a whole townful of people. You can either do that . . .'

"Then I broke in with some sort of noise intended to convey doubt. After all, the silly vault didn't have to be just there. But Croker interrupted me.

"'Or,' he said, accenting the or, '*or*,

you can take my canoe, go fifteen minutes' paddle up the creek to Bafang, and get all the labor you need. The Bafang don't belong to the crocodile totem and they would welcome a chance to do the Bulambos a bad turn. What's more, I happen to know the chief's son is a trained carpenter. . . . And in either case you can both damn well go to hell.'

"He turned back to the desk. I knew the girl had won."

"For upwards of a month there were no developments. The vault was finished, and we moved in the currency boxes. We got a night watchman to come over evenings from Bafang. Sokinoma and his crowd made extraordinarily little fuss. A delegation of them called on the A.D.C., but they were frightened and their English was practically non-existent. So the Commissioner, not having the foggiest notion what it was all about, threw them out. Except that not one of them would go near the vault, that the whole town seemed to be wearing long faces, and that there was an unusual lot of doleful singing at night, there was no evidence that anything out of the way had occurred.

"The African is the most easily licked of human creatures—on the surface.

"Croker seemed to have lost interest in them. It was rarely now that he went over to the native side to have a chin-chin with his old pals. In their unaccusing fashion I believe they held him responsible for what amounted to a desecration of an altar, which to them appeared the greatest calamity in remembered history. Sokinoma cut him dead. In fact, the old man was rarely visible. He stayed indoors all the time. Croker practically quit working on his notes, on the book that was to be the fulfilment of the enthusiasm of his short lifetime. And when he did work on it, he made excuses to his girl—damn her red head.

"It was March and the rainy season had begun. You know—clear days, and nights that would make Noah nervous. I used to wake up at night, being sympathetic for the poor Bafang watchman standing out in all that wet. He had built himself a little shelter of palm branches, but in rain like that it was useless.

"Then one evening he turned up sick. I saw him staggering out of his canoe, yelled for my boy, and had a bed made up for him on the back verandah. He had pneumonia, obviously. Croker popped over to get Sokinoma to have a look at him—the old man was the leading doctor of Bulambo, of course; but Sokinoma turned him down flat. The vault, of course. By taking the watchman job the Bafang had put himself outside the pale, you understand.

"He checked out that night, poor chap. Absolutely like snuffing out a candle. . . . And generally the Delta people can stand anything in the way of wetting. They're acclimated.

"Next day I paddled over to Bafang to hire a successor. No one seemed too keen on the job; but I raised the pay a bit, promised to build a tin shelter to make things more comfortable, and at last signed on one of the chief's younger sons. He was a fine big chap who wore nothing but a loin cloth, carried a carved paddle around with him all the time, and had a rarely enthusiastic dislike for everyone in Bulambo. He seemed all right. There was no real point in having a watchman anyway, except that the London office insisted on it."

The Bank Manager eyed the acetylene lamp. "The silly thing's going out, isn't it?" he remarked.

I observed it long enough to be able to add my expert opinion that the silly thing *was* out.

"Damn," said the Bank Manager. "I'd better push along. The moon there will do to turn in by, won't it? Filling acetylene lamps is no fit occupation for the white race."

I agreed. The moon was streaming directly in the window. The shadow of

the ragged roof thatch drew grotesque, ghastly lines on my friend's face. He re-commenced abruptly.

"A week later, about midnight, I heard the most frightful scream. Woke me up and addled my nerves so that I couldn't stir for a moment. I was just shakily getting my slippers on when Croker came in, said, 'Something's up,' and grabbed an electric flash-lamp. I got my shotgun and we went out on the back porch. It was a clear night with stars. And still! We could hear each other breathing.

"'Ndita, Ndita,' Croker called. That was the watchman's name. The scream, we thought, had come from somewhere near the vault.

"No answer. A big night bird flew high overhead somewhere, zooming its wings. Everything absolutely still, peaceful.

"'We'd better go down and have a look,' Croker said.

"We went slowly, turning the lamp in all directions, and at intervals called Ndita. No answer. We went right up to the door of the vault, getting our feet and pajama legs in the deuce of a mess from the wet grass. No sign of anything. Then we cruised back to the house, feeling a bit shaky. There seemed nothing we could do.

"With daylight the whole thing became clear. It was all patterned on the ground. That crocodile, of course. Queer we'd never thought of it. We could see where the thing had crawled out of the swamp and up to the door of the vault where the watchman sat, most probably asleep. It had evidently taken one bite, knocking that one awful scream out of the man, then slithered back, dragging him under water in the marsh. They won't eat live meat, you know. . . . It was all printed there in the mud. It gave us the creeps, under the circumstances. After all, though, the place where the watchman sat was the crocodile's habitual feeding place. One could argue it was a natural death just as much as was the death of his predecessor. Damn' near anything is a natural death in Africa except dying of old age.

"Croker said nothing. Not a single 'I told you so.' He was in love.

"On the surface he neither feared nor believed in magic any more. On the surface he'd adopted Betty Shaw's reasoning about such things. It was perfectly simple. 'Africans were niggers.' That was that. Beneath contempt even, much less credence. A not unfamiliar point of view, you know."

"Of course there was nothing doing at Bafang for any more watchmen. Two even slightly related accidents is all you need on the Niger Delta to start a new religion. That vault was haunted by the spirits of the cheated dead—that's all there was to it. There was no use talking. I sent up to our Sapele branch for them to send down a man who spoke no Bulambo and as little English as possible.

"He came two days later. I arranged with our cook to find a place for him to bunk in the tool shed under the house and that same evening he started work. I was as fair with him as I dared be. I told him about the croc, and to prevent the same thing happening again, I gave him my gun and a big gasoline lantern to keep going. I also took the chair away from him to prevent his falling asleep.

"Nevertheless, I was anxious. The business had got on my nerves far more than I cared to admit. Sokinoma and his crowd had, it seemed to me, been entirely too quiet. Seemed too completely detached from what was going on to be really convincing. And I thought I'd caught a queer new note in their singing—a speeded-up, clamorous, almost gay quality. Several times in the course of the night I got up and went to look out the window. But his light was burning and I could see the man standing on duty by the door.

"Croker's voice pulled me out of bed

next morning. He was in his room next to mine leaning out of the window shouting at the watchman. He called several times, then shut up and came in to me.

"'Look here,' he said, 'that new man is still on the job and doesn't answer when I yell at him. I can't make it out. Get up.'

"I put some shoes on, and we went downstairs together. It was still early and the house-boys weren't yet around. We could see the watchman from the verandah, apparently, as Croker had said, still on duty. We walked quickly down the path toward him. He was stone dead. He was standing bolt upright, his back against the vault door. My gun, its stock on the ground, was held in his hand. And on his black face was the most frightful expression of terror I have ever seen. The eyes were wide open, the lips slightly apart, the nostrils dilated. Killed in an instant of unbelievable, dreadful fear.

"Croker grabbed my arm.

"'My God, look,' he said. He pointed down. There in the earth, soggy from the fall of dew, was the print of the body of a huge crocodile, the arc of the tail, the deep depression from its belly, the four prints of its clawlike feet, the wedge-like mark of its head. *But there were no traces anywhere of its departure or approach.* Simply, though the ground was everywhere soft, that isolated, uncanny spoor at the dead man's feet.

"I went over at once and got the A.D.C., and the three of us looked over the ground. We were not mistaken. We examined that ground as if our lives depended on it. We were scared. I confess it. I could hardly seem to get my breath. The A.D.C. was so white I thought he was going to faint. But there was nothing. The dead man and the great sprawling, frightful mark. That was all.

"The Commissioner walked over to the native quarter to have a look round while Croker and I got the body into the house. He came back in a few minutes to say that not a soul in Bulambo, though it was now long after daylight, was abroad. They knew.

"We sat down to talk it over. There was, as far as we could see, nothing on earth to be done. The A.D.C. couldn't arrest the townspeople on a charge of corporate oversleeping. Yet that was the only sign they'd given.

"We had breakfast with the Shaws. Our servants and the Commissioner's, we discovered, had skipped. Simply vanished. None of them happened to be Bulambo boys and they'd lit out. We wondered how they'd come to know the latest development before we did. But there was no use wondering. We were hungry. On leaving the house we noticed the crocodile mark had been deliberately stamped out by bare footprints. One or several Bulambos had slipped out while we were in the house and trod up the neighborhood so there was nothing left.

"Shaw's boys were still on the job, and he told us to come on in. He, I suppose, was so outside of the thing that the servants weren't afraid to stay, though to judge by their expression while they gave us breakfast they weren't going to stick much longer.

"It was an intensely serious business. Shaw was furious. Said that unless something was done quick the natives of the district would quit bringing in produce, and Bulambo would simply vanish from the map. A sort of general strike, you know. We couldn't for the life of us figure how, but the deaths of the three watchmen were certainly connected. Sokinoma and the powers of magic had declared open war. I say magic now and I said magic then simply because I know no other term that covers the facts—or the hopeless lack of facts.

"Betty Shaw, or course, was present at that breakfast. She listened politely until each one of us had had his say, then she took her turn. It was like a cold shower bath.

"She lighted a cigarette and leaned back smiling in that devilish, self-assured way. 'You're making yourselves ridic-

ulous,' she told us. 'Four grown men tiptoeing around with their fingers crossed as if they actually swallowed ha'penny nigger nonsense. Be logical. A man dies of pneumonia. Well, why shouldn't he, in this climate? Then a crocodile slips out and drags away Number Two. Why not, again? It's the nature of the beast, isn't it? What do you think crocodiles live on, olives? And then the local crowd get it into their thick heads that if they can top off two coincidences with a third they will produce a tremendous effect? So what do they do?'

"The A.D.C. snorted. 'That's just what I'd like to know.'

"Betty just looked pert. 'Well, how's this for an explanation? Just off-hand, of course. Why do you think the crocodile mark was destroyed the minute your back was turned? Perhaps to prevent your having a second look at it by broad daylight? Suppose, just for the sake of argument, it was merely a clever bit of sculpture done by a man who carefully obliterated his own tracks when he had finished and backed away? That would cover the thing, wouldn't it?'

"'My dear child,' said the A.D.C., 'the man was dead!'

"Betty waved her hand airily. Nothing could trouble that red head.

"'Nothing easier,' she explained. 'A witch doctor in the correct costume jumping out of the dark would scare anyone to death, wouldn't it?'

"Croker was impressed. I imagine it was the most constructive job of thinking he'd ever heard her perform. He was absolutely soft-eyed with admiration. He leaned forward. 'But what shall we *do*?' he asked.

"She reached across the corner of the table and patted his hand. 'Do the regular thing, of course.'

"'What?'

"She smiled again. '*Lay* the ghost! After all, what is this except the old haunted house yarn all over again? Let Jimmy here, in the role of the young hero, spend the night in the vault. He can take plenty of cigarettes with him and wear an overcoat so he won't catch cold. I say inside the vault because there there won't be danger from anything but ghosts—which, after all, is what we want to lay. And I hardly think ghosts will bother Jimmy! What do you think?'

"'As for me,' I said, 'I'm against it completely. It's perfect nonsense.'

"The girl turned to me. She was angry. 'You may think he'd be afraid, but I don't,' she said.

"Damn her, do you see? She had him. I saw through her at once. Simply the fool girl feeding her own cursed vanity by making her lover do some brave thing. She was bored and this was her way of amusing herself. Jimmy Croker, though, didn't realize. He couldn't take his eyes off her face.

"To my disgust the A.D.C. agreed. Quoted instances from his experience where a white man had shown up some native myth or other and ended it on the spot. . . . The poor beggars have a tremendous respect for us, you know.

"That afternoon I had a talk with Croker. He was frank enough with me. Told me he didn't favor the idea particularly, that he was frankly nervous. Especially since he'd been against that cursed vault from the beginning. But it seemed he had asked Betty Shaw to marry him and that she hadn't given him her answer yet. So naturally he didn't dare back out. He would look the coward and it might be all up with him then. He said he'd figured a way to keep himself occupied during the night, to keep his nerves from getting *too* badly frayed there in the dark. He would take a hammer and nail down the lids of some currency boxes that we were going to ship down-river the next day. It would be something to do, and if he made a botch of it, then no matter. You know how it is when you're alone in the dark—if you can find a piece of string and make cat's-cradles—anything of that sort, it keeps you from getting fidgety.

"About nine o'clock in the evening we all walked over to the native town, and the A.D.C. made a speech. Called them all sorts of names for being silly and superstitious and told them how Jimmy was going to show them the vault was the safest place in Nigeria. They listened carefully enough, but I couldn't tell whether they were impressed or not. I noticed old Sokinoma on the outskirts of the crowd. He had a queer, vicious little smile on his face. Jimmy, remember, was the one white man his tribe had ever trusted and he, it seemed, was mocking them worst of all. Croker felt it, I think, and it must have hurt. But with that girl beside him, with her hand in his, nothing else in the world mattered.

"We made the thing as ceremonious as possible. Escorted Jimmy in great state over to the vault and ushered him in. Betty spoiled the dramatic timing just a trifle by remembering he didn't have his overcoat and running up to his room to get it. One really does need a coat down here in the rainy season. It gets chilly at night. I liked her little show of decent female tenderness.

"He gave us a half-hearted grin and went inside. I three-quarters closed the door on him. We stood around a few minutes, not exactly knowing what to do next and then we said good-night and left. I climbed the steps of the back porch and stood there in the shadows, watching. The crowd of natives hadn't entirely dispersed yet, and I didn't want any monkey business to take place right under my nose. It was a windy night and ravelled rain clouds scudded through the sky. But a bright half-moon hung above the swamps, and I could see pretty clearly. Gradually the group of natives thinned. In the vague light it was like the slow disintegration of a shadow. There wasn't a sound or a whisper or the rustle of a blade of grass. They were impressed, all right. It occurred to me maybe the Commissioner was right—that if all went well they'd really be convinced. In a few minutes only one was left—Sokinoma. The silhouette of his weedy, skinny little body was unmistakable. He stood perfectly quiet, facing the vault door, perhaps a dozen paces away from it. I watched him as I would a snake. Then a queer thing happened. He drew himself together and with a curious rhythm began to lift his arms over his head. I've never seen quite the same gesture. Ordinarily, you know, when a man lifts his arms they fan out. Sokinoma's didn't. They crept up along his sides like snakes, then seemed to grow into the air—a weird, commanding, ghostly gesture. I had the delusion he had grown immensely tall. I was just going to shout at him when a denser cloud obscured the moon and everything was blotted out. The wind carried the cloud past in what seemed no more than a fraction of a second and the light streamed out. That old magician had vanished. I suppose I was upset and credulous, but I swear it seemed to me he had leaped away into the sky. A trick of the light, of course. But his shadow, when that cloud came, had appeared to attenuate and dart in an arc of blackness up and away across the marsh."

The Bank Manager replenished his glass. "Of course, I suppose he'd merely taken advantage of the momentary darkness and made a break. Done it for effect, you know. But it didn't make me any easier in my mind, believe me. I hung around for a little, then went to bed. I got a book and read; that is, I turned the pages at decent intervals. I never shall know *what* I read. I only knew sleep was out of the question. After perhaps an hour I couldn't stand it any longer and got up, put on mosquito boots over my pajama legs, and went out.

"From the porch I could hear the sound of his intermittent hammering and knew he was all right. Poor kid, toiling away on those currency boxes by the touch system—fighting phantoms with a hammer and a box of nails. . . .

"I had sense enough, at least, not to walk near the vault. The sound of my tiptoeing around in the grass would have given him the horrors. But I walked everywhere else. First I made a cruise of the native end. Not a soul about. The crazy little shacks were all boarded up tight. A heavy mist was rising from the ground so I seemed to walk in cloud. And the grotesque shadows of the huts played on it, made the whole scene seem like a madman's dream. I found Sokinoma's hut and stuck my head in the door. He wasn't there. There was no sound except the rushing of the wind among the tree tops and the faraway, plaintive calling of a bird. The clouds were thickening and running fast.

"I walked along the waterfront toward the other end. I looked up at Shaw's house and saw a light in one of the windows. I happened to know it was Betty's room. I don't know why, but it cheered me up no end. Evidently she couldn't sleep either. At least poor Jimmy's luck had two guardians that night.

"I hung about for a little, then realized it was growing black dark. A flash of lightning made everything blaze blue-white, the next second there was an immense boom of thunder and the rain came. Glory, did it come! Like a waterfall under pressure. I had quite a time making the house—arrived at last looking like something off one of those Roman galleys in the Thames mud. I rubbed down and got into clean things and went to bed. The last thing I remember was the roaring and the booming of the rain on the tin roof and the sound of its lashing on the river."

The Bank Manager rose from his chair and walked to the door of the hut. After a pause he went on. His back was turned to me.

"I woke up with a start and realized it was daybreak. I knew something had wakened me and the next instant I knew what. The Bulambo were singing, and I recognized their song. It was the one Jimmy had made me know—the one they sang of a morning when one of their people died—the accompaniment they supplied when a spirit walked the last time down the Crocodile trail. . . ."

The Bank Manager gave a snorting, uneasy laugh. "I've never moved so quickly in my life. Didn't even put on slippers. Just pelted down the stairs and out to the vault and jerked the door open." He turned, came back, and leaned his hands on the table. "They'd got him." He drew in his breath. "He was half standing, half sitting, leaned back against a pile of boxes. The hammer was gripped in his hand as if he'd fought with it. His dead face was gray, contorted with appalling horror. His eyes were staring, his lips snarled back over his teeth. He'd seen ghosts, I tell you—shapes that had devoured his mind with the tearing, savage fury of lion's claws in meat. I'll never forget so long as I may live. A human sacrifice to nameless, fearful things . . . poor Jimmy."

"So you do believe in it?" I hesitated. "There was no other explanation?"

He sprawled into his chair. "Not altogether. . . . And there was an explanation . . . of a sort. We found it when we lifted him. The tail of his overcoat was nailed to a currency box. He'd been sitting on the box, nailing on the lid, and in the dark had hammered down his coat. When he tried to move he was jerked back. He struggled, but something in the blackness held him fast and yanked him down. An invisible hand. His heart stopped." The Bank Manager's voice dropped almost to a whisper. "But how, in heaven's name, can the witch men seem to *know*?"

"What did the girl say?" I asked.

"She?" The Bank Manager hesitated. "She said what you did. 'Funk.' I don't know. Possibly you're right. I've been here eleven years, I tell you. *I* don't know. Not any more." He got up.

"Let's turn in."

UPROOTED AMERICANS

BY EUGENE BAGGER

WE WERE discussing the unpopularity of the United States among European intellectuals. We had touched upon the Allied debt, imperialism, Hollywood, the Fourteen Points, jazz, tariffs, and tourists, when the kindly and enlightened Englishwoman who had lived in America, liked Americans, and even professed to understand their language, contributed a new suggestion.

"What about the anti-American propaganda of the American expatriates? One would expect them to criticize; but why do they vituperate? Why do they hate America?"

My answer was that they don't.

In the first place I warned the lady against hasty generalizations. Doubtless many exiles have hard things to say about the shortcomings and crudities of their country; but what they hate is the shortcomings and crudities, not the country. An expatriate myself, I have found, in the course of my wanderings over the Old World, that most of my fellow-exiles live in Europe exactly because they love America and wish to preserve their love by keeping away from her. Their denunciation of America as she is to-day is fired by a vision of her as she should, and some time may, be. They leave behind the America of Mabel Willebrandt and Aimee McPherson in order to get nearer the America of Walt Whitman. They are angry because they care. They clench their fists where an aloof foreigner would shrug his shoulders.

To which the Englishwoman replied that, in the first place, a healthy, robust, self-sure love does not take refuge behind the pathos of three thousand miles; in the second, that the language of thwarted affection and that of hatred sound curiously alike, and that most Europeans will listen to the language but will not probe into its motive.

At this point somebody had to catch the 6.48 to town and the discussion, sidetracked from a review of anti-American feeling in Europe to a consideration of expatriate psychology, was adjourned *sine die*. I had no chance to tell my interlocutor that in my opinion the disgruntled intellectual's criticism is apt to hurt his country rather less than the one hundred per cent booster's complacency. But her query set me to thinking about the psychology and social value of the expatriate. What is an expatriate, and why? Is he an asset or a liability to American life and culture? These are the questions to which I shall now attempt to trace answers—answers, it should be understood, which express my personal views and are deduced from my own experience. I disclaim any status as official spokesman for any number or group of my fellow-exiles.

II

Being an expatriate is not a physical condition but a state of mind. Not all Americans who live abroad are expatriates; indeed, many of them would resent the label as a libel. One must exclude, in the first place, those who have come to Europe for a more or less definite period in quest of recreation, rest, or instruction; in the second, those who

reside abroad on account of their jobs: members of the diplomatic and consular services, representatives of American banks, business houses, steamship lines, etc.; and some, though not all, of the newspaper correspondents; in the third, the inhabitants of the New York *Herald* society column, the ultra-rich and ultra-fashionable migratory population of Park Avenue, Passy, and the great international resorts. The latter are released by the size of their unearned increment from the common human bondage of choice and renunciation; the former live abroad to perform a specific function, whether of fun or of duty, and return to New York, Washington, or Kansas City when their time is up with no emotional crisis beyond that of the discomforts of removal.

The true expatriate is set apart from the various types of mere residents abroad not by external criteria but by an inner test. He *knows* that he is an exile. He may have sailed from New York with his mind all made up, or he may have arrived as a student, or on an assignment or appointment, or simply as a tourist, and then drifted into staying: the crucial fact about him is that he is conscious of having burned his ships. He may even from time to time set a date for his return home; when the hour strikes he will postpone it, and then postpone it again; and he will rationalize his growing inner resistance to the idea of repatriation by exaggerating or inventing material obstacles.

In respect to economic status expatriates may be divided, roughly, into two groups. First, there are those possessed of independent incomes, usually of a moderate size—men and women approaching or arrived at middle-age who have retired from their business or profession while still in their full physical and mental vigor. This fact alone suffices to mark them off as a special type among their compatriots even before they leave the old home town; for Americans usually prefer to translate the last ounce of their vitality into dollars, and regard apoplexy in a swivel chair as the most honorable exit from this world, equivalent to the Moslem's death in battle for the Faith. The second group consists mostly of writers and artists who sell in America what they produce in Europe, and also includes those of the American newspaper correspondents to whom a Continental assignment means not simply a job, but the financial backing of their escape.

III

Thus the great majority of exiled Americans draw their incomes—whether independent or toiled-for—from the United States. This is an essential point, for it covers one of the most powerful inducements to expatriation: the superior purchasing power of the American dollar. In most European countries to-day the cost of living—including both fundamentals like rent, food, and clothing on the one hand, and luxuries on the other—is a good deal lower than in America. The notorious exceptions are England and Germany, or, more accurately, London and Berlin; the former city being almost, and the latter fully as expensive as New York. It is the country which in other respects, too, holds most attraction to Americans that offers the most considerable advantages to wallets stocked, however moderately, with United States currency: France.

The casual well-to-do American traveler who would feel his social standing lowered if the bills presented to him at his Paris or Riviera hotel did not match the prices of Park Avenue or Palm Beach may disagree with my assertion that living in France to-day is cheap. The resident American who speaks a little French, knows the ropes, avoids the de luxe establishments run for the benefit of the seasonal dollar-splashers, and has learned from his French neighbors that good living and extravagance are not necessarily synonymous, finds it possible to live in France on his American level

at one-third or even one-fourth of his American expenditure. If he be a New Yorker he will find that the equivalent of his New York rental will over here pay for his lodging, food, and service, and that his reduced budget will even cover small luxuries which his friends who spend three or four times as much in New York cannot afford. He will be able, for instance, to rent, in Paris, a comfortable furnished apartment of three of four rooms plus kitchen, bath, servants' quarters, etc. (which on the Continent are never included in the given number of rooms of an apartment or house to let), or on the Riviera, in one of the less fashionable and, therefore, more desirable spots, a charming furnished villa of five or six rooms, for from $100 to $120 a month; though if he be particularly clever or lucky he may have to pay less. He will pay a competent servant something like $15 a month, plus food and lodging. He will find the upkeep of a car inexpensive even with gasoline at 45 cents a gallon; for in the country his house rent will include the garage, while even in Paris his garage rental need not exceed $12 a month; and service is cheap and ubiquitous.

These figures speak for themselves. Ask your expatriate friends to name three reasons why they prefer living in France to living at home, and it is a safe bet that the answer of every one of them will include the clause "Because it is cheaper." To the exiled American writer or artist this cheapness will mean, in most instances, not an actual saving of cash, but work at a lower pressure, the possibility of stressing quality rather than quantity of performance, more comfort, more leisure—withal, a fuller life. Against these advantages must be set the limitations imposed upon his earning capacity by his absence from the base. The exiled writer, for instance, unless his standing be fully established, will find himself severely handicapped by distance in the competitive game to which writing, as everything else, has been reduced in America. This consideration is one of the prime factors in determining the sort of American that will go abroad to live. The exile is apt to be a person who holds that there are better things in life than the dollar, worthier ways of spending one's time and vitality than its pursuit, and more valid tests of a successful life than its accumulation; who sets greater value by his freedom than by his bank account. He may be a creative worker with true achievement to his name, or a hopeful beginner, or a mere dreamer; he is not likely to be a booster or a go-getter. That is why the average American instinctively—and from his own point of view quite rightly—distrusts and despises expatriates whose motives and outlook he cannot understand.

IV

Ask the same average American why the average exile leaves home, and he will promptly answer, "Because of prohibition." The assumption is obvious enough; it also happens to be wrong. Prohibition in its immediate, legal sense—the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act—may launch the thousand ships that in the tourist season unload their human cargoes upon the wharves of Southampton and Liverpool, Cherbourg and Le Havre. It is hardly responsible for the settlement abroad of Americans in any large numbers. There are, I gather, other ways of beating the Anti-Saloon League than by uprooting one's existence and by starting life anew, more or less, in foreign and often not altogether congenial surroundings. Alcoholic refreshment, I am told, is still obtainable in practically all its standard forms except good wines, all the way from New York to San Francisco. As to wines—well, Americans are not, and have never been, a wine-bibbing race, and their overwhelming majority would not cross Forty-Second Street, let alone the Atlantic Ocean, to procure a bottle of Montrachet 1911 in preference to a quart of gin.

But even though comparatively few Americans emigrate to France on account of Prohibition, it is only fair to state that those who have done so for other reasons readily accept the incidental benefit of being able to purchase standard Scotch at $3 a bottle, standard brandy at from $1.60 to $2, authentic Gordon at $2.40, and excellent vintage wines (from a reliable merchant) at from forty cents to a dollar. This blissful state of things notwithstanding, it is a conspicuous fact that the average American resident of Paris consumes a good deal less alcohol than the average resident of New York or Chicago. If Americans to-day enjoy the reputation of being the hardest drinkers and the long-distance whoopee champions of the world, the credit belongs, not to the expatriate sipping his *demi* of aqueous French beer or his glass of mild vermouth, but to the tourist who believes in filling up while the filling is good, and who is, as likely as not, a voter of the dry ticket in Kansas or Iowa. Nothing could be more natural. The expatriate may cut loose during the first few weeks when the cheapness and excellence of drinks and the ease with which they are bought are still a novelty. But in time the novelty will wear off, and most of the exiles will settle down to an existence of more or less temperate normalcy. Getting drunk in France is so easy and so cheap that very few people, apart from visiting Prohibitionists and their temporarily escaped victims, think it worth their while. The same psychology of satiety operates here as among the employees of a candy factory. After the first week's orgy, encouraged by a wise management, the girls will lose all interest in chocolates.

Yet in another, less direct and obvious sense it is quite true that Prohibition recruits more candidates for the permanent American colonies in Europe than all other factors taken together. Not the Eighteenth Amendment, but the spirit which brought it about, the spirit of moral supervision and interference, is driving thousands of Americans to seek refuge on the alien but hospitable shores of Europe, just as in the past political tyranny drove hosts of Europeans westward across the ocean to America.

I shall illustrate my meaning by an example in the flesh. My case history may sound trivial; that, in my view, is its strongest point. There is nothing exceptional about it; the experience it is invoked to symbolize is open to one hundred million Americans.

V

His name was (let us say) Mr. Smollett, and he was a retired high-school principal from (let us say) Zenith City. He was fifty-seven and looked fifty, a sedate, comfortable gentleman of manifest Anglo-Saxon antecedents in unobtrusive tweeds and gold-rimmed spectacles who attracted my attention on the terrace of the Select, in Montparnasse, by reading the *Hibbert Journal*. He read also, as I was to learn presently, the *New Republic*, *Nation*, and *American Mercury;* he believed that armaments make for war, that present-day American prosperity is due to complex historical and geographic causes and not to the genius of Mr. Calvin Coolidge, and that the new generation is not worse, and in certain respects is even a little better, than its elders. In a word, he was an intelligent moderate liberal, at the same time proud of and slightly apologetic about being a Mid-Western American of pure Yankee stock.

Reading the *Hibbert Journal* is one of the most unlikely things for people to do in the dusty heat of a July night in Montparnasse, and the mild-eyed elderly American looked rather forlorn and out of place. He was obviously relieved when the friendly advances of my little terrier induced a conversation. One round of *fine à l'eau* led to another, and within fifteen minutes I had his biography.

His wife was dead; his children were

married; he lived alone in a big suburban house on the outskirts of Zenith City, and he was very unhappy. One day he decided he had had enough. He let his house, packed his trunks, and came to Paris. He had his pension and a neat little income from investments; he was in good health and had no worries; he meant to enjoy life. Why not?

Why not, indeed, I echoed, and inquired whether he was happy in Paris.

"Happy? That isn't exactly the word. Truth to tell, I am a bit lonely. But I have been here only three weeks. I shall make contacts by and by. But I am not discouraged. If I am not happy, at least I am free. There's no one to keep tab on me. You see, the difficult problem for a person like myself in a great Mid-Western city is how to spend one's time. A man of my age who has retired from his life's work but still feels too young just to sit down and worry about his liver or his arteries is absolutely lost. Once I have played my little round of golf and gulped down a highball or two, the manhood of Zenith City has no use for me. Everybody is doing something and despises those who don't do anything. If I go to the club to read my magazines and a book or two on economics or philosophy, the others will soon begin to whisper that I am a highbrow, a pacifist, and a parlor bolshevik. Here's a small detail: I like a cup of strong tea at half-past four, with some toast and jam. Innocent, isn't it? I used to have it at the club until a friend tipped me off—would you believe it?—that some of the fellows called me a sissy and worse. As to women—why, one calls one's middle-aged friends' middle-aged wives by their first names, and kids them a bit; but if one is seen taking the same woman twice to dinner or for a ride—my God, you know what they'll say—" He raised a hand in despair.

"There is nothing left for one to do but to go back to work or to get drunk, and I have no taste for either. The point is that in the Middle West doing nothing as an occupation is sheer moral suicide. To admit that you are a loafer by preference is like admitting that you take drugs. You lose caste. Over here in Europe loafing in delicious. I even have my breakfast in bed—by golly, at home they'd have me blackballed from the club if they knew it—they regard breakfasting in bed as the last word in degeneracy. I get up when I feel like it, have my bit of lunch, then sit in front of a café, stroll about, look at the bookshops, look at the women, and sit in front of another café, sipping a vermouth and soda or a *café crême*. It's sort of lonesome but it is lovely. I feel alive, and that's a new sensation. Imagine anybody spending an afternoon sitting on the sidewalk in front of a café in Zenith City."

I thought that Mr. Smollett put his case well but that he sounded just a little bit wistful and uncertain. One felt that he was not simply describing his mode of life but defending it, arguing with himself that it was all right. It was clear that he needed moral support. I hoped for the best. I saw him again once or twice, then he faded out. One evening about a month later I was sitting on the terrace of the Deux Magots when suddenly I saw an apparition. An elderly but ruddy-cheeked and erect American in the gayest of striped flannels, a flowing scarlet necktie with huge white dots, and a merrily cocked Panama hat with a good-sized red feather stuck into its red ribbon. I rubbed my eyes. Yes, it was Mr. Smollett.

He walked up to my table and sat down. "No, I am not drunk. Just happy. And I want the world to know it. I have discovered how it's done."

He had found the moral support he needed. A lady from Kansas City. Not quite young but charming and smart and all that. Buyer for a big department store over here on a spree to celebrate a brand-new divorce. Full of pep and zest and everything. She was showing him the sights.

"By golly!" said Mr. Smollett with

conviction. "I am learning a thing or two about life. Never knew it was so easy. You think I don't know that I am making a sight of myself with my scarlet rig. Hell! I *want* to make a sight of myself. All my life I wanted to wear a red necktie with white polka dots and never dared. Nothing but dark grays and blues. It would never do—not in Zenith City, for a high-school principal. Now I wear this. To-morrow it will be emerald green with canary-yellow dots, and feather to match. And I hope to God that I shall run into somebody from Zenith City. Preferably into the President of the School Board. I want to show 'em. I don't care a damn."

I offered Mr. Smollett a whisky and soda. He said he preferred black coffee, and asked me if I had seen the latest copy of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was, even as he had said, perfectly sober. Only in his kindly blue American eyes there burned a new flame.

Now the point of this story of escape is that the Eighteenth Amendment *per se* had nothing to do with it. Volstead or no Volstead, my friend Mr. Smollett could buy in Zenith City all the whisky and gin that he could swallow; but he could not wear a bright necktie, read Bertrand Russell, or drink his afternoon cup of tea at his club, watch the passing show of Main Street over an innocent *apéritif*, ask a woman to dinner—in a word, he could not live his utterly harmless and well-ordered life without getting himself into trouble. By attempting just the tiniest little deviation from the standard pattern he aroused against himself the entire Invisible Empire of social terrorism.

And Mr. Smollett is only one of thousands. Considerations of space and fear of monotony restrain me from adducing at least a dozen similar case histories of expatriates which have come my way; indeed, I am convinced that a methodical survey of exiled Americans would fill a good-sized volume with them. The lesson toward which they all point is clear. Americans emigrate to Europe because life in Europe is free and in America it is not. Bureaucrats and policemen in Western European countries can be fully as obtuse and noxious as in the United States, but their impact upon the lives of individuals is restricted to a minimum. Their business is to look after the sewage system and to prevent social friction and violence, not to enforce arbitrary codes of private morals. Above all, there does not exist in Western Europe that organized meddling with individual conduct by extra-legal, self-appointed groups, more hateful than any official control, which to-day is one of the most conspicuous features of the American scene. Europeans above the age of twenty-one regard themselves as adults and insist on being treated as such. They will not allow any federation or committee of busybodies to tell them what to drink, what to eat, what books to read, what plays to see, what time to go to bed, and with whom. They hold that what are called the temptations of the flesh are the affair of the individual, and that it is more becoming a grown-up person to deal with them on his own than to hire an army of policemen to hit him on the head and clap him into jail whenever he shows signs of weakening.

The notion prevalent in America that the freedom of Continental life is merely another name for its immorality is, of course, a myth. Human nature is pretty much the same on both sides of the ocean. The differences that strike the eye are due principally to the fact that, while Continentals take human nature for granted and allow it a certain margin, Americans try to deny its rights and drive it underground. Thereby latitudinarian conduct in America acquires a sordid tinge but also an attraction which it does not possess in Europe. A moral code which makes mountains of depravity out of molehills of a little fun puts a premium on concealment and consequently on blackmail, and causes Americans to regard the notions

of "immorality" and of "having a good time" as overlapping—a point of view which Continentals are wont to outgrow with other malaises of pubescence. There is awful significance in the fact that the really immoral and detestable forms of amusement in Paris, such as the establishments of visual gratification, thrive almost exclusively on American tourists. The vast majority of natives are not even aware of their existence; the sophisticated few despise them as paltry frauds imposed on badly brought up adolescents; nor is the resident American likely to patronize them, for in time he will acquire the Continental attitude which regards vice as neither revolting nor interesting, but simply as a bore. The American tourist, on the other hand, pays his fancy admission fee, gloats on whatever these sad haunts of commercialized imbecility have to offer, and then will return to Pittsburgh or Omaha and harangue his gaping and envious brethren on the immorality of the French. We who know France know that the average native-born Parisian is an almost depressingly respectable philistine, and the Frenchman of the provinces the same, only more so.

In estimating the larger margin allowed by European life to individual divergence from the norm it should not, of course, be forgotten that the exiled American enjoys the special privileges of an outsider. European towns, too, have their Main Streets; Europeans, too, can be quite narrow and intolerant toward their own kind; but they will ignore or condone minor irregularities in foreigners. The indulgence shown to the stranger within the gate not only by metropolitan populations but also by the inhabitants of smaller cities is one of the most marked differences that distinguish the moral atmosphere of the Continent from that of the United States. Americans staging an elaborate and prolonged whoopee in, say, a small French or German town will provoke nothing worse than shrugs and smiles. The equivalent celebration by a group of Frenchmen or Germans in an American town of corresponding rank would call out the local Ku Klux Klan with buckets of tar and shotguns.

Needless to say, this should not be taken to mean that the average Continental is an intelligent liberal, a conscious and articulate champion of tolerance. He is a philistine who, examined singly, will reveal an astonishing maze of mental kinks and prejudices. But he is also an individualist, which in this context simply means that he lacks that tendency to organized meddling which might be called the "boobonic" plague of America. His prejudices are for home use only; they are not tense enough to seek outlet in concerted action. Centuries of monarchic rule and aristocratic organization have reduced his self-righteousness to a wholesomely passive level; he may grumble to his wife about the outlandish pranks of those foolish Americans but he will not start nor join a movement to have them deported.

VI

Thanks to the lower cost of living and the absence of public interference with private conduct, the American expatriate who is engaged in literary or artistic work is relieved from that everlasting preoccupation with his limitations, both material and moral, which would constrain him at home. He can afford to cease regarding himself, first and foremost, as a competitor in a mercantile race with an ever-growing list of entries where the prizes are apt to go not to superior merit but to superior self-salesmanship. He feels at liberty to do the things he likes to do because he can live on one-fourth the money, or less, of what he would need in New York. He is freed from that sense of surveillance by hostile groups which cramps his style in almost every American community except Manhattan, and from that feeling of overcrowding which oppresses him in what is topographically

the smallest metropolis in the world, where the absence of Main Street restrictions is offset by a congestion resulting in too many and too inescapable contacts, in the obligation to keep up, both socially and professionally, with a pace dictated by others, in the penalties attaching to continued aloofness from cliques and coteries, in the difficulty of securing that sustained privacy without which true self-realization is impossible. Last but not least, the American writer or artist who lives in Europe is exempt from that compulsory drinking which is one of the concomitant blessings of Prohibition.

Next to the larger freedom of European life comes as an inducement and reward of the expatriate the stimulation derived from surroundings fundamentally strange. Even different food, a different climate, a different rhythm of life stir the imagination and enhance one's sense of being alive. But the novelty of externals, it might be argued, will wear off; the unusual will grow stale, and in time the vista from the Louvre up the Champs Elysées, or the Gulf of Naples may become as commonplace and tedious as Twenty-third Street or Akron, Ohio. Beauty is not enough; for all the cities and landscapes of the world tend to grow more and more like the image one carries in one's soul. It is the image that matters. Still, allowance should be made for what might be called the legitimate wear and tear of the stimulative value of environment; and it is unquestionable that the great American antidote to boredom, flight into geography, acquires a new meaning and new potency in Europe where the railroad radius of twenty-four hours spans such contrasts as Marseilles and Amsterdam, or Paris and the Tyrolese Alps.

But to the imaginative the greatest charm of European life is, of course, the ever-present sense of the past, that rich yet mellow glow with which the heritage of centuries transfuses the setting of the humdrum actions and processes of everyday existence. When I lived in Cleveland, Ohio (a fine city in its way) half a mile behind my house ran the Nickel Plate railroad. Now I live on the coast of Provence; and half a mile behind my house runs the Via Aurelia, the main highway that connected Rome with Gaul and Spain. Within an hour's drive to the west lies the beach at Fréjus, where Napoleon embarked for Elba, and at about the same distance eastward slumbers the little port of Golfe-Juan, where he landed on his return to start on the most glamorous and desperate adventure in history. Within a few hours I may reach that Mount of Victory where Marius crushed the savage hosts of the North and saved Rome; or, if I choose, La Garde-Freinet, where the deep black eyes and crême-caramel complexions of peasant women squatting on the doorsteps of flat-roofed windowless African houses still speak of the Arabs, masters, one thousand years ago, of the sea between Nice and Hyères, and the land route from Genoa to Marseilles, from that ingeniously chosen stronghold perched in the saddle of the chestnut- and pine-covered range which to this day bears their name; or else Les Baux through whose underground halls and galleries, hewn into the majestic gray rock, Dante wandered.

Incidentally, living in the Provence has cured me of the American intellectual's contempt for the automobile as the favorite toy of Babbittry. That contempt may be justified in a country where every third (or is it second?) person owns a car but where there is no place to go; where, to paraphrase Matthew Arnold, it matters little whether one goes from Berea to Sandusky at five or at fifty miles an hour. One begins to feel differently toward the coquettish French edition of Lizzie if her possession enables one to breakfast in the shadow of the Popes' palace in Avignon, have an *al fresco* lunch in the gallery of the Greek theater at Arles, and dine amidst the Roman temples and gardens of Nîmes; and brings within

comfortable cruising range of one's home the Tarascon of Tartarin and King René, the Saintes-Maries of Mireio, the Cassis of Calendal, and that farm Escampobar from whose upper-story window Conrad's rover watched the sails of His Britannic Majesty's corvette *Amelia*, glistening white against the dark cliffs of Porquerolles.

VII

It is, in my view, principally through the moral freedom of its atmosphere and the perspectivic depth and associative riches of its scene that European life quickens the mind of the American expatriate engaged in some form or other of creative work. On the other hand, I believe that the tonic value which the hopeful young American looking forward to his spiritual rebirth attaches, in anticipation, to whatever is included under the mystic term "contact with European literary currents" is mainly illusory. The best part of the energizing virtue of such contact is derived from books and magazines, most of which are available in New York. As to personal intercourse, the majority of exiles associate with their own kind and with visitors from the States; the number of those who take the trouble of getting themselves accepted in native circles is comparatively small.

On the contrary: it is my conviction that it is exactly on the score of the immediate intellectual stimulus—that mysterious electrifying influence which emanates from the work of contemporaries and to which the sensitive mind reacts as does a receiving set to Hertz waves—that the American *litteratus* who stays at home is better situated than the expatriate. There can be no doubt that the best literature of to-day is produced in Europe; that the standards of good writing are higher in the old than in the new world. But good writing is not everything. In Europe, with its thousand years of uninterrupted cultural evolution superimposed upon another thousand of the Græco-Roman past, good writing is the exercise of a craft. Europeans write better than Americans because they possess a traditional ingrained technic which is its own justification and which as often as not creates its own material. In a word, Europeans often write simply because they know how. Americans may write less well, but they write because they cannot help it. There is to-day in America—and I say this from the perspective of five years' European residence—a literary ferment, an *Aufschwung* which in contrast to the late afternoon moods of Old World literature appears like the burst of a new day. Writing at its best in America may be less finished, less sophisticated, less brilliant, but even at its less good it is more inevitable; its faults are the enviable faults of immaturity; it is the fumbling, groping, erring, but infinitely vital and hopeful attempt of a new civilization to break through old molds and to create its own forms in language, as it has already created them in concrete, steel, marble, and glass, in the majestic fugato of New York's skyline.

There is in America to-day that belief in the efficacy of human endeavor, in the capacity of man to better himself and to shape and steer his own destiny which differentiates her from the rest of a white world more Spenglerian in its fundamental outlook than it cares to admit; a belief which corresponds to the great Gothic wave of religious feeling in Europe's youth. That belief, indeed, and not the cruel and narrow bibliolatry of Fundamentalism, is the true religion of America. There is in the United States that surplus of faith and energy from which in the past the great arts have sprung. Against this resplendent springtime fullness, the mellow perfections of European culture shine with the sadness of finished things, with the melancholy radiance of autumn declining toward winter. If European culture is superior to American, it is superior only in the sense in which

Alexandrian civilization was superior to the Gothic awakening of the early Middle Ages.

But then, there is a good deal to be said for life in the Alexandria of the second century as compared with life in the Paris or Oxford of the thirteenth.

VIII

Society is not a mystic entity, but an agglomeration of individuals. There is no transcendent social good; the common weal is the integration of what benefits the component members. Thus expatriation as a social expedient is valuable to the extent to which it solves the individual problems of the expatriate without damaging the interests of others.

To assess that extent let us, in the first place, imagine the enactment, through the efforts of an Anti-Travel League, of a constitutional amendment to prohibit Americans from crossing the Atlantic and from taking up residence abroad. What glorious prospects for a new mass neurosis! Americans who go into voluntary exile in Europe obey an inner urge strong enough to overcome obstacles, often considerable, both material and psychical. To baffle this urge by outside pressure would be obviously harmful. A frustrated expatriate is a social misfit. Whatever else exile may do for a person it is apt to release the energy which he would spend in adjusting himself to uncongenial conditions at home.

To be sure, part of the energy thus liberated goes into the price the expatriate has to pay. He pays, in the first place, by loss of contacts. To a native of Des Moines freshly landed in Montparnasse this may seem a small price. But what is at first loss of contact with Des Moines tends to develop into loss of contact with reality.

To some even that loss may seem a reward. The irresponsibility that goes with the status of outsider constitutes, no doubt, one of the subtlest charms of exile. Expatriates are anarchists at heart, whether they know it or not. The expatriate need not concern himself, living as he does in a foreign country, with injustice and stupidity in public life, with the incapacity and corruption of officials, the struggles of class and party, the callousness of rulers, the sheepishness of the ruled, the boobishness of the boobs, with all the symptoms of decay and degradation exhibited by modern democracy. What in one's own country would cut into one's flesh becomes abroad a mere spectacle, to be viewed from a box seat. This enforced yet delicious detachment may, unless one be on one's guard, deteriorate, in time, into an illusion of superiority. The tests of everyday struggle cease to apply in exile; whatever problems and difficulties the expatriate may cope with in reference to the environment he has left behind are blurred by distance, while in reference to his chosen surroundings his life takes place on the plane of a perpetual holiday. A sense of exemption may blossom out into a consciousness of achievement: therein lies the spritual danger of expatriation.

Another installment of the price of exile is what might be called an exchange of irritations. For one thing, intellectuals in New York flats may scoff at the irrelevant perfections of the machinery of life's routine and yearn for the stimulus of primitive but picturesque societies. Five years spent in some of the most charming but rather unprogressive regions of Europe have taught me to appreciate the cultural relevance of good plumbing, good desk lamps, a telephone that connects, letters that arrive, heating plants that heat, trains that run, repair shops that repair, and salesmen that sell: of all the temper-saving devices and methods that by insuring the smooth working of the external mechanism help to sustain the even flow of mental processes. Even an enthusiastic lover of the Provence will get annoyed by and by if his work is retarded by the electric light going out for five minutes or five hours every time

a little mistral shakes up the wires. And let him who raves against the American ideals of service and efficiency try, in that paradise of immemorial culture which is Southern France, to install a boiler in his house, or get a newly bought small car adjusted, or purchase some sheets of carbon to match the format of his typewriting paper, or simply to register a letter. He will grow more charitable toward Rotary itself.

Those may be trifling troubles. But my point is just that the American who comes to Europe in quest of a new life may discover that he has merely found new worries for old. If he be a writer or artist who "simply could not do a stroke of work" in Chicago or in Syracuse, N. Y., he may find all the excuses he wants for not doing any in Paris or in Syracuse, Sicily, either. And he may seek refuge in a sense of intolerant superiority which there is no one to challenge, or anodyne in that lotus of æsthetic enjoyment which is the staple product of the mellow European soil.

And that leads up to the ultimate query: is the American expatriate propelled by what psychologists call the mechanism of escape? Is he, in fleeing Gopher Prairie, merely trying to evade an issue?

Tracing the answer to this question in individual cases may be interesting, but it is socially irrelevant. The belief in salvation by geography may bring Americans to Europe, just as in the past it brought Europeans to America; but the believer is not lessened in the transfer. He remains what he was.

The strangest thing about the country called El Dorado is that it exists. Only it is very few people who ever reach it. Joseph Conrad set sail for the Indies in its quest; so did Kaspar Almayer. Both were driven by the mechanism of escape. Conrad found the land of his dreams, and in it a treasure *aere perennius*. Almayer found his folly. The difference was in the seeker.

There are escapes and escapes. If the exile's flight to Europe is that of Almayer, America has nothing to lose; if it is that of Conrad, America has much to gain. And I believe that even apart from his eventual measurable achievement, the expatriate who is made of the right stuff is an American asset. He makes for variety of type—a value in itself in a civilization marred by its tendency to stamp out variety. And by exposing himself to the radiation of the older culture he may absorb some of the qualities in which the younger is deficient: an understanding of the complexities of organic growth; sympathy with the processes of slow ripening; distrust of simple explanations, short cuts, and purely mechanistic remedies; impatience with mere action for action's sake regardless of its end; respect for abstract, unapplied thought. I do not say that he will inevitably register these gains; I merely say that he may register them. Yet somehow I feel that no American who has lived in Europe for a number of years and is not congenitally a moron can believe that a solemn undertaking of the nations to be good will prevent war, or that the possession of a set of leather-bound classics will open the royal road to culture.

And even if some expatriates indulge in what may to others appear excessively harsh criticism of their country—what does it matter? In the long run the only propaganda that counts is not what Americans say, but what they do, and are.

TO PRAISERS OF WOMEN

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

THE praisers of women in their proud and beautiful poems,
Naming the grave mouth and the hair and the eyes,
Boasted those they loved should be forever remembered.
These were lies.

The words sound, but the face in the Istrian sun is forgotten.
The poet speaks, but to her dead ears no more.
The sleek throat is gone and the breast that was troubled to listen:
Shadow from door.

Therefore, I will not praise your knees and your fine walking,
Telling you men shall remember your name as long
As lips move or breath is spent or the iron of English
Rings from a tongue.

I shall say you were young and your arms straight and your mouth scarlet.
I shall say you will die, and none will remember you;
Your arms change and none remember the swish of your garments
Nor the click of your shoe.

Not with my hands' strength, not with difficult labor
Springing the obstinate words to the bones of your breast
And the stubborn line to your young stride and the breath to your breathing
And the beat to your haste,
Shall I prevail on the hearts of unborn men to remember.

What is a dead girl but a shadowy ghost,
Or a dead man's voice but a distant and vain affirmation
Like dream words most?

Therefore, I will not speak of the undying glory of women.
I shall say you were young and straight and your skin fair—
And you stood in the door, and the sun was a shadow of leaves on your shoulders,
And a leaf on your hair.

I will not speak of the famous beauty of dead women.
I shall say the shape of a blown leaf lay on your hair.
Till the world ends and the sun is out and the sky broken
Look! It is there!

IT PAID TO BE A BARGAIN WIFE

ANONYMOUS

"THE chief trouble with me," I used to murmur resentfully to myself and once or twice, I am sorry to say, to Bob, "is that as a wife I've come just too cheap. No expense for courting or keeping, and comparatively little bother. Just see if I don't bring up my daughters to be the clingingest and prickliest roses that ever grew up a stone wall."

The first time that this burst upon me with shattering force was on a summer week-end three years ago. Bob announced suddenly that he had changed his mind about a long-planned Saturday picnic. He wanted to be in town to see Alice off on the train that was to take her to New York and a transatlantic liner.

"Most of her friends are away at this time of year," he explained a little apologetically. "There won't be many of us here to give her a send-off, and the girl is just so eager about this vacation that it seems a pity not to do it up brown."

Alice is a childless wife, not, as the census would say, "gainfully employed." Nor otherwise employed, so far as her acquaintances can see, except in looking for pretty clothes, finding the best place in town for a "facial," and learning what is new in dance steps. She was going abroad for three months—with her husband and at his expense. He had been doing extra work in the evenings all winter to make that summer possible. The poor girl hadn't been over since she married him.

As it happened I also was beginning my vacation that Saturday—four luscious weeks away from the office at the little lake-side cottage we had managed to "buy" with a small down-payment when I got my first substantial raise. I was to spend the first two of these weeks doing the housework and taking care of the children while the housekeeper had her annual vacation. We had to have a new electric pump that year or carry water into the kitchen, and it was a much-needed economy to save a substitute's wages, for the housekeeper drew her regular pay during her vacation. We had planned to celebrate the beginning of my holiday with a family picnic on the beach, for which the children were all set. Somehow I couldn't work up much sympathy with Alice, who might have only ten friends at the train to see her start off for Europe with her husband, though my head told me that this was Bob's business and I ought to keep quiet.

At that moment I would have thrilled in one hundred per cent sympathy with the stories of tired feminist wives told by Lillian Symes in the May HARPER'S. But since then I have changed my mind. (I seldom think of myself as a feminist, though often during the past eight years I have been more than a little tired under the combined duties of wife, mother, and wage-earner.) In the two years that followed the silly indignation of that Saturday in June, Bob became increasingly interested in the Alices of our circle of friends, or in women who were trying a combination of marriage and children, or marriage and job, or job alone, but seldom all three. A little more than a year ago he found himself so attracted to extra-domestic diversions in

general that it seemed desirable for mutual self-respect to dissolve our marriage and go our separate ways. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he has gone his separate way, while I, figuratively speaking, stand about where I was, holding a little yellow-haired girl by either hand, and keeping an anxious eye on the job that supports me and partially supports them. Bob wants to share the expense until they are grown, and I hope fervently that he will keep on wanting to.

The anguish that it takes to pry apart a close and affectionate partnership of ten years' standing begets the need to try to see what it all was about. And now that the worst is a little behind me I know that the game was worth the candle. As the ordinary run of middle-class wives go, I have been a bargain. And if I hadn't been a bargain I might very well find myself in a different situation—and one which from the conventional point of view is supposed to be happier. I don't like the outcome of my marriage. But if I had to live these ten years over again, I don't think I could do anything very different. And looking about among my friends, at conventional wives, successful spinsters, and others of the many varieties of women in 1929, I know that I am better off now than I should have been had I not carried the heavy end of a family load.

II

When Bob and I were married we were beginning our twenties, just out of college and both on the bottom rung of the advertising ladder. We had emerged from small Western cities, and Chicago thrilled us. I thrilled Bob because I was not unattractive and especially because he saw in me a personable example of the free and independent self-supporting young woman whom he had preached a little ridiculously to his classmates. Bob thrilled me—well, I suppose in the way that a good-looking, intelligent, and sensitive young man does thrill one after four years of cloistered female education. There were few other girls in the office except as stenographers. I earned as much as any of the men of my age and experience, which was just about enough to ease one along in tolerable comfort, and I speedily realized that if I wanted company at lunch it was advisable to insist on paying my own way. And only fair.

When Bob and I became engaged he told me that he still owed some hundreds of dollars on his college debts. "Somehow," he said, a little puzzled at himself, "I want to pay this off before we're married, though we're lucky because we both believe that it's more sensible for a woman to earn her share of the income and so we won't have to let money stand in our way."

I agreed whole-heartedly. While he was scrimping to pay that debt I put by an equal amount each week so as not to have any more spending money than he. My little bank account (it grew to $300) was all the cash we had between us when we decided that the time for marriage had come. No old-fogey courtship fuss for us, flowers, engagement ring, and the like. We took trolleys instead of taxis, and each paid his or her own fare. It was all happy fun, though sometimes I ached from its sweet rationality and longed to have Bob *want* to take me on a wild jamboree—football game, dinner, cabaret, midnight show, and two weeks' earnings gone in an evening. If he had wanted it, I shouldn't have cared a bit that to do it was impossible.

When we got married we decided that we could afford only a week for a honeymoon, since no vacation was due us at the time. A friend offered to lend us a shack out on the dunes so that there wouldn't be hotel bills. Even so, it was a relief when the firm, discovering our romantic intentions, gave us the week with pay and then raised us *each* $5 in recognition of our altered status. That week cost us, if I remember correctly, $7.24 apiece for food and kerosene, plus

the trifling fares to get there and back. That was before I had had any experience in marketing. Later, $14.48 for a week's food would have seemed outrageous extravagance. I cooked, and Bob washed dishes and we helped each other make the bed; we didn't know enough about housekeeping to let sweeping burden our minds.

Of course we wanted children, lots of them, though not for a time. Neither of us had brothers or sisters, and we were sure that a large family meant a happy human state. Setting up our two-room apartment was a great lark, and when the business of co-operative housekeeping had been tried a little it seemed to require small effort by either of us.

We lunched and dined out—specialization, we felt, was woman's right if she wanted to take it; and was I not to make my mark in captions, not dishpans? A plump Sally came once a week to dig out seven days' accumulation of dust. It was much pleasanter than two furnished rooms, and cheaper.

When a little more than a year had passed we decided that the next step was a baby, and embarked on Mary Ellen. I hesitated to tell my boss. He had been dubious at my marrying at all, and I knew that now he would say, quite correctly, "Just like a woman." I had made only a start in my profession, and I wanted to keep that job up to the last possible moment before the baby came and to hasten back when the hospital let me loose. But before the telling became inevitable the need for it vanished. Bob had a hopeful offer of a job in a bustling town eight hours away. It would pay about three-quarters as much as our joint salaries had been, and if living was cheaper there, it would float us both for a while. It seemed a good chance. We took it.

By the time we had moved and settled, Mary Ellen was so imminent that it didn't seem worth while for me to get a job before the hospital interlude. Besides there weren't any jobs there of my kind. So I settled down, for what I promised myself was six months, to apply my college-trained mind to homemaking. My first errors were more appreciated by the neighbors than by myself. Apparently it was very funny in Poskaloosa eight years ago to see a bride trying to learn to cook by time and temperature tables! In time I learned, and I enjoyed the learning, but once the problem was mastered it seemed as futile to keep repeating it day in and day out as it would have been to try a daily theme on the same subject for a semester or two.

My six months away from an office stretched on to a year. There remained no job in Poskaloosa for which I had experience, except, by this time, general housework or baby-tending. I tried to do book reviews for a Chicago daily whose editors I had met in my advertising days. It was a real relief to prop even a pretty poor novel up before one on the kitchen table while endlessly pushing carrots through a strainer, but the delays of distance were too great, the pay was all but invisible, so in the end I let it slip.

I still insisted that I was in the housekeeping business only temporarily. In this view Bob backed me loyally. He believed as firmly as ever that the ideal is a husband and wife who go fifty-fifty on income and alternate the night watches when colic comes. But while I was housekeeping temporarily, we asked ourselves, why should we not add a second baby to keep Mary Ellen company? By this time our struggles with the budget had scaled down our putative family from six to two. So twenty-six months after Mary Ellen, Judy made her appearance. And three months later another promising offer to Bob took us back to Chicago, and the soot over the suburbs looked rosy pink to me as our train rolled in.

Somehow, in a few scrambled weeks, I found a place to live, a part-time maid who was at least good-natured, and a part-time job. When I look back now

on that winter I feel that it must have been some alien Amazon who lived through it. Up at six to nurse the baby and mix her complicated supplementary feedings for the day, while Bob dressed Mary Ellen and got our breakfast. Run the family wash through the electric washing machine which Lily (the part-time maid) feared like a thunder-bolt, while, with the washing for two babies, its use cost us less than her elbow-grease. Write out long instructions as to when who got orange juice and when spinach or cod-liver oil. Then a careful compilation of the grocery list, for which we now had $58 a month. Greet Lily at nine and transfer the family mantle to her shoulders; then rush downtown to get to the office before ten, thankful that I had one of those almost non-existent part-time jobs. Twenty minutes for lunch if I was to get away by three; then home, change dress, bathe two babies and nurse one, while urging the other to eat three more teaspoonfuls of cereal; then get supper, eat it with Bob, and subside on the sofa while he washed the dishes. Aside from the meals and the bed-making and babies' routine (Lily, of course, did not come on Sundays but stayed at home to do her own family's work) my day of rest was quite clear for darning and dressmaking unless this could be tucked in on Saturday afternoon. Somehow my ideas of woman's specialization had become subdued in the scuffle.

Of course Bob was entangled in all this domesticity, too, though it seemed to be my game to keep it moving. And needless to say he didn't find me a very stimulating companion of an evening when the dishes were done and we both sat at home with ears pricked for a wail upstairs. It was then that the Alices began to emerge insidiously on the horizon. Though neither of us realized it at the time, the advent of that second baby was to usher in an unsettling period for us. We told each other that this strain was only for a little while, while the children were small. When they were older I should be glad to have kept my interests and a life of my own. Just how glad I didn't dream at the time.

III

I don't think I ever buoyed myself up with the idea that I was living out the feminist doctrine. This just seemed the best way out at the moment for us. Even in college days I had never quite swallowed the feminist philosophy. Probably I came a little late, just at the tail end of the suffrage parade. I had mistrusted the antagonism that the older leaders let slip when they talked of men. I had liked men, and had meant to marry one if a mutual desire came my way. And I had felt only a little sorry and not at all abashed once in my early working days when an old war horse turned on me and exploded: "You young women don't realize that you are walking nonchalantly over roads that we have paved with our brains and our bodies." Probably we were, I realized, recalling that I had not had too much difficulty in breaking into an office said to be hostile to women; but I could not see much point in offering my brains and body for further pavement.

For Bob, however, women's rights had come ready-mixed with mother's milk. He believed in them as thoroughly as he disbelieved in the theological tenets that his parents somehow had managed to conserve simultaneously. And he was pleased to see me beginning at last to live up to my multiple female function. Pleased but, alas, not entertained.

So to eat the dinners I cooked we had spinsters and wives who were loud in their praises of how wonderfully I managed it all but who never would have dreamed of buying that arduous competence with the hours that were free to them for planning the next day's work or the next spring's suit. I couldn't compete, I gradually and reluctantly realized, with the working wives who had no children, nor with the jobless mothers who, having no earnings of their

own, often had spurred their husbands on to incomes far larger than Bob's. Much less with the single women.

In the two years I was away from Chicago I had learned half a dozen household arts which had not been a part of the upbringing of the only daughter of a professional family in the easy eighteen nineties, when hired help in our town cost $3 a week. I had learned that three could live on what one had spent in college days. I had learned to cook and clean and tend babies, to make dresses that would pass because I had an eye for color, to wash clothes and (once only!) windows, to paint floors and re-finish furniture even to the upholstery, and—crowning achievement!—to iron my husband's shirts so that they looked all right if he didn't take off his coat. (Unfortunately he liked to take it off.)

These accomplishments had not been a part of my mother's picture of the education of a daughter said to be bright. They were totally unrecognized in the curriculum of the alma mater which bestowed its blessing upon me *cum laude*. To acquire them took all the wit and energy I had for a couple of years, and when I went back to an office, rusty with absence, they didn't help a bit. I had to begin at the bottom again.

In fact I found that being a Mother—it seems always to be capitalized in bated breath—was a special drawback. They feared I should stay at home the first day a baby had the sniffles. They looked at me a little askance—they who had worked and played with me gaily a little while before—as if I had become a fragile being who could not be treated with reasonable casualness, who might explode or break at any moment. It was hard to convince my employers that I still was first and chiefly a human being. I include all this in my story because I do not want to slur over the difficulties, even though in the end they proved less than the rewards.

At first I made headway slowly, and then more easily. Nursery schools sprouted and relieved some of the problems I had faced with Lily. Somehow we weathered measles and whooping cough (by the alternate night-watch principle). Bob had a timely raise which made it possible to summon a trained nurse when a critical and unpredictable illness did strike Mary Ellen. My half-time job grew to whole time, for I managed to make myself so useful that they had to have me round all the time and pay me well for being there. Life at home became less of a scramble when our joint increases in earnings got far enough ahead of our rising expenses to provide for us a really competent housekeeper. The next raise—this time it was mine—brought us our lake-shore cottage for summer use. I never did reach my goal of earning fifty per cent of the family income, but finally I got to the point at which I turned in two of each five of the dollars. At last I could use my hard-won ingenuity with clothes in buying new ones out of season rather than in furbishing old ones to wear in season and out.

But my sense of achievement was turning to bitter bread as I came to realize, slowly and unwillingly, that Bob's attitude toward me had changed somewhat as had my own attitude toward "scientific" housekeeping: having seen that it could be done, he wanted to try something else in wives, or possibly in women not wives. There was nothing lurid in this gradual cleavage, no secret vice, no substitute marriage lurking in the background, none of those concrete "reasons" that would have seemed satisfying to the parents of either of us or to the law. Rather it was the slow dissolution of a relationship into which two youngsters had entered when they had little experience in understanding themselves or each other but, being in love with love, were dazzled by the ideas they held in common.

What we had hoped for in marriage, unconsciously, only a psychoanalyst could tell; consciously, at the forefront of our picture was this new game of the fifty-fifty and a mutual respect and lik-

ing which continued to the end. During those first hard years we were united against the gentle doubts of our families and of the world—which likes home-keeping mothers—by the stress of being what might be called a demonstration. We didn't have much opportunity to lift our noses from the grindstone and think about anything else. But as we began to find ourselves equal to the three-ring circus of jobs, marriage, and children, the strain slackened and we had a chance to look up and about. The foundation of our marriage came to depend more and more upon what we felt for each other rather than upon what we did for each other.

Bob's more glamorous business associations led naturally to friendships with people whose ways I could not follow. I could not dance till three and face my desk clear-headed at nine to take up a considerable weight of responsibility and detail. Outside the nine-to-five routine of my office day there was a fringe of household detail which even the best of housekeepers cannot assume; there was also the family shopping, and last, but not least, my companionship with the children. While children are young, their emotional as well as their physical demands seem to be more arduous—and more rewarding—for the mother than for the father. My crowded day sometimes left me a little languid for an evening's festivities, and then it was hard not to watch the clock if guests lingered on till the little hours. These are small things. If our relationship had been strong enough and deep enough, they would not have arisen, or if they had arisen, could have been relegated to their proper place in the picture. As it was, they seemed to drive us apart.

I don't feel "settled"; I love to dance and I want all the other gay things of life. But for me fun, like old-time charity, begins at home and when my time and strength seem limited, home may hold it all. An outsider who had seen our comings and goings probably would not guess it, but I think that these years of working for and with the children have been more satisfyingly adventurous to me than Bob's more successful professional and social life has been to him. And I could hardly have saved more energy for keeping up with him in the pleasant diversions of life by doing less work, for to do so would have meant less income, and less income would have lessened the leeway of all of us, Bob, the children, and myself.

As I look back, I seem to see that while I probably meant a number of desirable things to Bob—ideals, reliability, comradeship and the rest—fun was not prominent among them. That was not the "fault" of either of us, I think, but just the mark of our mistake. I was what he thought I ought to be, rather than what, through and through, he wanted me to be. In the shuffle of the years the "oughts" lost their flavor, the "wants" remained unsatisfied. The amount of energy that we spent in trying to make over ourselves and each other might have leveled mountains, but it had little avail against tidal currents.

Such a drift as this, when it is walled in by social and religious conventions, by a limitation of money which makes it impossible for a family to pay more than one rent check, by inner scruples and repressions, produces the kind of nine days' newspaper wonder in which one middle-aged spouse goes off with a bang, leaving the other to pick up the débris. It is the kind of a situation that makes the talk of dangerous ages and second bloomings, that sets the stage for the moon and sixpence. When an explosion comes, it is simple to blame the one who cracked first and pity the other. And usually the explosion comes so late that neither can ever really regain a balance.

But fortunately for us and for our children, we realized our mistake while we still were young, and we were able to talk frankly to each other and let off the steam as it generated. It was painful—exceedingly painful—but not hateful and destructive. The situation we faced is common enough. Without it

the output of novels, Broadway productions, and newspaper stories would be sadly curtailed, and Hollywood could hardly exist at all. The only thing at all uncommon was that the woman in the case—myself—had her own money and work and interests and friends.

Without these, the world being as it is, I should have been put at an almost intolerable disadvantage by our parting. And Bob would have stuck by his guns. Bob is a *really* good sort. If I hadn't been able to take care of myself; if I hadn't developed an aptitude for swinging both a job and a home, probably he would still be here. I wish he were—I mean, granting he wanted to be—but since things haven't turned out that way, what could be more disintegrating for him, for me, and for our children than to have him here just because there wasn't an honorable means of exit? The irony is that a fair and friendly ending of our partnership should seem "unnecessary" to people who would have "understood" if we had held on to the point of bitterness and recrimination.

IV

Inevitably, after the children are in bed, when often I am too tired to seek or accept company or even to read, I go back over what has happened in a kind of hypothetical post mortem.

Suppose I had married the other man who wanted me when Bob did? He rebounded easily into the arms of a fluffy young thing and worked like a slave for five years till he got the nucleus of the fortune which now sweeps them along easily. He is thin and worn, and she is fat, and neither looks happy. They didn't take time out to afford children and now, set in their ways, they fear any change. But I didn't want to marry him then, and I shouldn't have liked the single-track strain of those first five years any better than my problems in Poskaloosa, and I wouldn't exchange my life for hers at this very minute.

Suppose I hadn't married at all? Probably I should be farther along in my profession, and I might even have obtained by this time the fabulous salary and assured future income that a few women have won from advertising. But I have known one or two of these outstanding successes in middle age, and their lives seem bleak, though glittering. I wouldn't swap even one of my gay young daughters for an unearned $10,000 a year for life. And even in the ups and downs and what the tabloids call the heartaches, there has been a kind of adventurous intensity in living which I believe these women have missed, whatever their substitutes for marriage.

Suppose Bob and I had married but had not had children? I could have been prettier, better dressed, more amusing. Perhaps he would have found that enough. But I think not. We both wanted the children and through them came the deepest experience of our common life. To have evaded it would have been to have failed ourselves, and I think it could only have hastened the rift between us.

And the children? That is the question that always came to the eyes if not the lips of our families and friends when we told them we had separated. The children have failed, we both agree, to get the supreme gift that parents can give a son or daughter—the setting of a home based on a rich and satisfying emotional relationship. But are they the worse for existing at all? They are strong and happy and busy. I do not believe that they will grow up distrusting marriage because our attempt was unsuccessful, any more than they will feel that the harp is an inferior instrument because neither of us can play it, or the airplane a poor mode of locomotion because Bob is not Colonel Lindbergh, nor I Amelia Earhart.

They have seen us admit failure without dismay and, because we have not been dismayed, they have been spared the sense of insecurity which is the really corroding experience of childhood. They know that we both are still their parents,

that we both are working for their support; that we are each other's friend and theirs. In this situation, of course, they have an exceptional advantage in being in a large city among people who share our general ideas. They are not likely to be hit by scorn and derision. Elsewhere it might have been very much harder for all of us, and especially for them.

So far as I can see, my job—the symbol of the feminist ghosts whom Mrs. Symes evoked—has had little to do with our difficulties except to make it possible for us to acknowledge them and to meet them with dignity and a measure of freedom for all of us. Aside from its financial aspects, my job has given me interests and friends—in addition to those I shared with Bob—which were a great lift in a trying transition. I am sure that these interests and friends are a real asset to the children as well. They see me not merely as a part of a family circle which has broken to pieces, but as a person on her own feet who is busy, useful, and respected.

My job *is* a job, and not a "career." It combines a good deal that is interesting with much that is merely hard work or downright drudgery. I have no delusion that it is of any special importance to the world or that through it I am demonstrating anything in particular, except that I can do it well enough to be worth my useful salary and at the same time keep the good-will and liking of the men and women with whom I am working. I like it as one likes an old friend, admitting its shortcomings. And if Bob were in a position to offer me an assured income for life for myself and the children, I doubt if I should give up the job unless I found other work that I liked better. Certainly not now.

V

A final speculation goes still deeper into the realm of surmise. Perhaps husbands, by and large, need to feel that their wives must cling to them to bolster up their own egos? Should one cling, therefore, even if one hasn't the impulse or perhaps the aptitude? I am sure that there have been times when Bob wanted to feel himself all-important; more likely than not, at the next moment the fifty-fifty idea came into ascendency again. Some women want to eat their cake and have it too, and probably men are much the same.

Perhaps when we went back to Chicago I should have done better to batten down my desire to get out and see people. Perhaps I should have immured myself with the babies. Without my salary, there would have been no money for any sort of a maid. I doubt if this course would have helped any of us very much. Again it would have meant the padded-cell domesticity of Poskaloosa. I wanted to work, and most of the time Bob wanted me to work. I am not a natural born housekeeper and, kept too long in that track, I should have become unbearably fussy and over-anxious. That would have been especially hard on the children.

Such questions and answers as these are only speculations, inconclusive in even one instance, and, of course, purely academic since, being what I was, I could not have done other than I did. Yet they suggest, I believe, a real dilemma which confronts many wives in 1929, and women like myself who am "neither maid nor wife nor widow." We are in a gyrating world as regards the forms of marriage and family support. Perplexed husbands are likely to think one thing and feel another—husbands especially, perhaps, since however modern their utterances, they have a way of cherishing in their unconscious many of the comforts that mother used to make. And mothers in the nineties did have a sweeter and simpler role. If we marry the men who interest us when we are young and eager to marry, they are likely to need our help financially, at least for a time. And simultaneously, and without realizing it, they are likely to ex-

pect a good deal of us that is hardly compatible with a pay envelope.

More fundamental than the changing conventions of marriage is our present-day effort to grow away from the idea of living by conventions at all, even those of right and wrong. A generation ago Bob and I would have stuck it out somehow, I hope with a grin, because nice people did that for the sake of their religion, their friends, and their families. It was the right thing to do. Now though the shades of my New England forebears rise up to confound me, I cannot feel that it was either "good" or "bad" for us to refuse to continue marriage.

We had weighed the pros and cons for months before a decision came, and made one honest try after another, only to fail again. The break was painful to both of us and hence "too bad." It is as painful to break a crooked bone as a straight one. But if it is crooked, that is a matter of fact and not of morals. It may not be "fair" for me that after I have put ten hard-working years into trying to live up to my part of a family compact, the whole reason for the family's being should gradually slip out from under. But fairness has surprisingly little to do with the actual situation.

I believe that many of the feminists, like some of the pre-war radicals, are "tired" now because they have been looking not at actual situations but at theories. They worked out lovely rational plans of how everything would work in a just and lawful world. And when things don't come out that way they are "tired." Basically they were intent not on their new arrangement of life for its own sake but for what they thought it would get them. Put at its crudest, they would insure love by assuming work. Love still seems to have little to do with logic. And when they had shown that they could vote and earn their own living and have children as well, they were hurt by finding that men didn't seem to like them any better or longer because of it—even men who had been loud in urging this or that course of female conduct. Perhaps these men especially. I speak feelingly, for I too have slipped from time to time into this delusion.

But perhaps we shall be real people, whether feminists or masculinists or just ourselves, when we can carve our lives for the joy in each stroke of the carving and accept our disappointment if the result does not look to others as we had hoped it might. Their verdict cannot rob us of any gain that has become a part of ourselves-in-the-making.

To come back to my own experience, I am sure that the mistake that ditched us was not my decision to do what we thought was my share and what—by and large—I wanted to do. That mistake was the initial blunder of any marriage at all between the sorts of persons we were. Possibly if Bob had really loved me as well as he loved his idea of what I was, he would have yearned to take me on the jamboree for which I longed. Possibly I should have been content to keep house forever in Poskaloosa. If he should ever marry again, I suspect that his second wife may be a very different sort of a woman. That being all as it may be, the past ten years have been worth the racket. If I hadn't been a bargain I might still be a wife. But going on honestly, if sometimes unhappily, has been more than worth what it has cost. Behind me lie many mistakes but few regrets.

THE OTHER PROHIBITION COUNTRY

THE FACTS ABOUT FINLAND'S NOBLE EXPERIMENT

BY RHETA CHILDE DORR

ALTHOUGH geographically remote, and a little too near the Arctic Circle to afford a genial clime, Finland in some aspects might seem almost homelike to traveling Americans. The breakfast coffee is good, the women are entirely emancipated, and the country has voted itself bone dry.

Five northern countries of Europe, Sweden, Norway, Russia, autonomous Iceland, and Finland, bravely embarked on the prohibition experiment after the World War, but the first four soon abandoned the extreme policy and substituted systems of State control. Finland, however, adheres stoutly to complete prohibition, thus constituting herself before all Europe a shining example or an awful warning, depending on the point of view. To the Blue Cross Society, the International Order of Good Templars, the World's W.C.T.U., the International Bureau Against Alcoholism, the European Committee of the World's Prohibition League, and other organizations devoted to the ideal of a total-abstinence world, Finland is the prize exhibit, the symbol of hope, the lode star in an otherwise vacant horizon.

On the other hand, Finland is probably the main reason why the prohibition movement in Europe, once flourishing, has now halted, not to say collapsed, at least as practical politics. Liquor reform is part of party programs in many countries, but in none will statesmen or responsible reformers admit that prohibition is contemplated even as an ultimate end. In England, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, and the Baltic States they tell you that it is Finland, not the United States, which has discredited dry propaganda. America is too far away, the reports are too conflicting. But Finland is a neighbor. What goes on there can be seen and understood. And the general conclusion is: "We can manage with a few drunkards, but a nation of law-breakers we cannot afford."

I could not take literally the phrase, "a nation of law-breakers," as applied to Finland, because I knew, from previous visits, the almost religious devotion to law and order which prevailed, and I knew also how thoroughgoing and deliberate had been the country's preparation for the dry regime. It began in 1865, when Finland put a stop to home distillation of spirits, then regarded by the peasants as a legitimate adjunct to the raising of potatoes. About that time temperance societies sprang up all over the country and, perhaps to supply a real social and recreational need, became part of the activities of every rural church. Within a few years almost a third of the Grand Duchy had gone dry by local option, and by 1914 approximately eighty-five per cent of the entire population were living in districts where the sale and distribution of intoxicants were strictly forbidden. In the cities a modified Gothenberg system was established, no such thing as a saloon or an open bar being permitted. Liquor with meals could be obtained in hotels, restaurants, and cafés, and it was possible to buy for home consumption lim-

ited quantities in Government-controlled stores.

It is true that upper-class Finland, well-to-do Swedish Finns and Finnish city dwellers and estate owners, had much the same drinking habits as other Europeans. They served imported wines with their meals, and before dinner the men drank small glasses of schnapps or vodka. It was not good form for women to indulge in these fiery liquors, a little beer or sherry being their favorite *apéritif*. As for the working-class Finns, mostly farmers, they could get very little to drink even if they wanted it. When they went to town they could visit the cafés; but since at the stores it was not possible to buy less than two liters at a time, the farmers and villagers ordinarily bought only for special occasions, betrothal parties, weddings, anniversaries, and big family reunions. Finns drank spirits when they drank at all, but in the years immediately preceding the War it was their boast that they lived in the soberest country in Europe. The claim was amply justified, for the annual per capita consumption of alcohol was only 1.4 liters, which compares favorably with Sweden's 7.21 liters, and Great Britain and Ireland's 1.96 *gallons* of spirits alone, to say nothing of their per capita consumption of beer, which was in the neighborhood of twenty-seven gallons.

Small wonder, therefore, that when the first prohibition bill was introduced in 1907 it passed the Diet with hardly a dissenting vote. The bill was not approved by the Senate or by the Tzar, but in 1909 it was again introduced and passed. This bill also failed of ratification, but it was held in abeyance, and after the Russian Revolution was presented to the Kerensky Government, which promptly approved it. In 1919 Finland emerged as an independent State, with prohibition a part of its Government program. The law went into effect with every external condition favoring its success. Finland is a small, compact country with a homogeneous population, the Swedish Finns constituting less than one-tenth of the total. Unlike America, Finland has no immigrant aliens to whom the national ideal is obscure and who with easy consciences turn to bootlegging as a rapid means of wealth. The native Finns are nearly all farmers and are content to toil hard and expect few pleasures. Illiteracy is unknown, and even on remote farms newspapers circulate, and the people interest themselves in public affairs. Women and the pastors of the State Church, the Lutheran, exert a very strong influence in the religious and social life of the country. Finland is, in fact, a very paradise for women. They enter freely into all trades, businesses, and professions, and occupy every kind of elective and appointive office except the pulpit and the judge's bench. They have voted and sat in the Diet since 1906.

In such a country, it seemed to me, prohibition had a better chance than in the United States, and when I revisited it in the Spring of 1929 I hoped, in spite of what I had heard on the outside, to find the law respected except by an irresponsible minority. If prohibition, with everything in its favor, had failed in Finland I determined to find out why it had failed.

Twenty-four hours was long enough to convince me that the noble experiment which we, misquoting Mr. Hoover, have learned to call it, was a failure, but several weeks were required to satisfy me that I knew the reason why.

I ate my first dinner in Helsingfors—Helsinki, the Finns call it—in a popular but not particularly fashionable restaurant. As usual in climates where large quantities of food must be eaten, the meal began with hors d'œuvre. In Finland this expresses itself in little finger-sized sandwiches, the open-faced variety with no covering slice of bread. Over an inviting display of tiny sandwiches spread with anchovies, sardines, salt and smoked fish, ham and bacon, cheese, hard-boiled eggs with mayon-

naise, highly seasoned cold meats in aspic, the hardy Finlanders work up an appetite for the substantial soup, meat, vegetable and sweet courses of their dinner. Such meals have to be washed down with something, and in the present era the waiter offers you a choice of mineral water or beer, the vapid one per cent beer allowed by law. I chose Vichy, but I noticed that most of the diners preferred beer. At least the tables were strewn with familiar brown beer bottles.

Presently it occurred to me that Finnish near-beer came in a variety of colors. At the table next my own the women's beer glowed in their glasses with a rich ruby hue, like claret or burgundy, while that of the men was as white as gin. The men filled their glasses half full of this liquid, adding plenty of soda water. Glancing around curiously, I saw the same phenomenon repeated at other tables near-by. Finally two men who came in late consumed with their sandwiches, and without any soda water, a large bottle of something which closely resembled sauterne. However, the bottle had a serviette pinned around its middle, so I could not be sure.

The next day I referred the matter to an old friend, an official of the Helsingfors Chamber of Commerce, who smiled cynically and said that everything came in beer bottles these days that didn't come in teapots, but as for the large bottle, he doubted if in that particular restaurant one could get sauterne. Claret, of course, one could get almost anywhere. What those men and the others drank was probably ninety-six.

"Ninety-six?"

"Our national drink since prohibition," was the reply. "As a matter of fact it is simply pure spirits. We call it ninety-six for short."

"Not the stuff you used to drink before dinner?" I asked incredulously.

"Oh, no. Before the War the strongest spirits permitted were only eighty-three per cent pure alcohol. This concentrated stuff is what Germany and Poland supplies us with, the chief stock in trade of our *trokari*, our bootleggers, as you call them. Oh, I don't mean that we get nothing else at all. You are dining with the Blanks to-night, and so am I. They will give us the correct thing, I assure you."

They did. We had sherry with the hors d'œuvre, white wine with the fish, claret with the roast, and afterwards with our coffee liqueurs and Swedish punch. Over coffee and liqueurs my friends talked freely about their prohibition. Indeed, I discovered that in Finland, as in the United States, all conversation gets around sooner or later to prohibition. Unblushingly we flouters of our countries' law compared notes as to quality and prices current in our respective cities, the advantage being decidedly with Helsingfors. The Finns do not drink synthetic gin, *ersatz* whiskey, home-manufactured cordials, raw wine fermented in slum cellars, or ginger ale, red pepper, and charged water masquerading as champagne, because the real thing comes in as regularly as of old, at prices no higher than changed conditions warrant. Such standard brands of Scotch whiskey as White Horse, Dewars, and Black and White, which in London retail for twelve shillings sixpence, sell in Helsingfors for thirteen shillings, $3.25. Bordeaux and Burgundy cost about a third more than in Paris, while a fairly good champagne may be had for six or seven dollars. These are top prices and represent the expense and hazard of delivering small lots at the door. Local bootleggers and enterprising private buyers who bargain with ships lying outside the twelve-mile limit get all they like at wholesale prices, paying as little as a dollar and a half a bottle for whiskey, cognac, or the ubiquitous ninety-six. Naturally, all prices advance as liquor travels into the interior of the country, especially in winter, and in the far north, I was told, a liter of alcohol sometimes brings as much as five hundred Finmarks, about

$12.50. The almost prohibitive price of ninety-six—the peasant's only drink—has led, in remote districts, to a revival of the home distilling of potato brandy, but precisely to what extent cannot be known. Little or no vodka reaches the peasant from Russia for the reason that Finland maintains along the border a very vigilant frontier guard, a branch of the regular army. Finland is taking no chances on the bootlegging of Communist agitators.

Against the bootlegging of liquor by sea, the army and the customs officials are alike helpless. Nature herself is against them, for in the wealth of small and mostly uninhabited islands which strew the waters of the Gulf of Finland, the Gulf of Bothnia, and the Baltic Sea she has provided a smuggler's perfect paradise. In a boundary line of a thousand kilometers extending from northwestern Finland to Viborg, in southeastern Finland, there are at least thirty thousand of these islands. They form the most secure of refuges, especially when the seas freeze over in midwinter. In fact, for five months in the year those seas are so full of floating ice that revenue cutters can hardly visit the islands at all. In winter also the daylight hours are very short, and the darkness is another advantage to the busy *trokari*. Liquor ships anchor as near shore as the ice allows, and small motor boats receive the cargoes, which are either stowed away on the islands or carried immediately to the land on sledges.

Most liquor comes from Germany and Poland, Kiel and Danzig being the principal ports of departure. An even nearer neighbor, Esthonia, used to be a leading exporter, but competition drove her out, and now her bootleggers make a good living buying at wholesale, smuggling their stuff into obscure inlets of the Esthonian coast and selling somewhat under retail prices to their own countrymen.

A considerable population of native Finns operate in regular liaison with the liquor ships. A large proportion of the Swedish-Finns, farmers of the southeastern coast, and the Aaland Islands, it is said, have practically abandoned farming and fishing for the vastly more lucrative liquor trade. The Aaland Islands, lying between Sweden and Finland, came near furnishing an excuse for war between the two countries in 1921. Had the Aalands been allotted to Sweden, the inhabitants would now be under the very rational Bratt system of liquor control; but Finland got the islands, and the Aalanders were brought under the blessings of prohibition. Their territory is happily placed for handling the high-class trade in Scotch whiskey and wines from England; and it is not surprising that their people took advantage of the situation.

II

Most of these facts I learned, not from the enemies but the friends of prohibition. The most optimistic prohibitionists admit that "Finland is not so *actually* dry as it theoretically is supposed to be. It is not even so dry as it *could* be. Relatively high figures for drunkenness prove, for instance, that intoxication is quite general." I quote from a pamphlet, *The Prohibition Situation in Finland*, written by Mr. Vihtori Karpio, Secretary of the Prohibition League of Finland, and translated into English for distribution to foreigners. Mr. Karpio adds hopefully that the customs authorities, at any rate, seize annually about 500,000 or 600,000 liters of spirits and a smaller quantity of other liquors.

The customs authorities, as a matter of fact, do a great deal better than that. Beginning in 1920, when they confiscated 98,000 liters of contraband, and extending through 1928, when close to one million liters were captured, the authorities have been most commendably busy trying to enforce the law. The figures quoted were furnished by Mr. W. Lindgren, Chief of the Statistical Office of the Customs Bureau in Helsingfors, who states that in addition to the alcohol con-

fiscated by revenue officers in 1928, fine bottled goods came into the net as follows:

Spirits, 384 bottles; cognac, 5,672; whiskey and rum, 4,452; liqueurs, 1,130; punch, 40; champagne, 290; wines, 7,332.

These were only the liquors which were confiscated at sea, or within five kilometers of the coast on land. According to police records, something like 100,000 liters additional were captured by the land forces within five kilometers of the coast. If all these intoxicants fell into the hands of the authorities, how much did the bootleggers succeed in getting into the country? Mr. Lindgren and the police authorities estimate that what they capture, and what is destroyed or thrown overboard to escape capture, amounts to about one-tenth of what is actually landed in Finland. If this is true there is no escaping the conclusion that the Finns, under prohibition, are drinking not less but more than they did before the law went into effect. In 1914 the per capita consumption of alcohol was one and two-fifths liters. At present it must be nearly two and two-fifths liters. Both sides agree that this is probably true

The older generation are not drinking more than their former allowance, it is believed, but new classes of drinkers have appeared. In former days the arrest of a woman for drunkenness was so rare that it constituted a scandal. Now these arrests are common. The worst of it is that the women who appear in the police courts are usually young girls, workers in factories, shops, and offices. A number of very young men, youths from sixteen to eighteen, also fall into the new category. The Helsingfors *Hwstadsbladet*, principal organ of the Swedish Party, published recently an article on this disquieting aspect of the situation, quoting official figures of arrests for drunkenness in Helsingfors alone during the past five years. Summarized they are as follows:

	Total Arrests	*Women*	*Young Persons*
1924	18,642	529	147
1925	19,836	835	243
1926	19,392	864	247
1927	21,991	1,652	266
1928	21,105	1,027	448

Crimes of violence, especially murder and manslaughter, have increased alarmingly within the past few years. The Finns have ever been an honest people, little given to stealing or petty crime. But the peasants are hot-tempered, and when under the influence of liquor they invariably become quarrelsome. Every Finnish peasant, and most city workmen, carry at their belts a peculiar knife, a wicked bit of steel, which is their tool, their table companion, and their hereditary weapon of defense. After a few drinks, a few hot words exchanged, a challenge, out flashes the knife, perhaps a dozen knives in the crowd, and an encounter often as bloody as those recorded in the *Kalevala* is on. These knife duels and the hope of removing their cause was the real reason why so many intellectual Finlanders supported the prohibition movement. But neither the cause nor the murderous duels have disappeared. On the contrary, murders have increased. The prohibitionists explain this as one of the results of the War. "The people have become coarser, they have little regard for human life, and the use of firearms has become much more general. . . ." The police take another view. They point out that many of the current murders and murderous assaults are committed by young men who were in elementary school during the War years, and who never in their lives handled firearms. It is the undiluted spirits, the cheap and plentiful ninety-six which is responsible, they declare. The stuff acts like poison on the brain, rendering the drinkers dangerously insane as long as its effects endure.

The President of Finland, Mr. Lauri Kristian Relander, his predecessor, Mr. Kaarlo Juno Stalberg, every head of

Government, and every Parliament since 1919 have loyally supported the prohibition law and have done everything in their power to make it effective. The penalties for lawbreaking have been made as severe as the Finnish penal code allows, although these punishments would, in some of our States, seem rather mild. Thus no Finn has been sentenced to the penitentiary for life for the mere possession of a pint of gin, nor have many Finns been pursued and murdered by enforcement officers on the bare suspicion that they were transporting ninety-six. Parliament has not in any year appropriated fantastic sums to suppress smuggling, but in 1925 they did effect with ten Baltic States what is known as the Treaty of Helsingfors, under which the twelve-mile limit was agreed to, and also the right of Finnish revenue officers to board and search suspicious vessels flying the flags of the treaty States. The only apparent result of the Helsingfors Treaty, however, is that the rum runners from Germany and Poland—both of which countries are parties to the agreement—no longer fly their own flags. Instead they display the flags of Brazil, Peru, Turkey, and even of that conspicuous maritime power, Czechoslovakia!

III

The prohibition law is a failure in Finland, as it was in Sweden and Norway, and as it has proved in the United States, and for the same reason. Enforcement against the will of a large minority of the people is impossible. The Finnish law, it is true, was passed with the consent of a large majority of the people, but that was in 1917, twelve years ago. Clearly a radical change in public opinion has occurred, for at the present time those same people are buying, at prices far above pre-war rates, nearly twice as much liquor as they consumed twelve years ago, or even twenty-two years ago, when the first prohibition law was passed. What has caused this change? The answer to that question involves not only Finland, but the whole history of Europe and America since July, 1915; fifteen years of revolutionary changes such as no single generation ever witnessed before. No one under thirty really knows what the world was like before 1914. A whole population has grown up who cannot even imagine it. In Finland, especially, a new psychology, a new conception of life, very different from the old, manifests itself.

What the older generation of Finns remember most vividly is that they and their fathers before them had to fight constantly to preserve their national life. For over a hundred years this had been the case. After a long struggle, in the course of which free speech was forbidden, newspapers suppressed, and domiciliary visits and arbitrary arrests instituted, the Tzar, in 1905, suspended the Constitution and announced that he would in future govern Finland without the aid of the Diet.

The answer to this was a general strike, not only of industrial workers but of every man, woman, and child in the country. Every business from the banks to the smallest shop closed its doors. The schools closed. Gas and electric light, and even city water works were shut down. Aside from feeding their animals the farmers stopped work. For five days and nights not a fire burned, not a wheel turned. Not a railroad train left a station, not a ship its dock. Most important of all, not a penny accrued to the Imperial treasury. Nicholas surrendered and the Constitution of Finland was restored.

The victory was only temporary, as the Finns well knew, but they took advantage of the respite to become more modern, more advanced than ever. The Constitution was altered to provide for a two-chamber Parliament, instead of the cumbersome and archaic Four Estates. The lower House was elected by popular vote of all men and women twenty-four years of age, while the upper House, the Senate, became an appointive

body, with members chosen for life by the Tzar and removable only on very grave charges.

This was the Finland which, in 1907, elated with a new sense of power, passed the first prohibition law. Universal suffrage and the rise to political importance of the peasants had given a great impetus to Socialism, and under its influence, perhaps also in emulation of Mr. Lloyd George in England, the Diet passed a good many idealistic measures, some of which they hoped to put into effect, some designed as an earnest of the aspirations of a democratic and a humanitarian people. The prohibition bill was one of these. It was a fine gesture, and it pleased the peasants in their church temperance societies. Nobody in the Diet seriously opposed the bill, because it was well understood that neither the Senate nor the Tzar would sanction it. When the bill came up again in 1909 it was met with debate and a divided vote, but it passed by a substantial majority, only to be disapproved once more by the Tzar.

Prohibition finally came to Finland in 1917, under circumstances wholly abnormal and unrepresentative. Almost as soon as Russia mobilized in the War the Tzar issued his prohibition proclamation, but it cannot be said that it was very well carried out anywhere. It could not be carried out in Finland because the War brought into the country great numbers of Russian soldiers and Russian workmen to build and operate with the help of skilled Finnish workers munitions factories and other war enterprises. Most of these Russians drank heavily, and their influence on the sober and law-abiding Finns was most demoralizing. Everything combined to strengthen the determination of the upper-class Finns to demand complete separation from the Empire as soon as peace was declared. The first Russian Revolution, in February, 1917, stimulated their hopes, and one of the first things they asked of the Provisional Government was withdrawal of the Russian soldiers and workmen, and ratification of their prohibition law, in order that sobriety might be restored to their own working people. The visionary Kerensky, at first Minister of Justice, later Premier, was ready enough to ratify a prohibition law or any other Socialistic legislation proposed by the Diet, but he was in no mind to let a Socialistic province secede from the empire he hoped to rule. He did not withdraw the Russian soldiers, and he resisted with all his weak might the growing sentiment for Finnish independence. Finally he arbitrarily dissolved the Diet and ordered a new election. Very shortly after the November elections came the Bolshevist *coup d'état*, the flight of Kerensky, and the bloody dawn of Communism, more abhorred by the Finns than autocracy had ever been. In December, 1917, the Diet issued the Finnish Declaration of Independence, and named as first President of Finland, a leader in the conservative Old Finnish Party, P. E. Svinhufvud.

But now a new horror arose. The Bolshevist madness which had seized the Russians in Finland communicated itself to the Finnish workmen and, acting under orders from Petrograd, these men united to force a general strike and establish a soviet form of government. Socialists all over the country joined the movement, and in January, 1918, a reign of terror began which plunged the country into chaos and civil war. Starting in the north, the red hordes swept down to meet the insurrectionists of the south, murdering, looting, burning farms and villages as they advanced, until they surrounded and captured Helsingfors.

This is not the place to tell the story of those terrible months, the heroic resistance of an unarmed people, and of their final deliverance by the two thousand young men who in the early War years had learned soldiering in Germany. So exhausted was Finland from this experience that it was a full year before the Diet met in full strength again and the Republic in its present form was established.

Of the six political parties in the new Parliament, the Social Democrats and the Agrarians, representing the peasants, held a clear majority over all the others. This majority reaffirmed the prohibition law declaring that practically all the rural population desired it, and that, therefore, enforcement was assured in advance. Two elements in the community the radical reformers forgot—the large minority who bitterly resented prohibition, and the almost equally large group who wanted it for everybody except themselves. Another element they could not include, because it was not yet apparent—the new generation.

The young Finlander under thirty has not the same enthusiasm for any reform as his fathers had because he hardly remembers the long struggle against Russian oppression, he hardly even remembers the World War or the red insurrection. The Finland he lives in bears little resemblance to the distracted land of his fathers. It is no longer a poor province of a semi-oriental Empire, but a thriving nation among the nations of Europe. Farming may be this young man's lot, but not a tiny holding separated from its nearest neighbor by miles of forest and wild lakes. There used to be a proverb about those isolated farms: "The world will come to an end when one Finn can hear another Finn's door slam." The Finnish boy of to-day does not lead any such existence, at least not all his life.

Finland has a regular army now, and every young man has to serve his time in it. This means that even a farmer lad has a year or two of travel around the country and an opportunity to see something of town life. He mingles with strangers and from them acquires sophistication if not polish. The older generation learned most of what they knew and believed from the common school and the village pastor. The new generation learns from the moving-picture theater with its news reels and dramas of opulent life, the radio, the photogravure page of the Sunday newspaper, the cafés with their dancing floors and American jazz bands. Thus the young Finlander, while he may remain a good Lutheran, no longer regards a church temperance society as an ideal form of recreation. Towards prohibition his attitude seems to be neutral and indifferent. He knows that as often as he takes a drink he breaks the law, but as far back as he remembers the law has always been evaded. That's the worst of it. *He is used to breaking the law and seeing others do it. It seems the normal thing to do.*

IV

This is the most disquieting aspect of the prohibition situation, and the Government know it. But they don't know what to do about it. They do not even know to what extent the enforcement laws have failed. In 1922 a Government Commission was appointed to inquire into the whole matter, and in August, 1926, the commission made its final report. As usual in such cases, the information is exhaustive and the findings are inconclusive. It was shown that offenses against the law had steadily increased in every year since 1919. Arrests for drunkenness had increased from 11,475 in 1919 to nearly 54,000 in 1925; penalties for other violations, sale, transportation, storing, manufacturing of liquor, from 10,408 in 1920 to 21,836 in 1925. From more than nine thousand questionnaires sent out to police authorities, pastors, judges, chairmen of communal and industrial organizations, public-school teachers, associations of farmers, trade unions, Salvation Army officials, etc., it was learned that these conditions obtained throughout the country, although the towns and coast districts of the south recorded the greater number of arrests. Evasions of the law were noticed particularly among young people, farmers, and women of the industrial centers. Drunkenness was commoner among youths than among older people. Criminality, particularly murder, violence, and robbery, had in-

creased, and the general health level had been somewhat lowered by increased records of chronic drunkenness, delirium cases, and alcoholic insanity. A still more rapid increase of accidents caused by intoxication was noted. Subsidies to the poor had increased. The gravest feature of all was the extreme youth of most of the persons involved in alcoholic cases, and the general disrespect for law which these young persons displayed. Yet the Commission made no recommendations as to a future policy in regard to the prohibition law.

Mr. Kovero, Chairman of the Commission, however, presented an independent report, in which he strongly criticized the "scientifically cautious" tone of the official report, and Mr. Serlachius, another member, also made an independent statement, in which he said that the social consequences and the harm done by drinking raw spirits in coffee cups in cafés and restaurants, the whole degrading custom of secret and illegal indulgence in alcohol, were more important than the mere quantity consumed. "Reports of judges, and of all police authorities show that laws, courts, oaths, and all institutions that preserve order, are losing their prestige in Finland," concluded this statement. "The misuse of medical prescriptions has turned out to be an unprecedented scandal."

Mr. Serlachius doubted however if the situation could, in a brief time, be changed for the better by any laws or set of laws. "Apparently we have a long, hard way before us, before we reach the condition of temperance existing before the War. It is certain that if prohibition is abandoned our statistics of crime will, at least for the next few years, show more alarming figures than now. We cannot believe that the thousands of people who now make a good living by illegal alcohol traffic will return to honest work. The transition to any new system will prove very difficult, but the situation will grow worse if the change is delayed. Is it possible to make the prohibition law more effective? All attempts have hitherto lessened the moral prestige of the law. The application of the law disregards the moral standards of the criminal law in general."

The widest publicity was given these reports, and in the conservative press there was a general denunciation of the law and a demand for a popular referendum on the subject. But nothing has resulted, nor is it likely that anything will result in the near future, since the majority parties in Parliament continue to support the law. The Agrarian and Social Democratic Parties, holding respectively 52 and 60 seats, have a clear majority of 44 over the three parties of the right, and in any vote on prohibition they would have the support of the twenty Communist deputies. What may be the opinion of any of these radical deputies is not known, because they are not allowed to voice individual opinions, but must vote as their parties in caucus dictate. Only in the conservative and liberal Swedish, National Unionist and National Progressive Parties are members allowed to vote as individuals, and in the main they are in favor of a revision of the law, and a substitution or adaptation of the Swedish system of control. Yet even these deputies fear that the country is not at present sufficiently informed to warrant a referendum. The peasants read only the radical newspapers and these, naturally, tend to minimize the failure of the law. Farmers and villagers know that enforcement is weak in their communities, but they cling to a belief that it succeeds elsewhere. Individuals know that they break the law, but they hope that other people observe it. Because "prohibition is a good thing for the country."

Shortly before I left Finland I went to an after-theater supper at one of the principal restaurants of Helsingfors. The guests were six in number, including one of the leaders in Parliament of the Social Democrats. We had claret in beer bottles and Swedish punch in coffee cups, and under the mellowing influences

of food and wine, the political leader confided in me that prohibition was like religion, a very good thing for the masses. An educated man might be an agnostic and remain a good citizen, an upright and moral man. But take away religion from the people, and what happened? Well, look at Russia. Look at the Finnish trade unionists, skeptics and Communists almost to a man. It was the same with liquor. You couldn't trust the masses to drink moderately or to refrain from violence over their cups. Look at the Finnish peasants with their knives. Did I ever see a Finnish gentleman, or an American for that matter, who carried a gun or a knife?

I told him that I was strongly in favor of sobriety, even for gentlemen, and if any system of control promised better success than a prohibition law I was willing to see it tried.

"Any retreat from prohibition," said my Socialist friend, "would be a moral retreat, and any political party that advocated it in this country would commit suicide. Look at the National Progressives. They tried to get a bill for a referendum through Parliament, and a year or two ago their general conference proposed some kind of a liquor-control measure. What was the result? Why they lost seven seats in the elections of 1927. The fathers and mothers of Finland are not going to stand for any legislation or any system of liquor control that gives their children opportunity to drink in restaurants and dance halls."

"Their children," I observed, "seem to be doing quite a lot of drinking under the present system."

He paused to fill his coffee cup with fiery Swedish punch.

"Those young fools," he exclaimed. "They drink because they think it's smart. They'll know more when they're older. They'll bring *their* children up good prohibitionists, you'll see."

I think I said, at the beginning of this article, that there was much in Finland to make an American traveler feel at home.

THE PATIENT'S DILEMMA

BY JOSEPH COLLINS, M.D.

THE dilemmas that give doctors concern are not those that Mr. Shaw wrote about. Occasionally a doctor may find himself in the "fix" of Sir Colenso Ridgeon, but fortunately it does not happen often. The Irish Diogenes has a poor opinion of the medical profession, and "The Doctor's Dilemma" was written to tell the world what he thinks of it; to show up the profession, to prove that it has an infamous character. A small portion of what he said was true, a lot half true, and most of it malicious. The medical profession is laudably esteemed in the eyes of the world, and it has earned this by industry, self-sacrifice, and devotion. Medicine as a science has made marvellous progress in the last three generations; medicine as an art has not kept pace with science.

Illness thrusts many dilemmas upon us, not the least of which is how to manage our doctor; but many find paying him equally difficult, though it calls for less tact and knowledge of the human heart. Doctors themselves often put patients in a plight both by what they say and by what they do.

A man develops certain symptoms which cause him apprehension and make him less competent to do his work. He consults the physician who has taken care of him and his family so long that he has come to be considered a staunch friend and safe confidant. The patient gets relief and assurance, but the symptoms return; or he conforms to the physician's instructions and finds himself no better. It occurs to him that his medical adviser does not understand his case, or does not know how to make him well. What is he to do? Should he consult someone who is reputed to be more learned and skillful or should he continue to accept the services of the man who has given no indication that he is dissatisfied with the way matters are going? He receives assurance that he will get well, but he does not get well; he gets discouraged. His apprehension gives way to fear, and that adds to his incompetence. He thinks that his doctor will take it amiss if he consults another physician, and he is timid about asking to be sent to a specialist through fear that his doctor may construe it as a reflection upon his skill. His doctor has been devoted and understanding, and these qualities should be rewarded by constancy. Thus the patient develops an acute anxiety, a state more perilous than his malaise or threatened disease.

Illness imposes a responsibility which the patient frequently chooses to disregard. He thinks he does what is incumbent upon him to do if he follows his doctor's advice. That would be adequate if all physicians were wise, judicious, and infallible. Few men believe that they are, and among those few no physician is to be found. The person who is indisposed or ill does not discharge his whole duty to himself or to those beholden to him by consulting a physician. The man he selects may be familiar with the disorder that afflicts him but insensitive to his affective make-up. He may be addicted to giving assurance without investigation; he may be an unjustifiable optimist or pessimist; or

his services may be in such demand that he cannot give the time necessary to solve the problem that confronts him. The patient must satisfy himself that his selection is a prudent one. If he cannot do so by taking counsel with himself, he must elicit the interest and advice of others who have his welfare at heart. Should he conclude, after such conference, that there are better hands, heads, and hearts than those to which he has entrusted himself, he should change to others without hesitation.

In brief, the patient should size up his doctor. That is what he does with his broker, his confessor, and his butter and egg man. But he says he does not feel competent to sit in judgment upon a representative of an intricate science such as pathology. Yet pathology is no more beyond the comprehension of the lay mind than is theology; and we do not hesitate a moment to change our parson when he teaches unsympathetic doctrine or preaches unacceptable word. One does not continue to patronize a provisioner whose food no longer nourishes, particularly when he sees others waxing fat and strong on that obtained from a rival purveyor.

Doctors are human; they dislike to lose patients either by death or defalcation. Their defamers say they are not so chagrined when the loss is caused by the former as when by the latter. But probably there are few physicians who want to retain dissatisfied patients; for no kudos comes from ministering to them. One of the phrases we hear often is, "You must tell your doctor the truth; you must have no secret from him." One of the truths we should tell him—and as soon as we find it out—is that we are not making satisfying progress toward restoration to health under his treatment. Should we decide to be more confidential, we may ask if he cannot suggest the name of a colleague who has given special study to an ailment such as ours, or who has shown great aptitude and resourcefulness in dealing with it. I venture to say that in nine out of ten cases, before that confidence is thrust upon him, the doctor will suggest that his patient would be well advised to consult So-and-So. But here is where the difficulty comes in. Unless he is an unusually understanding person, he does not suggest that the patient put himself in the care of that colleague. He sends him for confirmation of his own diagnosis and for suggestion of treatment; and the doctor to whom he is sent is bound ethically to direct him to return to the doctor who has failed to cure him.

The dissatisfied patient would be well advised to ask for the names of several physicians reputed to be skillful in dealing with disease like his. Then he should make his own selection and consult him free of entangling alliance. He is fortunate if the first one he selects proves to be the right one. Should he fail and be discouraged, he has only to think of the tailors and bootmakers he has tried before finding one who suited him.

Changing doctors is sometimes an expensive venture, but it is a sound investment.

Another thing our well-wishers never tire of telling us is, "Trust your lawyer, obey your doctor, believe your priest." That is excellent advice for the good, the well, and the happy; but when one is in trouble or determined to make trouble for others, when one is ill and apprehensive, incredulous and despairing, what he needs is fact, not dogma or doctrine.

The belief is universal that the physician manages the patient. That he has striven to do so there is no denying. Managing has been too one-sided. The patient does not discharge the obligation he is under to himself when he obeys the doctor. The doctor may be wrong. Unfortunately, he often is. Implicit obedience, then, makes for the patient's disadvantage, possibly his ruin.

I recall the case of a brilliant man who, at fifty years of age, was beginning to reap the industrious sowings of a lifetime, who obeyed his doctor implicitly

for six months while he was being treated for sciatica. When he decided at the end of that time to change doctors, the malignant disease from which he suffered was beyond surgical reach.

Doctors admit that they make mistakes. The better the doctor, the more freely he admits it. What he is reluctant to admit is that he is so often in error that for him to speak oracularly or to act as one infallible would be sheer effrontery. A physician should content himself with expressing an opinion, stating a belief, and giving advice. Exhortation and exacting submission should be left to the clergy. The patient should be free to get as many opinions as he wishes, to compare them, and to decide, after taking counsel with himself and with those whom he knows to have good sense and sound judgment, which is the most consonant with fact, and which counsel will restore him to health, delay the coming of the ominous night, relieve his suffering, mollify his misery.

But by doing so, he not infrequently thrusts a predicament upon himself: how to reconcile contradictory opinions of equally eminent physicians.

II

Every country has its favorite topic for comment and discussion. In England it is the weather, in France the other sex, here prohibition. All countries have one topic in common—conflicting diagnoses. Everybody has his pet story. There are probably better ones than the following, but it will suffice as an example.

A man of fifty-eight whose occupation of consulting engineer imposed a sedentary life upon him, one day was seized in his office with violent, spasmodic pain in the region called the pit of the stomach. A physician gave him prompt relief in the customary way. His family physician, examining him later, being unable to find a cause for the pain, suggested that he consult a heart specialist. The man he selected examined him in the most approved manner, and he returned with an outline of his heart made with the aid of the fluoroscope, with a cardiograph, and various other testimonies of a "thorough examination." Whether he was told that he had angina pectoris or whether he inferred it from what he was told, I have never been able to determine; but he became self-concerned and apprehensive and after following for a few weeks the treatment suggested, he consulted another physician of equal, even greater, renown who put him through a similar examination and presented him with similar credentials. But this time the latter were flattering; there was no enlargement of the heart; its various chambers harmonized in activity; the valves opened and closed just as valves made by the Creator should; the electrocardiogram was as nearly perfect as the heart of any man of fifty-seven should furnish, and the physical examination corroborated the instrumental. The patient was delighted, the doctor was glad, the family were jubilant.

But walking home from his office one winter day, bucking a head wind, he felt an uncomfortable sensation in the left side of the chest and that night he was restless. He kept his own counsel, but revisited the physician and obtained reassurance; and peace once more pervaded the household. He felt well enough, but he did not have the punch, mental or physical, to which he was accustomed, and in the back of his mind was a devil, posted there by the first doctor. In the small hours of the morning this demon would strut the boards of his mind, slap his chest, and laugh derisively. And so he consulted a third specialist. No word will be said of the examination. It was made two years after the first one and it may have had what the Yankee calls some "fancy touches." But the man who made it is a modest man who amalgamates wisdom with worldliness and tempers truth with understanding.

He told him that his circulatory apparatus was not in perfect condition;

that frequently men who led an active, strenuous life in youth and a sedentary life in maturity, and especially those who were heedless of the intake of energy supplies and the output of waste products, often experience as they approach the sixth decade of life slight changes in the arteries; that it was not at all unlikely that such slight changes had gone on in the vessels that supply the heart itself with blood, but that they were not revealed by photograph or cardiogram; nor were they such as would necessarily alter the size of the heart or change its sounds. He told him also that conformation to the rules of hygiene applicable to elderly people was all that he should impose upon himself, and he assured him that neither would his span of life be abbreviated, nor would he experience suffering. Ten years have passed, and the possessor of that heart still beats me occasionally at golf. Occasionally may be too generous a word, but there are few men of his age who are living more decorously and usefully than he. He never tires of relating his experience which, he maintains, is a reflection upon doctors. In reality, it is not. It merely testifies that they are human.

One might legitimately infer from the frequent comment on conflicting diagnoses that doctors preempt the field "disagreement." Yet few marvel and say, "I don't understand" when men who interpret laws and administer justice disagree, nor do the judges feel chagrin or experience humiliation when they record conflicting opinions. Jurors, even though they have been locked up and otherwise "facilitated," often do not agree and few, except those whose interest has not been promoted, disparage them for stating the opinions and beliefs which prevent agreement.

Experts in every field of human activity disagree, even the exponents of the exact sciences. Why should doctors be denied the privilege that is accorded everyone else? Medicine is not an exact science, and two personal equations, one posed by the patient, the other by the physician, enter into every problem that illness presents. The marvel is that doctors agree as often as they do. Even facts are susceptible of different interpretation. Under certain barometric conditions, I may be reasonably sure that rain will soon fall, while another person, equally weather-wise, is willing to risk the opinion that it will not rain.

The trouble with so many of us is we are unwilling that our diagnosis should be taken as opinion; we want it to be accepted as fact. Should the patient seek verification of it—which is not only his right but often his duty—we take umbrage and blame the colleague who checks us up.

I recall many mistakes, but none more vividly than one connected with what I thought was a Samaritan act. "My husband is having one of his terrible attacks of neuritis—can't you give him something that will stop the pain?" said a woman whose husband I was assisting to make the transfer from debauch to "normalcy." I found that his "neuritis" was locomotor ataxia, and that evening I called upon the colleague who had prescribed for him, and told him what I had found and what I had done. That was more than twenty-five years ago, and he has not spoken to me since.

There is one field in which it would seem to be safe, possibly sound, to be dogmatic—theology. There is one in which it is always unsafe to be cocksure —medicine. The trend of certain diseases is always to exact the life of the victim, but one can never tell when he may come across the exception.

Physicians do well to keep in mind that there have always been unbeatable invalids, patients who have proved the apparently hopeless diagnoses wrong. Dogmatic diagnosticians should add the autobiography of St. Teresa of Avila to their night-table books.

Patients who get contradictory diagnoses from men of equal standing in their profession are often so bewildered and discouraged that they desert to the enemy. One has to be on the skirmish

lines of the profession to see how numerous the "deserters" are. And it is not the poor and ignorant who go to quack and Christian Scientist, to psychoanalyst and physiotherapist; many "best people" who have failed to learn how to handle their doctor, how to utilize his knowledge, are among them. They should use their common and their uncommon sense and they should know something about the human body, how it works, what puts it out of gear, and where to take it for repair.

A doctor is a man steeped in the principles of hygiene, schooled to administer its laws, trained to detect disease. He is not a person with unique knowledge, scientific, esoteric, or mystic. There is always the human problem to deal with; and no specific instruction can be given how to solve it. In one case it is to be done in a manner which in the next case is bound to fail. Hence intuition, insight, knowledge of what is called the human heart is a great asset of the physician.

Pope's oft-quoted line, "The proper study of mankind is man," has been interpreted to mean man's conduct. The body is a "proper study" and a profitable one. No one should be considered mature who is ignorant of its structure and mechanism. When physiology is taught in public and private schools, properly and adequately, physicians will profit and patients will prosper. The ill and those who seek to restore them will be able to work together intelligently.

It is often said of physicians that they know nothing of business. Did they know as little of investments and of mercantile affairs as the business man does of physiology and pathology, the majority of them would be living in almshouses.

III

Why a man who considers himself educated should not feel humiliated by his ignorance of the structure and mechanism of his body is a riddle. He would not think of driving a car or sailing a boat without knowing something of how they are put together and how they operate; but his own body, well, that is a matter for doctors to understand.

Just because a man is ill is no reason why he should stop using his mind. Illness thrusts a problem upon him, and to solve it he should have the co-operation of those who devote themselves to the solution of similar problems. But *he* is the important factor in the solution of his problem, not the doctor.

To solve the problem of ill health, a knowledge of physiology and psychology may not be essential, but it is most desirable; and until they are taught we shall continue to be the country of the world richest in cults, fads, manias, and "pow-wow" doctors.

Can anyone imagine a person with such knowledge becoming a fletcherizer or a Couéite, a colon-irrigation slave, a yogi or a "gland" maniac?

The truth of the matter is that we see both disease and doctors out of perspective. We do not focus correctly upon either. We are determined to gild the lily of health; so we go to be examined as conscientiously and regularly as a nun goes to confession; we have a thirst for patent medicine which, if it belonged to an anti-prohibitionist, no bootlegger could quench; and we pour mineral oil into our interiors as recklessly and copiously as a locomotive driver pours it into his machine; and should we thus obtain too much smoothage, we go in for roughage with similar determination.

We say Nature is a wonderful healer but we rarely give her a chance to practice. We say instinct is a reliable guide, but we never trust it.

A thing looks different in different lights. Remembering this, I had no difficulty in reconciling two experiences which an elderly gentleman, who had retired from the labor of his profession to the hardship of leisure, had in Europe and in this country. One evening in Paris after dinner he was annoyed by

moving spots before one eye. He gave it little attention, but on going down the steps of the stoop the specks were replaced by flashes of light. Those were so persistent and distressing that he sent for a physician when he reached his hotel who, the next day, took him to a specialist. The consultant, who examined him in such a way as to impress him not only with his skill but with his thoroughness, assured him that he found nothing in his eye to account for his symptoms; they probably had their origin in some transitory disturbance of the circulation in the eye. He gave him medicine which the patient assumed was to correct such circulatory disturbance.

The symptoms persisted intermittently, and when he reached London he consulted another ophthalmologist of great renown and royal patronage who said to him, "Don't tell me what my Paris confrère said. Let me reach my own conclusion." When he had done so, he said, "Unquestionably, you have an infection in one section of the eye and it is responsible for your symptoms." He prescribed drops and some medicine to take internally and instructed the patient to return in four days. When he returned he examined him again and said, "I find nothing whatsoever. That which I found three or four days ago has disappeared."

The symptoms reappeared, and on the journey to this country the man became much concerned. Immediately on landing, he consulted a physician who told him frankly that he had choroiditis, put him under treatment, and sent him to an internist with the request that he endeavor to discover the source of the infection—which he did, and this yielded slowly to treatment.

The patient believes that the American ophthalmologist is cleverer than the European specialists. The belief is not well founded. Floating bodies in the vitreous may be visible one day and not another. They were probably larger and more plentiful in New York than they were in Paris or in London. Had the patient and the European doctors had a heart-to-heart talk, there would have been less worry and more international amity.

It is too much to ask of a physician that he himself should have had an enigmatic illness; but any illness makes him a better doctor. It is said that an ill doctor is a pathetic sight; but one who has been ill and has recovered has had an affective experience which he can utilize to the advantage of his patients.

The explanation of doctors' disagreements is to be sought and found also in their temperaments, in what psychologists call their affective reactions, and in their experience, personal and professional.

The most brilliant diagnostician which this country has produced was one of the worst doctors imaginable. He was a close observer, a keen analyzer, a thorough sifter, a logical thinker, and he had a vast experience with the quick and the dead. But he lacked optimism, skepticism, and heart, essentials for a good physician. A man who has the early symptoms of locomotor ataxia, or hardening of the blood-vessels, or disordered secretion of the liver or pancreas, of a beginning opacity of the crystalline lens, or inadequate closure of one of the heart valves goes to a doctor who recognizes the disease, who is familiar with the usual cause of it, and has had experience with those measures which impede its progress, or even check it, and asks, "What are my chances?" How can the doctor know? No two individuals react to disease in exactly the same way: one puts up a stiff resistance, another yields supinely.

Early in my professional life I had an illuminating experience. A Russian fur-cutter came to the clinic in which I worked, complaining of intermittent pain and lack of power in one of his legs. He had a disease of the blood vessels which seeks to encroach upon their lumen until it is quite obliterated—

the Jew's Disease it is called in Germany. The outlook for the victim is gloomy. I have lived long enough to see that patient experience amputation of both legs, operation on the abdomen for an intestinal mischief called diverticulitis, operation for hernia, three decades of hard work, and the acquisition of a large and lucrative business. A few days ago he came to ask me what he should do for symptoms which even I recognize to be an obstruction at the outlet of the stomach, and which a talented diagnostician confirms. At sixty-one or sixty-two years of age, he is going to take the last journey in a car that no one, least of all myself, expected would come along to pick him up.

I learned about disease and man from him. Were I to use the knowledge of disease acquired from him, I might be of disservice to the next victim of the disease I encounter, but what I learned of the man, I can use to my own and others' advantage; for truly the heart of this Russian Jew, of the humblest origin, is noble, and he has endured chastening that entitles him to the love of his Maker and the respect of his fellows.

Patients like their physicians and physicians like their patients. It is useless to say that in reality there is no necessity for a patient to like his physician, for there is an intangible but most real bond between them which is founded on nothing so much as personal feeling. One must like one's doctor, for he is confessor as well as confidant, mentor as well as savior. It is easy to confess a fault or to ask advice from a man you like, but not from a stranger or an antipathetic individual, though he were a wizard at diagnosis or an expert at therapeutics. How often one hears, "the moment Doctor X. comes to my room when I am ill I feel better." Scarcely justifiable from a scientific or technical standpoint, but most convincing from experience. One does not choose a lawyer or a banker the same way; but the services of a physician are of so intimate and personal a nature that the two individualities must be in sympathy before each can extract the best from the other: the patient, entire and indefatigable devotion—the physician, full confidence and psychic response.

The doctor has always been, and still is too oracular. The things he really knows are very few. He has opinions about disease, and many of them are soundly based, and he should rarely go beyond expression of them. His opinion may not be shared by colleagues of equal experience and similar renown, and deference to the opinion of others is very becoming. It is the patient who must decide the validity of opinion from consideration of its source and probability. If the doctor's opinion does not seem reasonable, or if the bias of it, due to temperament or personal and professional experience is obvious, then it is well for the patient to get another opinion, and the doctor has no right to be incensed or humiliated by such action. By and large, doctors have too much property interest in their patients, like the Forsytes in their wives. A patient does not yield his individuality to his physician; he seeks counsel and guidance from him, advice and direction that will restore him to health and, if he is beyond restoration, something that will give him strength to bear his burden and courage to confront his fate.

When a man falls ill, he does not forfeit his rights to be treated as a sentient human being or as an individual. He consults a physician and conforms his conduct to the counsel received, but he does not get well. When his physician sees despair enveloping him, he sends him to a colleague of distinction who after hearing his tale of woe and examining him says, "I'll write to your doctor about you." Frequently, not a word to the patient beyond this. The doctor to whom that patient is sent may be the ideal person to help the invalid back to health. He can do it only through the mediumship

of one who knows little or nothing of how to do it. Obviously, this is to the patient's disadvantage. Neither patient nor physician should tolerate this state of affairs. If the doctor does not know, or does not know how, he should not only tell the patient, he should direct him to someone likely to know and to know how, and then bid him godspeed.

Every sane adult has the right to consult anybody and everybody about his ill-health and to conform his conduct to the advice he receives so long as it is not prejudicial to the welfare of others or of the community. By such conduct he may forfeit the respect of men who have consecrated their lives to the study of disease scientifically, but it should neither alienate their interest nor earn their disfavor; and they should suffer him kindly when he returns to the fold.

Pompousness, pretense, oracularity, and over-solicitousness on the part of his doctor should always make the patient suspicious of him. Whenever I see a physician accompanying a patient to the dentist who will draw a tooth, I cannot help thinking that he is either covetous or amorous. The better the physician, the less he coddles his patients. In his contacts with them he seeks to teach them the principles of healthy living, and to restore them when they infract such principles. He realizes that he is fallible and that the most he can ever hope to be is an expert assistant to Nature and God. The relationship of doctor and patient should be one of frank co-operation with free access to all outside sources of help and expert knowledge.

IV

We do not hear so much of "medical ethics" as we did. That is a good sign. It means we are becoming more civilized. The essence of civilization is the advancement of the welfare of the world and enhancement of the pleasure of its inhabitants. A patient has "rights" as well as his physician. His inalienable right is to consult as many physicians as he chooses. Should he feel that he is not prospering with the physician of his choice, he should tell him so courteously, and express in money and kind words his gratitude for efforts made and services rendered. No fair-minded physician will take umbrage at such action. Those who do have only to put themselves in the patient's place to reacquire serenity. The patient who has had contradictory reports from doctors shows character if he keeps up the search for someone who can give him a rational explanation of his symptoms or direct him to recovery. I have encountered, recently, an excellent illustration.

A strong young Italian at work pushing a crowbar downward and outward, heard a snapping sound emanate from his right wrist, and felt a stinging pain. He kept at work for two or three hours, but did most of it with the left upper arm. That evening the pain was so severe that he called a physician who examined the wrist, then bandaged it. Whether or not he told him he would be all right in a few days does not matter. What physicians are alleged to have said rarely tallies with what they really say. The next morning the back of the wrist was black and blue. The doctor then subjected it to X-ray and advised dipping it frequently in hot water. At the end of a week, as the patient still complained, the doctor suggested that he consult a more experienced colleague, who treated him by massage and electricity for nearly six months. The patient had despaired before this time, but on the assurance of the doctor that he would soon be all right, he kept on. As he got no better, he decided to go to a clinic. His wrist was strapped, and he was given some medicine. No profit resulted from this, and he consulted a surgeon, who took him to a hospital and, after satisfying photographic and physical examinations were made, put a splint on the infirm wrist and forearm and suspended it from a bar, thus keeping the hand two or three feet above him. After two days

the swelling disappeared, the patient was discharged, and his employers were told he had some nervous lesion, "a hysterical joint," or he was malingering. A neurologist gave him a clean bill of health, and he was again sent to a hospital with the statement that he must have suffered either a partial dislocation of one of the wrist bones or rupture of some fibers of a ligament, and that the pain, swelling, immobility, and weakness were probably dependent upon a secondary arthritis or teno-synovitis. Again the examination was negative, and the surgeon suggested exploration of the wrist. The patient was willing, but by this time one of his physicians had become keenly interested in him and was determined to see him through. He took him to another surgeon, a youngish man who had seen service in the War. He found something that none of the other doctors had found, namely that the right radial pulse had much less volume than the left. He concluded that the man's symptoms were dependent upon lesion of the blood vessels, something akin to the disease that narrows the lumen of the arteries, and that they would yield to an operation that would remove a small piece of the outer coat of the main blood vessel of the arm, an operation devised by a French surgeon, René Leriche. This was performed and the patient slowly recovered the use of his wrist.

One does not need to have a very vivid imagination to picture the despair of this young man. He did not know where to turn or what to do. He had done everything he had been advised to do and gone everywhere he had been told to go. "I am young and strong, I have a family to support. I want to work. Cut my hand off if that will cure me," he said to one of his physicians. Only one of the many whom he consulted said to him, "I do not know what is the matter with you and I do not know how to find out." On the contrary, both the speech and conduct of some of them seemed to suggest that he was responsible for his symptoms—that he cherished them, that he could lose them if he wished. There was a time when if the doctor did not recognize the patient's ailment he called it hysteria, neurasthenia, or malingering, and there was a note of contempt in his voice as he uttered it. The patient was looked down upon when in reality it was usually the doctor who was at fault. The various physicians who were consulted by this young man might legitimately compensate him. He has been of real service to them. Painters pay models to sit for them; doctors in certain instances should pay patients, for they facilitate the development of their art.

Patients have another problem besides getting and managing a doctor, and it is an infinitely more serious one. Briefly, it is how to escape high-priced second-raters. It is beyond dispute or denial that the top-notch physician or surgeon can be had only by the rich or the poor. Those who are neither rich nor poor, upon whom medical fees are a severe burden, either pay physicians more than they can afford or get only second-rate operators and specialists. What are they to do when their gasserian ganglia must come out, or when they must give up that gland which makes life hideous for many men after sixty? Their pride prevents them from going to a clinic where they might have the services of a five-thousand-dollar operator, and their purse prevents them from going to his private hospital. There would seem to be no alternative for them save the beginner or the second-rater. Tyros often become teachers, and Class B surgeons sometimes push into Class A. It is not quite true to say they achieve it at the expense of the small-salaried man, but it is true that it is by practicing upon him and his family that they become experts. At times the suspicion crosses his mind that they are so keen to get experience and possibly money that good tonsils and inoffensive appendices are sacrificed, and lesions, susceptible to

the ministrations of time and nature, are submitted to the knife. Even when his mind is free of any suspicion of the doctor's motive or integrity, he feels that he is getting both a rough and an unjust deal.

It does not mollify him to be told that he gets the same sort of deal from the lawyer, the schoolmaster, the merchant —in short, from everyone who ministers to his needs save the priest. But unlike the priest, the doctor has to support himself and his family. Every physician adjusts his charges to his patient's income, but it is something more than normal, praiseworthy generosity when a doctor gives his time to a patient for five dollars when another is waiting without, ready to pay twenty-five. Mr. Smith can scarcely expect Doctor Jones to operate on his child's mastoid for one hundred dollars when Mr. Brown stands ready to pay him a thousand. Doctors are human; they give hostages to fortune whom they must deliver sound and sane. To do it, money is necessary. There is small chance that the first-raters in the medical profession will reform. They pave their way to prosperity by serving the rich, and to paradise by serving the poor. It is the neither-rich-nor-poor who must reform. They must either pocket their pride and have their examinations made in pay clinics and their operations done in public hospitals or they must begin an agitation, or start a drive, for hospitals and clinics in which they can get first-class medical, surgical, and dental service commensurate with their means and which will enhance their self-respect and restore them to health. Everyone who serves such hospitals, from the hostess to the chief surgeon, shall be paid by the hospital. The person who thinks such a hospital will not command the best medical and surgical skill may likely think otherwise should he familiarize himself with full-time positions in medical schools and in hospitals.

Hospitals of the present day, other than those charged up to the municipality, are run too much like commercial institutions. Those who endow them and those who administer them deny that they are run to make money; but it is difficult to convince many patients that they speak the truth. Modern hospitals are much like de luxe hotels for ill guests who can pay from twenty-five to fifty dollars a day. Some provide for the wage earner too, but they make little or no provision for the man who works for a salary. The philanthropist of his community who desires to build a monument to himself that will keep alive his understanding of the needs of his fellow-man and perpetuate his name may do so by building, equipping, and endowing a hospital where a patient can get medical and surgical care and all it entails for from fifty to seventy-five dollars a week. The man who gives money to build a hospital and none to endow it so that it can be run without charging those who have need of its services more than they can pay often does the community a harm.

The laity and doctors should get together on the hospital question. I am of the opinion that there should be no hospitals administered by doctors for doctors. It is natural that if a doctor or a group of doctors have a hospital, they prefer to see it full than empty. Though adoring patients sometimes make doctors feel they are superhuman, they are in reality very human and should not expose themselves to great temptation. It must be easy to persuade oneself that an appendix ought to come out if your wife constantly reminds you she has not had a new dress for a year, or if your son is developing an inferiority feeling from wearing patched clothes.

The money side of the practice of medicine is the sand in the gear box. That is why hospital practice is so much more satisfying than private practice. I never knew a top-notch doctor who would not have been delighted to exchange private practice for hospital position, suitably salaried, with adequate provision made for pension.

The Lion's Mouth

"I ONLY DO MY DUTY"

BY ALFRED F. LOOMIS

THIS is the way the trouble started. While waiting for Clancy I noticed that the inspector at the desk next to his wrote left-handed. "Every southpaw has his own style," said I. "I'm one myself, and people are always asking me how I do it." "Yes," said the inspector, smiling, "it's a gift." In those few words we established a bond of accord.

Immediately Clancy bustled in, a large, red-faced inspector in his shirt sleeves, who announced breezily, "Let's have a little air in here." I warmed to him, as he seemed to be a man of humor. I looked forward to clearing my freight through the Customs with little formality and no friction. But the other inspectors, sitting in a row before a half-height partition on which draymen leaned, awaiting their turn, looked up impatiently as Clancy went about and opened all the windows. The morning was cool. Perhaps, I thought, they didn't like this particular manifestation of his humor. Yet they said nothing.

Clancy seated himself and took my sheaf of documents in a hairy hand. There were four papers, all pertaining to the importation of one small piece of yacht equipment—an arrival notice, a bill of lading, a manufacturer's bill, and a permit from the custom house—copiously initialed, numbered, and O.K.'d. He rustled them.

"What's this-here article?" demanded Clancy.

"A reefing gear for a sailboat," said I; "used to shorten sail."

"Machinery," said Clancy, glancing at the bill. "Value $25, duty forty per cent. Give me $10."

I drew out my pocket-book. Like a good citizen who does blindly and in the pious avoidance of trouble what the servants of the Republic order him to do, I was on the point of passing the money over the partition. But right there the exchange of words with my left-handed companion in oddity bore fruit. Said he, "Blount called up the custom house about that reefing gear and they said it ought to be thirty-three and a third per cent."

"It's none of your business," snapped Clancy. "I say it's forty per cent and forty per cent it is."

But I held on to my money, for in came Blount. A glance over Clancy's shoulder told him what the argument was about and he said, "That's right, it's thirty-three and a third per cent." Blount, it seemed, shared the job with Clancy, but neither had authority over the other. Thus there was conflict.

"It's forty per cent," repeated Clancy, flushing darkly. "Hand over the $10 and you get the package."

There I found tongue. Yet my tongue is very feeble in controversial matters and I could only blurt out, "There seems to be a difference of opinion. Is there any reason why I should pay extra for somebody's mistake? Suppose you call up the custom house and get the truth of this."

That part about paying for "somebody's mistake" was ill-advised. Clancy, as I learned presently, has

been in the Customs service twenty years. He doesn't make mistakes. He breathed heavily, and thrust the sheaf of papers aside. "Next."

In these few moments a long line of draymen had collected, each handling documents for consignments of goods a hundred times the value of mine. While I stood by, and mentally computed a third of $25, and drew from various pockets $8.33, warming the money in my hand, and wondering what a forceful individual would do in the circumstances, all these men received their releases and departed. This was a matter of fifteen minutes.

Then I spoke, for laboriously I had evolved an idea. Up to this I hadn't known the inspector's name, and I asked him for it, saying that I would pay the $10 if he would hand me a receipt for it. Then I would go to the custom house and try to obtain a rebate. I gave him also that decrepit platitude about its not being the money but the principle of the thing.

Clancy said nothing, but thought; and his thought was as heavy as his breathing. Finally—"Have the box opened," he ordered. "I'll inspect it."

Outside the inspectors' office waited a checker for the steamship company and a cooper. The cooper ripped open the box, and the checker gave me sympathy. "It's the authority," said he. "Clancy won't admit he's wrong. Too bad you didn't get the other one. Blount is all right, but this one—well, he may climb down, but he'll keep you waiting to save his face."

In the insistent draft of the pier we waited half an hour while Clancy saved his face. Then he emerged and inspected the contents of the box, minutely, meticulously. "There's no mark on these articles, is there?" he asked, and I thought I detected the first friendly glint in his manner.

"None that I can see," I replied, hoping that in the mysterious maze of tariff regulations there was some clause bearing on the absence of marks from imported articles. Such a clause, I reflected, would permit a conscientious inspector to reduce the duty and at the same time climb down.

"Come inside," said Clancy.

He went, but the sympathetic checker grabbed my elbow, detaining me. "Good Lord," said he, "you'd have done better to pay the $10 and shut up. There's no use bucking these inspectors. That gear isn't marked 'Made in Great Britain,' and now it will go back into stores, and you'll have to get a punch and stamp that label on every piece."

I groaned and followed after Clancy. For one brief instant I had prepared to be magnanimous and laugh off our little contretemps. Now I knew that I must take my medicine.

With a thick pencil the inspector scrawled across one of my papers, "No mark of country of origin." He also wrote, "40%. $10."

"What next?" I asked, humbly.

"Next," said Clancy, triumphantly (and I saw then that what I had mistaken for humor in the man's breeziness was a superiority complex), "next you take that slip all the way down to the collector that gave you the permit at the custom house, and you pay the $10 to him; *and* you try to get a release from him. *And* you pay a ten per cent fine for importing goods not stamped with the country of origin."

I glared at Clancy, but there was only defeat behind my glare. "You're giving me a merry ride, aren't you?" I asked.

"I'm only doin' my duty, me dear," said he, smiling his first smile.

On the way down to the custom house my radiator almost boiled over in sympathy. I drove fast enough. And I thought, "Why take this to the collector who gave me the permit? He'll side with Clancy, and then if I try to carry the issue higher up, my case is hopelessly prejudiced. Why not start at the top and work down?"

So I asked to see the Top. He mistook my name for another's and had me right in. But he would have seen any

humble citizen, for he was worthy of being the Top, and stood up in defense of his men while at the same time fostering a spirit of cordiality between Government and governed. (*O rara avis!*) I stated my case, and he thanked me for bringing it to him. The collector whom I had previously seen was ordered in. He also was friendly. The deputy who is an authority on legal phases and precedents was summoned. The deputy whose forte is pleasure boats was interviewed on the 'phone. Each heard the facts and was asked his opinion. Then I was catechized.

Q. Is this reefing gear to be used on a motor boat? A. Well, there is a motor in the boat, now that I think of it. It's an auxiliary. But the reefing gear is actually used only in sailing.

Q. Is the gear for your personal use? A. It is, most emphatically.

Then the decision was handed down. Since I would use the gear personally there would be no fine for failure of the manufacturer to stamp it "Made in Great Britain." Judges had already ruled upon this point in the matter of wearing apparel for personal use. (No, I would not have to stamp it myself.) Since the gear was intended for a sailboat with a motor in it, it was a part of motor-boat equipment under the law, and the duty on such equipment was not forty per cent. Nor was it thirty-three and a third per cent (someone had blundered there)—but thirty per cent. I could pay the cashier $7.50, return to the pier, and collect my property.

Which I did. But before going I heard the collector tell Clancy on the 'phone that the case had been decided by the Top and that the legal authority had initialed my paper, excusing me from the fine. And that Clancy was to accept the cashier's receipt which I would bring him, and hand over the gear.

So uptown I went, going over in my mind what I would say to Clancy. During the first half of the run I composed sarcasm and gloating phrases. During the second half I determined to be aloof—one of those strong, silent men who are generous in victory.

But I can never anticipate a conversation of this sort and get it right.

Clancy took the cashier's receipt and examined both sides. "Let's see," he declared; "the collector said you were to show me the legal authority's O.K. I can't let you have the gear without the O.K."

"He did not," I contradicted. "He said I would bring you the cashier's receipt, and that's it."

"But how do I know this $7.50 that you paid is right? You say yourself the gear is for a sailboat and what's a sailboat got to do with a motor boat? The duty on machinery is forty per cent."

"Listen," said I. "I stood right beside the collector when he gave you your orders on the 'phone and I asked him, 'Can Clancy cause me any more trouble when I get to the pier?' and he said, 'He cannot.'"

There was more of the same, and another line of draymen collected, all the way to the door. One of them, impatient, called out, "Clancy's doin' all the work this morning."

The man next him said, "Work, is it? He's doin' all the talkin'."

The left-handed inspector—he who had been told by Clancy to mind his own business—remarked, sotto voce, "He's being talked *to—and how!*"

Clancy spoke abruptly. "Go get your gear."

I started for the door. He called me back. "Who did you see first when you went down there?"

"I went straight to the Top. I'd wasted time enough already."

Clancy rose from his chair and leaned toward me. "Don't think," said he, "I've been trying to be snooty to you. I only do my duty."

Hah! That was the second time he had employed the phrase. But what a difference in the intonation between the first time and the second!

OUR LYRIC PRESS

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

LET us consider that great compendium of information, rumor, opinion, and entertainment, the daily newspaper, as an inexhaustible source of poetic material and lyric inspiration. That it is so, is largely because of the ingrained romanticism of the journalist —as the newspaper man hates to be termed. His professional diction is full of words and phrases that are so pointedly and aggressively poetic that few practicing poets would venture to use them in their work. With him any agreement is a "pact," a matrimonial engagement is a "troth," and I shall forbear to dwell upon such interesting erotic compounds as "soul mate" and "love nest." The sports page is always a mine of picturesque metaphor, especially in the sections devoted to baseball and pugilism. Even a tennis match must be described as a "net tilt"—a vivid phrase that immediately suggests to the mental eye the picture of two fiery young athletes, with couched rackets, charging each other across the frail, reticulated barrier. However, we shall concern ourselves mainly with the news pages.

The basis of all good verse is cadence. Well-written prose is often strongly cadenced. Rhythmic effects are produced by the repetition of cadenced lines after a predetermined pattern; consequently any well-cadenced phrase in common speech or written prose may furnish the foundation for a metrical composition. Its cadence need only be reëchoed in other lines so as to satisfy the expectant ear which pleasurably anticipates the repetition, exactly as it anticipates certain repetitions in music. Observe how the most ordinary lines in our newspapers may be charged with dynamic lyric force.

Taking at random a copy of that excellent and conservative journal, the *New York Times*—to be specific, a copy of the issue of February 25—we find in a little box in the upper right-hand corner a prognostication of the weather: "Cloudy and warmer to-day, with rain to-night and to-morrow."

This timely forewarning with its dying fall of gentle regret supplies a perfect basis for a triolet; in fact, considering how triolets are constructed, it supplies the material for five-eighths of a triolet:

Cloudy and warmer to-day
With rain to-night and to-morrow.
Drear is the welkin and gray;
Cloudy and warmer to-day;
So must I hasten away
A new umbrella to borrow.
Cloudy and warmer to-day,
With rain to-night and to-morrow!

Almost directly below our melodious meteorological prediction, runs a story under an appealing heading, two lines of which inform us that

"Lindbergh Lands in Mexico
Flies to Fiancée"

As we have just evolved a triolet, our mind is adjusted to the tempo of the old French forms of verse, and instinctively sets to work on a rondel which shall utilize the first line of the heading as its refrain:

Lindbergh lands in Mexico
Gliding down a crystal trail;
Speeding over hill and vale,
Over lake and river-flow,
Under skies of golden glow,
Through the mist or through the gale,
Lindbergh lands in Mexico
Gliding down a crystal trail.

What may call him earthward so
From the heavens' azure grail,
Slanting wings of silver mail?
Why need anybody know?
Lindbergh lands in Mexico.

To the right of the simple tale that inspired our rondel, we find, boxed in

rules that emphasize its importance, a brief dispatch from Constantinople entitled

"Leon Trotsky Refuses to Talk
During Constantinople Stroll"

This, "Trotsky refuses to talk" is a perfect refrain for a ballade. In composing a ballade we must first hit upon a suitable refrain, and then, as we may have only three different rhymes in our thirty-six lines, we must judiciously choose line-endings that will make our rhyming task not too difficult.

Trotsky went out for a stroll
In his accustomed array,
Watching the carriages roll
Constantinople's Broadway.
So runs the news of the day:
"Trotsky goes out for a walk;
Says he has nothing to say.
Trotsky refuses to talk!"

This is uncommonly droll!
Where did he loiter or stray?
What was his actual goal?
Whom does he seek to betray?
Looked he sardonic or gay?
Here is the point where we balk!
Tell the marines, if you may,
"Trotsky refuses to talk!"

Couldn't the eye of a mole
See that all isn't *au fait*?
How can we swallow that whole?
What is the plot of the play?
Make it the theme of your lay,
Write it or draw it in chalk,
Carve it in granite or clay—
"Trotsky refuses to talk!"

Envoi

Mustapha Kemal, we pray,
Watch with the eye of a hawk.
There'll be the devil to pay!
Trotsky refuses to talk.

In the issue of the *Times* under consideration there appears a dispatch from Mr. Russell Owen, a member of the Byrd expedition in the Antarctic, three paragraphs of which, with but slight changes, chant themselves in blank verse in this manner:

We stood upon the seaward ice and watched
The tall white ship creep off to disappear
Among the mists that cloaked the Bay of Whales.
Then first we felt alone, for first we knew
How far we were from all the life of home;
Yet, glad of work begun, inland we turned.
Now, trotting fast across the hard-packed snow,
The sledge-dogs waved their tails like gallant plumes;
Our parka hoods were coated white with frost;
But the men, gay of spirit, laughed and joked,
Tipping each other over in the drifts.

Quite a few of our modern poets have discovered excellent literary material in the simple tribal songs of the American Indians, or Amerinds as they often prefer to call them, a discovery in which they were somewhat exasperatingly anticipated by the benign Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, to disparage whom is, among very modern American poets, one of the obligations of the orthodox and elect. One who in his early youth was extensively exposed to Mr. Longfellow's influence may, however, be pardoned if a news story headed, "Chief Roaring Thunder to Sing" impels him, likewise, to sing the story thus, in the easy trochaics of the Song of Hiawatha:

From the plains of Oklahoma,
From the land of fragrant oil wells,
From that realm of wealthy Red Men
Came the mighty Roaring Thunder,
Best of copper-colored bassos,
Chief among the wise Ojíbways.
Princess Pálankí, the Choctaw,
Sweet soprano, tripped beside him.
With them walked the puissant Pawnee
Called Nasáto Shimatóna,
Carlisle graduate and athlete,
Dancer, baritone, composer,
Able orchestra conductor,
Leading on his aggregation:
Curley Chief who chants the legends
Of the Seminole savannahs;
Wildflower, gentle Cherokeean,
She that toots the largest tuba
Ever made and manufactured;
Blue Coal Boy, the Sioux performer;

Proud Tall Pine, who plays the trombone,
Born a Ute of Colorado;
Swift White Deer, the violinist,
Scion of the Kaws of Kansas;
Long Time Sleep, the Potawatami;
Knife Chief, Pawnee trumpet-blower;
Deft Notónga, skillful 'cellist,
Boast of Winnebago wigwams;
Eagle Horn who strums the banjo,
And that dauntless vellum-thumper
Swearing Green, the Iroquoian,
Swearing Green the kettle-drummer.
To the District of Columbia
Came these Indian musicians,
Came to sing for Calvin Coolidge,
Came to play for Herbert Hoover,
Came to chant the Nation's anthem
Lest the melody should languish,
Lest the words should be forgotten.

I am repeatedly impressed with the loveliness and spirit of the odes that the art critics offer in laudation of paintings or statuettes which they delight to honor. These tributes exhibit an enviable lightness of fancy and originality of phrasing. I take the liberty of quoting literally from the *Times* of March 3 two such tributes by Ruth Green Harris, which require only some such fantastic typographical rearrangement as I have given them, to fit them to compete, on at least even terms, with most of that which is printed as "free verse."

RIDERS OF THE DESERT

Like the center of a flower
The riders are huddled together;
And the horses' rounded necks
Grow out from the center
Like the petals of the flower.

WELCOME

"Welcome" greets you as you enter.
She has been carved out of wood
In a spirit of teasing paradox.
The surface is simple,
But the movement is complex—
A pull back
And a push forward
Of her body,
To welcome unobtrusively
With both reserve and enthusiasm.
She is kind
Yet she is laughing at you,
The spectator—
Some private joke
About the silly way
You wear your hat
Or carry your stick.

The fashion page, especially to-day when fabrics and colors are glorified by a marvelous nomenclature, reveals so many splendors that I hesitate to present this unobtrusive little ode, taken hit-or-miss from its glorious environment. Probably I am guilty of an injustice to the author of far more impressive poems, yet I will take the risk of exhibiting it as an illustration of the possibilities that lie in even the simplest themes:

The skirt is cut quite plain,
With an inverted double box pleat
In front,
And another
In the middle back;
The blouse is of beige crêpe
Finished with a bit of drawn work,
And the coat is lined
With the same
Material.

Editor's Easy Chair

OUR JANGLING BLESSINGS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE were echoes in the papers that seemed to imply that Mr. Louis Marshall, lawyer and President of the American Jewish Committee, had complained that some of the Christians are trying to convert Jews. Oh, well, anything to save the world! If there are Christians who think the Christian organization needs more Jewish talent, what harm to go out and get some? It has been done before and with great success. The fervor for converting Jews was hottest when it was thought to be necessary for the future comfort of their souls to Christianize them. There is not so much zeal in that particular respect as there was; but since it is a fact that Jews were helpful in starting the Christian religion, it might well be that they would be useful to it in its present disputatious state.

In matters of a certain sort the Jewish mind is of a demonstrated helpfulness. When newspapers or periodicals go to pot and fall into the hands of Jews, astonishing recoveries sometimes follow. Two leading daily newspapers of New York are examples of that. One value of the Jewish mind is that, though it may have its own racial prejudices, it escapes the prejudices of the Gentiles. To a periodical it may bring new valuations and a new point of view. Anyone who has tried to steer a fatherless periodical into paths of influence and profit will be apt to appreciate how very important to it a change of prejudices may be.

The Christian Church is full of disputes. The Pope seems displeased with Mussolini's talk and has spoken of it quite sharply and at some length. The Anglicans fear another set-to over the Prayer Book. The Fundamentalists and the Modernists wrangle interminably, and a little arbitration might do good.

Meanwhile the job of saving the world is going on in a way fit to encourage its inhabitants. The settlement of the reparations problem was a highly encouraging achievement. Our gentlemen who assisted with it were praised on all sides, especially Mr. Young, who showed some embarrassment at the laudatory deluge that rolled in on him. However, Mr. Young, like Charles Lindbergh, seems to have excellent facilities for taking care of himself. He was able to sidestep a public reception in New York and hurried off to help his son get married in Cleveland. Somehow we can still provide useful men. Like the rest of the world, we are passing through an extraordinary upset of standards and precedents. Our immediate destinies, and indeed those of mankind in general, are highly speculative, but we are sailing along to something, and it does not call for inordinate national vanity to believe that it will be something better than human life has experienced for a good while.

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

So Goldsmith, who never could keep

any money. Our wealth has certainly accumulated but our men do not show as yet alarming symptoms of decay. Yet it is that which Joseph Caillaux considers when he discusses whether civilization is dying. "A great country," he says, "the United States of America, adopts realism. Eager for immediate results, she makes up for slow scientific progress by organization. Organization of industry! Organization of labor! She nationalizes—I include in the word the whole gamut of technical improvements. What does it all come to? It produces—this is beyond dispute—a level of material civilization higher than ours. This is certainly not a negligible achievement. I am so little disposed to underrate it that repeatedly I have expressed the wish that the old continent would borrow largely from the methods hatched on the other side of the Atlantic.

"But I wrote—'borrow'; that is to say—select—not copy."

He would borrow but not copy. He would not have Europe go over too far to the industrial methods of the United States. "An intelligent application of craftsmanship," he says, "raises the workman. Indefinite repetition of the same gesture in the minimum of time degrades him. It makes him an automaton to the detriment of the community and of himself." M. Caillaux has put his finger on the sore place in mass production. If it is bad for the workman, it is not good for the country.

HENRY FORD, the leading prophet of it, talks just now to a representative of a newspaper syndicate which puts out his views every week. At this date of writing they concern Prohibition. "It is here to stay," he says. "The Eighteenth Amendment was the right way to do it in this country." Then he tells how little trouble he has with his workmen in Europe—how many teetotalers there are on that continent and how well have worked in England the more moderate drink-restraining laws. But for us he thinks, as said, there was but one way and that was the course taken.

Prohibition was born of the War. When suddenly it came there were those who said to themselves, "Perhaps it is the most effective way to beat the liquor interests. It will knock them out, and when that is accomplished, no doubt, we shall have more moderate measures of some sort." Along with these thoughts there came the conjecture that full Prohibition might last a couple of years and after that it would be modified. It lasted longer than was expected and its modification by bootleggers was not the kind anticipated, and after ten years of it it is more than ever a problem. What is obvious is that it gives much better satisfaction in some parts of the country than it does in others. In the states that were Dry before the Amendment was passed, that liked the dry condition and wanted to continue, the Amendment is popular. In the big cities it does not work well, but even in the big cities there are comparatively few thoughtful persons who want back the conditions that existed before the Amendment took effect. The inexpediency of corner saloons and of the bar and the brass rail are generally admitted. Few Wets want those institutions back. They want a wiser and more orderly control of the rum traffic. For though our experiments have had great influence so that we are an object lesson to the world, no other country is following our example of flat Prohibition. The Canadian Provinces have tried it and have quit and are now working along under modified laws. In Great Britain there has been a reduction in the number of public houses and the number of hours daily that they can keep open and in the potency of the beer. Henry Ford says that such methods are all right for England or Germany but that for us our method is the right one. But that seems to be mere assertion, for, as said, he has factories in Europe and finds no trouble at all in finding workmen fit

to work in them. He believes there are more teetotalers in Europe than we think, and teetotalers he finds to be the best workmen.

No doubt they are more tractable, more dependable, but perhaps not of the highest talent always. Rum has never been recommended as a means of making careful workmen, but careful workmen are not the sole need of our world. We need thinkers, persons of imagination, rulers, and at times fighters. Four gentlemen represented us in the conference on reparations. Was any one of them a teetotaler? No. They were men in the prime of life, in full possession of their faculties, patient and laborious, but not one of them was a teetotaler.

A Methodist Minister in Minnesota writes to the Easy Chair that he lived thirty-six years in England in a town where there were two big breweries and light wines could be had from any grocer, and he has never seen more bestial drunkenness than there. That may be. It was admitted that England was too drunken and, as has been mentioned, she has made useful efforts to sober up. But after all when our Methodist friend lived in England Great Britain was pretty well the leading country in the world, and in spite of all that beer—so much too much of it—she made a showing in the Great War that was considerably respected. The trouble with the general argument against rum, that it is all bad, is that so many countries where in times past it has run pretty loose have been notably able and progressive. The United States was not dry, heaven knows, in the nineteenth century, but in material progress in that century it surpassed any record of history. When the Minnesota brother pointed to England's present unemployment as a consequence of rum he was wrong. It is due much more to the War and to loss of markets, especially the market for English coal.

Nobody has ever estimated, so far as appears, how large a proportion of the population has been able to meet rum face to face in all its forms without succumbing to it. Henry Ford discovers that there are more teetotalers in Europe than we think. There have always been more teetotalers or constitutionally sober people in the United States than anyone would imagine who listens to the Prohibitionists' remarks. Not in any case will Prohibition save the country. It does not need saving in that particular. It can be helped by good rum laws; it can be harmed by bad ones; but it is not in any ominous peril in either case because the great bulk of the population can take care of itself. The nuisance of that part of the population that cannot control its thirst and has no sense about drinks is so great as to over-stimulate legislation on that subject. The country is not really in danger from rum. It does not really need to be rescued by the Methodist Board of Morals.

When the Prohibitionists say they had tried every conceivable way to beat the liquor interests and hold back the tide of rum before they turned to Prohibition and that all were of no avail, they say what is not so. A lot was done very successfully to diminish drinking. Habits of drinking abated enormously in the nineteenth century, and the abatement was going on well up to the time the Amendment was passed. It is a bad argument that they had to have Prohibition because nothing else would do. On the other hand, it is a good argument as far as it goes that rum is prejudicial to success with motor cars. Drink does not mix as well with them as it did with horses. A part of the oldtime horse-sense was the capacity to get a drunken driver safely home. That capacity has not yet been imparted to motor cars though, of course, it may come in time. In Prohibition we are just now an object lesson to the world but, as observed above, no other country is following our example. The neighbors look at us and conclude from what they see and hear that our solution of the rum problem does not work well, so they experiment with something else and particu-

larly with governmental control of the rum traffic. We shall doubtless come in time to experimentation in spite of the Eighteenth Amendment. Meanwhile President Hoover is lifting "the noble experiment" out of the control of the Anti-Saloon League and doing his best to get it into the hands of competent lawyers. That seems to mean that it is passing the camp-meeting stage, which is a good thing. We complain of it a great deal, but even as things are, life is not entirely unsupportable. We have lots of motor cars, good roads, airplanes, radios, movies, talkies, and bathing girls amply provided, food enough, an abundant provision of cigarettes, candy and soft drinks, chewing gum sufficient, a fairly copious endowment of colleges and reading matter to suit all tastes except at times the taste of the censors. That our lunatic asylums are over-crowded, our murder list is over-extended, and robberies and crimes of violence are very frequent is of course to be regretted, but it makes the papers more interesting to many readers.

IT HAS been divulged in the newspapers that after a number of attempts which have come to nothing there is to be a permanent library in the White House. Mrs. Fillmore when she was mistress of the White House got two thousand dollars from Congress to buy books for it. To these a few volumes were added by Mrs. Cleveland. Now the American Booksellers Association has given five hundred volumes to start with and proposes to add to them every year fifty of the more notable books of that year.

All that seems to be well advised. There should be a few books in the White House, not many, because the Presidents so far have all been able to read and write and their families have been literate, especially their wives, and have usually brought some books with them and have quantities of new ones sent in. Five hundred books isn't many, and fifty new books every year is not too many if there is a throwing-out committee and it is faithful and efficient. Every library needs such a person, especially if its growth is mainly by new publications. A library of old books may hold its own pretty well, but new books are sure to need weeding.

The great problem for books nowadays is storage. The books of the period are very perishable. The paper is seldom good and the covers are apt to drop off of those that are bound in leather. Storage is a great problem of this immediate time anyhow. Production is enormous, and products as a rule have to be sheltered, and shelter is no joke especially when it includes insurance. A great many people must be getting tired of having so many things and want to move out and live in trees. Still a few readable books in the White House is not a bad idea. As wall decorations they are unsurpassed.

Personal and Otherwise

Aldous Huxley, one of the most brilliant of modern English novelists and essayists, is well known as the author of *Crome Yellow*, *Antic Hay*, *Point Counter Point*, and other volumes of prose and poetry. As grandson of Thomas Henry Huxley and brother of the zoölogist Julian Huxley, he shares the spirit of scientific inquiry which has distinguished his family for three generations. HARPER readers may recall his short stories, "Little Mexican" and "Half Holiday," which have appeared in this Magazine, as well as occasional contributions to the Lion's Mouth.

The death of ***Harvey O'Higgins*** last February brought to an untimely end one of the most promising and versatile of American writers. He distinguished himself as a playwright ("Polygamy," "The Argyle Case"), as a novelist (*Julie Cane*, *Clara Barron*, etc.) and as a writer of numerous short stories. His interest in Freudian psychology led him to write such books as *The Secret Springs* and (in collaboration with Dr. Edward H. Reede) *The American Mind in Action*.

Justice Joseph M. Proskauer ("How Shall We Deal with Crime?") has been a practicing lawyer in New York City since his admission to the bar in 1899. He became associate Justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York in 1923. He is a member of various clubs and philanthropic organizations.

Many of ***Dorothy Dunbar Bromley's*** previous articles will be remembered by our readers. They have included "The Market Value of a Paris Divorce," "Feminist: New Style," "Whom God Hath Joined," "What Risk Motherhood?" which last appeared in the June issue. Mrs. Bromley now examines and challenges some traditional and widely held ideas regarding the maternal instinct.

Stella Benson is an English novelist, author of *Worlds within Worlds*, *The Poor Man*, *Pipers and a Dancer*, *The Little World*, etc. She has lived in many countries, and has spent much time in America and China. She is the wife of J. C. O'Gorman Anderson. Readers of this Magazine will recall her extraordinary story, "The Man Who Missed the Bus" (March, 1929), which created something of a sensation both in England and America. Since then the Magazine has published (June, 1929) another of her remarkable short stories, "Hairy Carey's Son."

Charles M. Muchnic is a naturalized American citizen who was born in Russia, came to this country at the age of fourteen, and was educated an engineer here and in France. He was for many years Vice-President of the American Locomotive Company in charge of Foreign Sales. He has received the Order of the Rising Sun from the Emperor of Japan, and the Order of an Officer of the Crown from the Italian Government. He has traveled extensively, and has been a keen observer of economic and political movements.

Some account of the revolution that has taken place in the movies was given by ***Gilbert Seldes*** in our November issue last year—"The Movies Commit Suicide." Mr. Seldes in "Talkies' Progress" in this issue describes the latest developments in this new form of cinema enterprise and points out the specific problems which remain to be solved. Mr. Seldes, in his well-known volume, *The Seven Lively Arts*, and in his critical papers in the *New Republic*, *The Dial*, and elsewhere has shown a rare understanding and sympathy for the motion picture and its artistic possibilities.

John W. Vandercook is a familiar name to the readers of this Magazine. Four years ago he visited Dutch Guiana and became so interested in the bush negroes of that region that since then he has given most of his time to the study of native negro cultures in va-

rious parts of the world. His most recent trip, made in company with his wife, has been to the Congo region of Africa. "Funk," which appears in this issue, has its locale in that district. Another piece reminiscent of his African experiences was "Black Man Trouble" which was published in our April, 1929, issue. His published books include *Tom-Tom* and *Black Majesty*, the latter being an account of Henry Christophe, the extraordinary negro monarch of Hayti in Napoleonic days.

Eugene Bagger ("Uprooted Americans") is the author of a biography, *Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria*, and of *Eminent Europeans*. Born in Hungary, he came to the United States before the War, and is a naturalized American. He was formerly an editorial writer on the staff of the New York *Tribune*, and has contributed numerous articles to American magazines. He is now living in the South of France, and is at work on a volume of imaginary portraits.

Of the anonymous author of "It Paid to Be a Bargain Wife," we can only say that she is a well-known woman whose chief interest is in social work. She has for some time occupied an important position on the editorial staff of one of our more serious journals.

Rheta Childe Dorr has had an extensive journalistic career both in this country and abroad. Her writings include: *What Eight Million Women Want, Inside the Russian Revolution, A Soldier's Mother in France*, and a biographical study of Susan B. Anthony.

Doctor ***Joseph Collins,*** the distinguished neurologist, now gives much of his time to writing. He is the author not only of several medical volumes but of *The Doctor Looks at Literature, The Doctor Looks at Love and Life*, and other popular books. His contributions to HARPER'S, such as "Should Doctors Tell the Truth?" "Group Practice in Medicine," etc., show him to be a penetrating observer of the mutual problems of physician and patient. In "The Patient's Dilemma" in this issue he returns again to this subject.

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The Lion's Mouth welcomes to its pages this month a new contributor, ***Alfred F. Loomis,*** who has been moved to set down his vexatious experience with a mule-headed petty customs official. Mr. Loomis assures us that his account is veracious in every detail—only the name of the protagonist has been altered to avoid identification. By way of postscript to this adventure Mr. Loomis writes the editors from the waters of Long Island Sound:

> I've been off racing in the Gibson Island race and have just returned from that strenuous pastime. The reefing gear that I had such a hard time collecting from the customs demonstrated its usefulness in the race, and now that your check is at hand I find that the gear is twice paid for, import duty included. This is a most satisfactory conclusion to the episode, and I am glad to have the sketch appear in the Lion's Mouth.

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Arthur Guiterman is remembered everywhere for his books of humorous verse and "Rhymed Reviews" which were a feature of *Life* some years ago. He has been a frequent contributor to HARPER'S.

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The poets of this month are ***Archibald MacLeish,*** whose poems appear frequently in the more sophisticated magazines—a new volume of his verse this fall will be added to the several already published; ***Daniel Whitehead Hicky*** of Atlanta, several of whose sonnets have appeared in HARPER'S; and ***Elizabeth Larocque,*** who made her first appearance in the August issue.

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George Luks, whose painting, "Balalaika Player," is reproduced as our frontispiece this month, is a popular and distinguished American painter. He received his artistic education at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and in Dusseldorf, Paris, and London. He is now a leading member of the New Society of Artists, and has received numerous prizes and medals. His portraits and figure studies are refreshing in their boldness and simplicity.

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A reader of the Magazine living in Cagnes, France, raises the following question:

SUPPOSE ALL THE WOMEN WERE MARRIED?

Mrs. Margaret Culkin Banning should have included that question in her very interesting article, "The Plight of the Spinster," in your June

issue. When young I remember announcing at a dinner party my determination to remain a spinster (which I have done). A middle-aged, settled down, married man next to me argued that matrimony and motherhood were the only way of life for a woman. I asked, gravely, the name of the trained nurse caring for one of his children who was ill. He replied, "Miss Duggan, a splendid person." Then I asked the name of the school teacher in the grade attended by his eldest child. "Miss Ferguson," he replied, "a wonderful character." He was at least giving us devils our due. "And," I continued, "the telephone girl who connected you up with the Doctor's office, the assistant who took the message, are probably spinsters; likewise the woman who aids the chemist, and your secretary, that wizard Miss Whalen; also your wife's little dressmaker who makes the children's clothes, and the librarian who keeps them from reading naughty books, and develops their young minds, saving you the trouble. All are spinsters. Just what would become of little Ernest or Maud if these women were all bearing and rearing a brood of their own?"

Civilization isn't nature, the bricks in it are without doubt the married women, but the cement that keeps the fabrication together is made of the millions of spinsters who shoulder some of the responsibilities which the rich and consequently busy—or poor and consequently careworn—mothers cannot shoulder. The norm is matrimony and motherhood, but all norms would make as bad a hive as all drones. The handy, single woman friend you invite to dine or even encourage to flirt with your husband is part and parcel of the stock-in-trade of every married household. If she is a stupid friend, she can at least be useful, and Tom or Dick or Harry will find his little wife fresher in consequence. On the contrary, if she is pretty, or witty or wise, and not too designing, Tom or Dick or Harry, bucked up by her flattery, will end the evening more in love with himself, and consequently with his little wife and home.

Thus the women of thirty or more, unmarried, if intelligent and busy, sum up their human and not their business place in the world, and having more time and glamour to give to their nieces and nephews—I speak with knowledge, for I am feudal-minded even if I am not maternal—they satisfy their affections in personal relationships that are often deep and lasting if not passionate and egotistical like those of parents. The thing for the unmarried woman to remember is not to let herself or her interests fly to the four winds, or center too much on her work, but like most bachelors (and nobody finds them wistful) to center her emotions on a live issue and work off her emotional steam and suppressed maternity on a personal relationship with a parent, a pupil, other people's children, or her own friends.

The affection shown me by the troops it was my privilege to care for in the military hospitals during the War, because I had no marital or maternal ties to keep me from that work, still warms my blood like wine. The idea that spinsters wistfully think of themselves as emotional paupers is poppycock. As for illicit love affairs, the woman who scorns them theoretically is a bit lacking in wisdom. Happiness for many women consists in giving their affections or emotions often without hope of any material or even emotional reward. Promiscuity aside, a man who is unchivalrous in an affair that has about it any depth or height of reciprocated feeling, is just as apt to be an unchivalrous husband. I have known many a *ménage á deux*, at least in Europe, and been struck by the charm and even peace of the arrangement, and have as often been a sad eye-and-ear-witness to the jangles and wrangles of a supposedly happily married pair. Granted that women are only half developed who miss the experience of passion and maternity; the latter, if not the former, is a life work some women break under. One of the most amusing drawings I ever saw was in *Life* some years ago. It showed a distracted mother trying to soothe a crying babe in arms and at the same time to quiet the noisy older children, while father pats her head and says, "Think of the comfort they will be to you when they are older." In the next picture the daughter is caught in an attempted suicide and the son arrested for some breach of the law, while father is still patting mother's head and saying, "Think of the pleasure they were to you when they were young."

No spinster can stand in a married woman's emotional shoes, and *vice versa*. Life can only be faced with three assets that count—character, courage, and humor. The spinster with these need not feel sorry for herself.

DOROTHY TAYLOR.

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We are glad to print this tribute to Eleanor Hayden Kittredge's story, which has evoked praise from many readers.

Washington, D. C.

DEAR HARPER'S:

What an incredibly lovely story you have in the July number, "September Sailing." Not since "Thunder on the Left" have I enjoyed any piece of fiction so keenly. At its end I found my eyes wet; and in this "hard-boiled" era, when most of us are ashamed of tears, anything which can evoke them must be indeed poignant.

This story "September Sailing" coincides with all I know of both France and America; it contrasts

the virgin freshness of the latter with tired, worn Europe in telling fashion, without disparagement to either.

Such stories as this do not come in pairs; but should you discover another as charming, give it to us.

Very cordially,

XARIFFA RENNEAUX.

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From Detroit, Michigan, overwhelmed with motor cars and prosperity, comes this interesting commentary upon the present state of the nation:

DEAR HARPER'S:

There is a very obvious connection between James Truslow Adams's article, "A Business Man's Civilization," and "More Thoughts on the Leading Topic," which Mr. Martin puts into words from the advantageous position of the Editor's Easy Chair. Mr. Adams's article serves as a commentary upon Mr. Martin's editorial—and *vice versa*. Mr. Hoover is a business man's president. Whatever the other factors entering into his overwhelming victory last November, there is no escaping the fact that the big business men, and to almost equal degree the small and medium sized business men of America, were pretty solidly behind him. It is true that, outside of business, a great many voted for Smith because he was a Catholic—or against him because he was a Catholic; that others voted against him because he was a "wet"—or for him because he was "wet." But these lines of opposition tended to disappear among the business men of the country. The bigger the business men—that is, the more money these business men controlled or represented—the less one heard about religion and prohibition; the more one heard about the "economic danger" of Al Smith in the presidency.

In other words, Hoover was looked upon as a man whose influence as president would be to assure profits for four more years; Smith as a man who might endanger these profits. Moral principles, political principles, legal principles, the welfare of America generally were almost completely ignored by the tremendously influential money barons as soon as the specter of possible "hard times" was called up by the editorial witches of an embattled Republicanism. That most of them actually believed that Smith would endanger the prosperity of the United States is a sad commentary upon the intelligence of the millionaires who are shaping the civilization of America.

The total inability so far exhibited by Mr. Hoover to think of his fellow-Americans as men and women rather than as subjects to authority, his puerile attempts at moral reasoning, as witnessed in his April address to newspaper men, are, of course, completely unremarked by the business men of America. They are as blind as the great mass of people who envy and strive to emulate them. If his administration is prosperous—that is, if they can continue to create and take profits during his regime—then he is a roaring success as president. If anything disturbs their ability to make money during his tenure of office, he's a failure.

What a short-sighted, ignorant, ignoble lot they are! And yet they are the *crême de la crême* of America, to all intents—the recipients of hero worship from multitudes striving to become like them. Truly we live in a modern Carthage, where wealth rules and men decay.

In view of these facts, Mr. Adams's final question, "Can a great civilization be built up or maintained upon the philosophy of the counting-house and the sole basic idea of a profit?" becomes painfully pointed and intensely disturbing.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES P. DERUM.

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We printed last month a rejoinder to Professor Ransom's article, "The South Defends Its Heritage," received from Mr. James M. Jewell, of Columbus, Indiana. An old friend of HARPER'S and a contributor to it, Dr. Wingate M. Johnson, of Winston-Salem, N. C., makes a point in reply and scores, in our judgment, a bull's-eye.

DEAR HARPER'S:

Mr. John Crowe Ransom is far more capable than I of answering the savage criticism of his article, "The South Defends Its Heritage," offered in the August HARPER'S by Mr. James M. Jewell. For fear he will not care to reply, however, and lest a glorious opportunity for rejoinder be lost, I hasten to call attention to one sentence in Mr. Jewell's letter: "When the South sends to Washington a Ramsay MacDonald and a Nancy Astor instead of a Coleman L. Blease and a Heflin, let Mr. Ransom call again for his old Kentucky home or Sewanee River moon."

Mr. Jewell probably does not know that Nancy Astor was sent to Parliament from the Southern soil of Virginia, where she was born and lived to maturity. As to Blease and Heflin, admitting all their contemptible demagoguery, I will not attempt the ridiculously easy task of naming Northern representatives to match them, but will rest the case by asking if the South did not make a valuable contribution in the person of Woodrow Wilson.

WINGATE M. JOHNSON.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

A Word for Wall Street

By PAUL TOMLINSON

THE author of a recent book written in defense of Wall Street received a telegram shortly after the book was published in which the sender used such expressions as, "the Stock Exchange is rotten," and "Wall Street must be purged of its rottenness." Are these epithets justified? Is Wall Street, so-called, a den of iniquity? Does the Stock Exchange perform no useful function? Many people, like the sender of this telegram, undoubtedly believe Wall Street is an evil place and an evil institution, and are sincere in their beliefs. Let us try to see if there is anything which can be said on the other side.

IN the first place it should be remembered that any attack upon the New York Stock Exchange, or upon Wall Street—and in most people's minds the two names mean the same thing—is an attack upon the more than seven million investors of this country who patronize Wall Street and the Stock Exchange. Can seven million people all be wrong? It hardly seems possible, and yet if Wall Street is a wicked institution engaged in nefarious practices, over seven millions of our citizens are its partners in crime.

WHAT is Wall Street anyway, or if you prefer, what is the New York Stock Exchange? Well, first of all it is a place where supply and demand for capital meet; it is a market for the purchase and sale of the securities which provide the money essential to the existence and operation of business enterprises all over the world; it is a market in which economic forces have free play; a market operated on the basis of more than a hundred years of experience; a market essential to modern civilization, and surrounded by numerous safeguards for the protection of the investor. Prices on the Stock Exchange have never been artificially controlled; they adapt themselves to the constantly shifting economic force of supply and demand, frequently anticipating future events before they take place. Products dealt in in this market are more readily convertible into cash than any other in the world; there are no frozen credits on the New York Stock Exchange, and it

has been said with justice that probably the safest investment in the world to-day is a call loan secured by Stock Exchange collateral. Is it any wonder that the people of this country, suddenly alive to the possibilities for profitable investing offered by the New York Stock Exchange have rushed to trade their dollars for stocks and bonds?

WALL STREET is criticized in large measure, it would seem, because it has become so big and so successful. Does everyone realize that this growth and success have come about because the United States has become successful too, and instead of a debtor is now a creditor nation? In the old days we owed the rest of the world more than they owed us; now the balance is on our side and we have a surplus of capital just as we have a surplus of wheat, or corn, or cotton. It is nice to have money tucked away in an old sock under the apple tree, but it is still nicer to have money out working to earn more money for us. To do this it should be put to work wisely, and productively, if business stability is to be maintained, for business stability means prosperity. As the president of the New York Stock Exchange said in a speech early this summer:

"IN recent years, just this result (stability) has actually been accomplished by the expansion in the American securities markets. If our excess capital had been placed in direct commercial uses, we would have had an old-fashioned inflationary period in business upon an aggravated scale. Fortunately, the good sense of American business men has prevented this from occurring. Our surplus funds, for this and other reasons, have found a safe and salutary outlet in

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"I have been pleased to advise many widows, in just such circumstances," Mr. Gould concluded, "and have shown them how to invest their life insurance money in sound, safe securities."

Mr. Gene C. Gould, President of the San Juan County Bank, Friday Harbor, Wash., is a banker held in high esteem by his community. His father was President of the San Juan County Bank before him.

* * *

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the securities market. That is the basic reason for the enormous expansion of new security flotations in this country, and the frequently rising prices for standard American issues. Many people have misunderstood this expansion in the American security market. They have considered it only superficially and by itself, and this is the reason why some have been so ready to term it 'inflation' and 'over-speculation.' Actually the expansion in the American securities market has been an absolute essential to maintaining commercial and industrial stability."

OUR problem recently has not been how to obtain capital, but what to do with the capital we have on hand, and it is this state of affairs which has brought about the enormous demand for securities and the resulting increase in prices. The fact that we have been able to loan millions of dollars abroad certainly proves that we have more capital than we need at home. The vast increases in time deposits in banks, in building and loan organizations, in life insurance company assets, in brokers' loans, and in new security issues are additional proofs of the same thing. Should the possessors of this capital follow the example of the man with one talent, and bury it in the ground? People in this country have been taught otherwise; most of them work themselves, and they want their money to work for them. During the War we were told that Liberty Bonds were good things to buy and, having learned our lesson and acquired the habit of owning securities, what more natural than that we should look to Wall Street for additional investments?

THERE is nothing mysterious about this. As a matter of fact we are lucky that such a place as Wall Street

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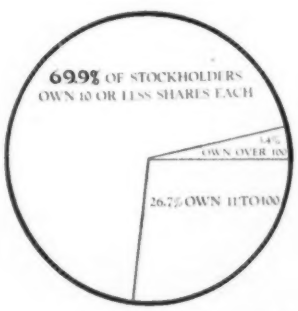

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exists, where we can go if we have money to invest, and where we can go if we have securities to sell. Money that goes into Wall Street does not disappear or remain there forever as some people seem to think. In the past half dozen years new securities to the amount of nearly $46,000,000,000 have been sold to the people of this country, a large percentage of them through Wall Street, and industry has received new capital to this amount. During the year 1928 alone nearly $1,000,000,000 of preferred and common stocks were subscribed for by the stockholders of seventy-two corporations whose stocks are listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

BY what method would these corporations have obtained the capital they needed if there had not been a Wall Street? Where would investors go to find investment for their surplus funds if there were no Wall Street? Suppose, for example, that no such place existed and you, the owner of one hundred shares of United Steel Common, wished to dispose of your stock. How would you go about it? Would you put a "want ad" in the newspaper? Would you put a sign on the front of your car? Or would you ask everyone you met if he wouldn't like to buy a few shares? If there were no stock exchanges that is the sort of thing you would have to do; and it is hard to picture what a difficult, slow, and unsatisfactory time you would have of it. With Wall Street in existence and operation you can sell a hundred shares of Steel, or any other stock, in less time than it takes to write this paragraph. And you get cash for your sale. If you are suspicious you can get the official records of the transaction itself and assure yourself that every bit of it was properly conducted. It is

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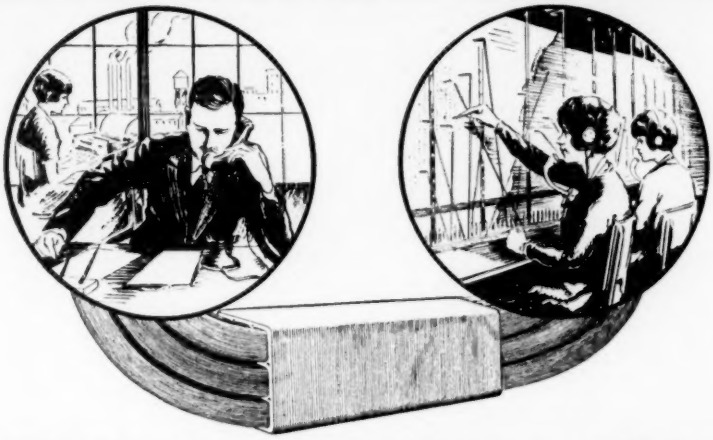

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probable that no organization in the world compares with the New York Stock Exchange for speed and efficiency of operation.

THE important function of the Stock Exchange and of Wall Street, however, is the fact that they provide a market for securities. Securities, in turn, provide capital, and without capital our business enterprises could never have made the giant strides they have within the past decade, nor, incidentally, a great deal of money for their stockholders. Wall Street is a market for capital where the buyer and seller of capital meet, bargain, and exchange their wares. Wall Street, as someone has said, may not be a basic industry, but there are many basic industries in flourishing condition to-day whose development would have been postponed many years if they had not been able to obtain capital in Wall Street.

THE confidence of investors in Wall Street must not be impaired. If our people come to believe that Wall Street really is a wicked place and refuse to send their savings there for investment the free flow of capital into American industry will be halted, and our industrial and commercial well-being will be seriously affected. Wall Street has given us an opportunity to become bond- or stock-holders in sound and growing American corporations. The corporations have benefited, and so have we. And is it any worse to borrow money with which to buy good stocks and bonds than to borrow for the purpose of buying radios, motor cars, refrigerators, or vacuum cleaners? This is not a plea for speculation; the man who speculates and cannot afford to lose is foolhardy; but the fact that people abuse an institution is scarcely a valid argument against the institution itself.

Lights will be blazing tonight

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MUCH has been said about the prices being paid for securities in Wall Street. Wall Street, however, does not fix these prices, and no one is obliged by any law that we ever heard of to pay the prices asked. When demand exceeds supply, however, prices will go in only one direction, and that is up. With a supply of capital in excess of our business requirements it is only natural that it should seek investment in our security markets, and it is the owners of this capital—the investors—who have bid stock prices up. Wall Street has not done it; Wall Street has no power to do such a thing; Wall Street has no more power or money than the investors of this country choose to give it.

THE time is coming when it will be impossible to gain political favor by attacking Wall Street, for there are too many of our people with a financial stake in it; it is an institution essential to the country's welfare, and to hamper its proper functioning would affect the nation's industrial prosperity, from one end of the land to the other. It is capital which makes the industrial world go round, and Wall Street is the largest single market for capital in existence.

IF Wall Street is prosperous so is the rest of the country; if the country is prosperous Wall Street must be prosperous too; one cannot prosper at the expense of the other. In recent months Wall Street has been the greatest stabilizing factor for business we have had; it has very probably saved us from the perils of an industrial inflation which might easily have had as unfortunate results as fell to our lot in 1920. Wall Street, as a barometer of business, forecasts what is going to happen, and as a business thermometer keeps us informed

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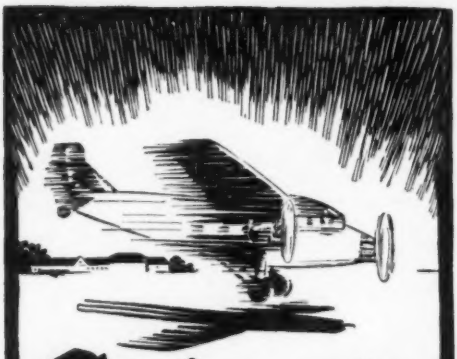
as to what is taking place. If it did nothing else its existence would be justified, but when its function as a securities market is considered, and its service to the nation as a storehouse of capital is appreciated, it is easy to understand that Wall Street is one of the most important institutions we have. Where would the investor be without it?



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